

THE
MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND THE BELLES LETTRES.

VOL. VIII.]

DECEMBER, 1829.

[No. 48.]

POLITICS AND PROSPECTS OF RUSSIA.

THE fate of the Sultan is inevitable: he must go down; the ruin of his empire is as palpable as if it were written on his turban.

The grand question with mankind now is, what result is to follow from this sudden and tremendous shock to the established system of Europe? The question is vital to England in her immediate interests; for, by bringing Russia into the rank of a great naval power, it brings her into direct contest with us as the Rulers of the Seas; and it is no less essential to her continental interests, as it threatens the overthrow of that balance to be whose Protector has been the glory and the security of England.

The facts of Turkish ruin are unanswerable. The Sultan has found himself unable to resist the complete occupation of his dominions, up to the gates of his capital. He has saved his capital only by the entreaty of the foreign ambassadors. He has not been able to send out a single soldier since the passage of the Balkan, to save his subjects from plunder or insult, even under his own eyes. He has not been able to defend himself from even his own disbanded troops, and has been on the point of soliciting the aid of his enemy to keep the peace of his capital. He has not been able to make his soldiers take the field, nor to restrain his pashas from keeping it at their will, from scoffing at the baseness of his surrender, and from warring on their own account. The retreat of the enemy has been as little influenced by the Sultan, as their advance was impeded by his activity. And, it is to be remembered, that this extraordinary torpor cannot have proceeded from the personal character of the Sultan, but from his circumstances. His previous career was eminent for activity, for desperate courage, and for that more unexpected superiority to his age and country, which made him eager to adopt the inventions of European science and war. He was the most European of all Turks; a vigorous, sagacious, daring, and remorseless sovereign; Turkey had not seen such a sovereign for a hundred years.

The true reasoning from those unquestionable facts, is, not that Mahmoud had suddenly changed his character, but that his means had sunk away; that the ground broke down under his feet—that the whole fabric

M. M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 48.

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of Turkish power has for years stood upon a vault, and that the first rush of a hostile force beyond the mountains burst it in, and buried the empire less by the casualty of war, than by the course of nature.

To the Christian there is a loftier view than the sepulchre of this fierce and extinguished sovereignty; he sees in the flashings of the sword that laid it there, the unconscious instrument of a power, which it is guilt lightly to name, but which may be, at this hour, commencing its superb and terrible course of mingled mercy and retribution, and laying a world in ruin, to raise it to a splendour beyond the imaginations of man.

But no part of providential wisdom precludes the exercise of human means. The first public duty is to follow the light of our understandings, and the first dictate of those understandings is, to summon the whole strength of our country to a vigorous, determined, and principled repulsion of the general enemy of Europe.

The Sultan is virtually no more. The Ottoman empire is virtually swept out of its place as an European kingdom. Its fall has not been by battle, nor treachery. It has perished by its own decay. The whole strength of Europe could not place it on its feet again. If it be suffered to exist for a few years longer, they must be years of helplessness, sustained only by the nursing of European cabinets. The breath of life is no more in those fiery nostrils, that once blasted the continent. The corpse lies there: it may lie in state, but it is beyond all the unguents of the earth—it must henceforth dissolve into its original dust and air.

Russia is paramount. The continental powers already feel it, and are already either preparing for desperate resistance or abject submission. There is no alternative. Russia must be extinguished, or must extend. As well might we stop the fall of the lava when it has once mounted the summit of the volcano. It must rush on by the law of its creation, turning all the material over which it rolls into the swelling of its course. Every nation which stoops to the will of the Russian cabinet must become an active vassal. Slavery is imprinted on its forehead; and the first service demanded of it will be to spend its blood in making slaves of the surrounding nations.

By the treaty of Adrianople, Russia is in possession of the Euxine. There never was a gift more comprehensive of European empire. With the Euxine in her power, it is no matter to the Czar under what name Constantinople may be governed. The city is his; the monarch is his viceroy; the people are his people; for he can, at the first spur of his despotic will, burn down the Seraglio, cashier the sovereign, and exile the people. If it be his will, he can build a city on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, that, favoured by his patronage, and sustained by his commerce, would drain away every piastre from its European rival, and leave Constantinople a ruin within twenty years.

The possession of the Euxine was the only thing wanting to make Russia one of the Mediterranean powers, and we all see how directly that extraordinary possession gives her the means of being the first of the Mediterranean powers. On this subject the map might be enough; but we shall give professional authority. Captain Jones, R.N., in his late Russian tour, thus speaks of the capabilities of the Euxine:

"Russia would have here a most excellent nursery for seamen, as every necessary article for building and rigging ships would soon spontaneously flow to the banks of the great rivers, as well as to their common port—the Liman.

"In point of fact, has not the practicability of this on the largest scale been already proved, by the erection on the Black Sea of a military marine, comprising ships of one hundred and ten guns, which when brought to their lightest draught of water, will swim deeper than the heaviest merchantmen?"

"Those ships of war, though brought down on camels (wooden floats) from Cherson, Nicholief, &c., as low as Kilbourin, have at the latter place been always fitted for sea; so that it is absurd to talk, as is now commonly done, of those shoals forming an insuperable objection to the Liman being applied to the purposes of commerce. For, on the contrary, the Liman presents ten times the advantages to Russia, that the Lagoon of Venice ever did to that commercial and haughty republic. In short, without going into detail, were the commercial properties of the Liman and its rivers properly understood, I cannot see where the mercantile prosperity and enterprise of Russia need stop.

"Not only might she enjoy a most profitable trade on the Black Sea, on that of Azof, and the Mediterranean; but extend her commerce to every part of the globe! Instead of the sands at the mouth of the Dnieper, and the reported dangerous navigation of the Black Sea, proving obstacles, they would form the best possible school for making hardy and experienced seamen, similar to our North-country sailors, who are acknowledged to be the best in the world, because most of the ports are rendered difficult to approach on account of bars and shoals, and the whole navigation to London is one of the most dangerous and difficult in existence, and consequently calls forth all the energy and enterprise of which man is capable.

"So that, in time, a numerous and hardy race of seamen would be formed, merely by the trade on the Black Sea and that of Azof. Those two seas present an amazing extent of coast, when it is considered that the former is 600 miles in length, and 330 broad in the widest part, and 142 in the narrowest, while the latter is 186 miles in length, and 90 in breadth.

"Both possess that which renders them an invaluable nursery for good seamen, namely, every description of coast, depth of water, and variety of currents. It has been well observed, that the country which possesses the greatest line of coast must ever prove superior in point of seamen. Now, including the 786 miles, the length of the Black Sea and that of Azof, it must be remembered that the extent of coast, without regarding sinuosities, is, at least, 1,600 miles.

"No other nation would ever be able to compete with them, on account of the easy rate at which the Russians could build, fit, and sail, their vessels; the empire producing, within itself, every necessary article for both building and equipping, at an extraordinarily low price, and in the greatest abundance, while the natives are accustomed to live on the hardest fare. But should they become refined, still all ordinary provisions are extremely reasonable; and there is little doubt that Russian ships could be built and navigated at nearly half the expense of any other nation, particularly in the Black Sea.

"Indeed, when I survey the maritime resources of this great empire, I cannot persuade myself that Russia is not destined to become a great naval and commercial power. However, from the existing prejudices on the part of the natives to any thing connected with the sea, there cannot be a doubt that much time will elapse before such a material change can

be produced in their habits, as to verify my prediction. But, should the present or a future sovereign be duly impressed with the importance of the subject, it is impossible to say *how soon such an alteration might be effected*, particularly when we consider the acknowledged docility of temper which all the common natives possess."

We are to recollect that this intelligent observer's opinion was given *before* the Turkish war; that the weight of the Russian power is now directed to the Mediterranean; that a navy in the Black Sea is the essential instrument of success; and that the Sea of Marmora is now only a port of exercise for the fleets pouring from the great Russian dock-yard of the Black Sea.

Now let us see what Russia has actually gained in territory. The principalities of Wallachia and Moldavia are, at this hour, in possession of her troops, raising forces to be incorporated with those troops, paying their revenues into the hands of her officers, and under a direct process of separation from every former Turkish interest by the ejection of every Turkish inhabitant within the eighteen months to come. Nothing can be more complete than this possession. The future appointment of hospodars, if it shall ever take place, will be merely the appointment of Russian viceroys. The territory thus directly gained is great. The two provinces are larger than the whole of England!

But their value is not to be measured by their size. The soil, neglected as it has been by the Turks, is among the most fertile in the world. The population, reduced to less than a million, is capable of being raised to ten millions! fully supplied with provisions. The mountains also contain mines of great value. It would be ridiculous to suppose that those countries will ever be restored to more than a nominal independence. We have no security that even this nominal independence will not be rapidly merged in declared sovereignty. The Crimea, a few years ago, was suffered to boast of this nominal independence. But its boasting was brief. The Khan was stripped of his sceptre, and glad to lay his calpac at the feet of Catherine. The Tartars of the Kuban were indulged with the same boast, and found it equally short-lived. The treaty of Kainardgi, in 1734, declared them unequivocally FREE, unanswerable to *any* foreign power, and to be governed only by their hereditary chieftains of the race of Gengis. Their freedom was scarcely conceded when it was swept away at a stroke of the pen. Those provinces will be integral possessions of Russia, when she pleases, and strong holds for her ambition in whatever line it may spread through western Europe. For operations against the weakest part of the Austrian empire they form an incomparable base; and they do more—they command the Danube; and, by the Danube, command a passage through the heart of Europe, whether for trade or conquest, from Ratisbon to Constantinople.

The mind grows exhausted and the hand grows weary in following the stupendous extent of power which Russia has already within her grasp, and the still more stupendous extent which lies before her vision. Her march into Asia Minor has given her a fixture there which no retreat of her troops will nullify. She already feels the boundless value of the acquisition, and is craftily negotiating for the possession of Trebizond. If she withdraw her demand now, she will not be the less sure to gain her point in another direction; and her point is, the complete command of the southern shore of the Black Sea, and with it the complete com-

mand of a new route for the commerce of India and China with Europe. Erzeroum, which is in the Russian hands, *de facto*, and which will soon follow the fate of Bucharest, has been for a long period the centre of the principal traffic of northern Persia, the cities of the Caucasus, and Arabia, with Constantinople. The Indian traffic of Russia has hitherto been trifling, from the dangers of the Desert, from the distance and the expense of land-carriage. But the possession of Trebizond, even without that of Erzeroum, which, however, must be a dependent on the former, in Russian hands, would instantly lay open a route from India, requiring but the trivial land-carriage of 400 miles; from Moosul, on the Tigris, to Erzeroum being but 250 miles, and from Erzeroum to Trebizond being but 150. In a commercial point of view, those positions would be of an importance totally beyond calculation. They would be, in fact, the keys to the whole trade of India with Europe; in other words, the keys to the wealth of the world. But they would also be the keys to the territorial possession of the finest regions of the world—western and central Asia. A military force touching with its flanks the positions of the Tigris at Moosul, and of the Euxine at Trebizond, and sustained by the supplies so easily furnished by the Russian possession of the Euxine, would be irresistible by any force from the Caucasus to the Himmaleh. Persia, Caubul, and the Affghaun territory, would be as easy a prey as Georgia; and the true spirit in which Russia must be viewed, is that of a power essentially military, and if adopting commerce with extraordinary avidity, yet adopting it only as a means of conquest.

The founder of this measureless empire saw that, without a fleet, his conquests must be limited to the north, and that centuries might pass before Russia became European. He instantly made the grand experiment of a navy. He had but one sea—the Baltic. His ports were shallow, hazardous, and what was still more disheartening to his hope of success, a mass of ice for six months in the year. But his nature was the true one for erecting such an empire. It was alike remarkable for daring enthusiasm and sullen obstinacy. He fixed on a spot in the north of his dominions, where the climate and the ground seemed equally to forbid the habitation of man. But he persevered. He turned the course of rivers—he drove piles into the mighty swamp—he levelled forests—he tore up rocks—and on heaps of treasure that might have purchased a new kingdom, and the more fearful expenditure of a mass of human life that might have won it by arms, he founded his new capital.

The price was enormous, and it would have been contemplated by no other mind than the remorseless and barbarian grandeur of Peter's. But it laid the foundation of an empire, which already exceeds, in magnitude, all that the earth has ever seen of dominion. The Roman empire, in the days of Trajan, its most palmy hour, extended but 3,000 miles from east to west, and 2,000 from north to south. The Russian, at this hour of its comparative infancy, extends 10,000 miles from east to west, and 3,000 from north to south. The Roman was the growth of eight centuries, the Russian of one. A vast portion of its Asiatic territory is wilderness. But even this is all capable of supporting life, and is interspersed with tracts of great fertility—is intersected with chains of metallic mountains, and is filled with rivers teeming with fish, and capable of forming the finest inland navigation in the world.

But central Russia contains a dense population, in provinces productive of corn, wine, and oil. By the seizure of the Crimea and of Poland, they have found a permanent outlet for their products; and they are rapidly growing in opulence, productiveness, and population. The union of the Hospodariates with Russia will more than double their value, by extending their outlets. And the Hospodariates will infallibly be united to Russia, at the first moment that she may think herself secure in the feebleness or the corruption of the great countervailing kingdoms of Europe. It will be no more than the continuance of that policy, by which she has drawn, one by one, into her vortex, every "independent" territory subjected to her treacherous alliance: Georgia, Courland, the Crimea, the Chieftainries of the Caucasus, and Poland.

The Indian trade has been, in all ages, but another name for the most sudden and extraordinary accumulation of wealth in every nation which, by turns, possessed its monopoly. Venice, Genoa, Lisbon, and Amsterdam, were only the successors of Bagdad, Constantinople, Aleppo, and Alexandria, in gains which, for the time, placed them at the head of commercial cities. England alone has not derived from India the opulence which the "golden Peninsula" had always poured into the lap of the favoured nation. But the reason is obvious. Conquest has, with us, superseded trade. We have expended on our costly, but magnificent crown of India, the gold that we might have carried away in tribute to our commercial mastery. But, to Russia, the Indian trade would be clear gain; there would be no laborious and expensive voyage of 16,000 miles, liable to all the chances of the ocean. The whole route from Surat to the mouth of the Danube would be but 3,000 miles, of which 2,600 would be in the smooth Indian seas, up the Persian Gulf and the Tigris, a mere canal carriage; and only the narrow interval between the Tigris and the shore of the Euxine requiring land conveyance. The whole of the great northern route between China, Japan, Upper Tartary, and Europe, is in possession of any power which is in possession of the Volga and the Don. The European merchant will not look upon those extraordinary facilities with indifference. He will either transfer his capital to Russia, or connect himself with her trade. The distance between the Danube and the Rhine is nothing. A canal might be cut in a year that would join them. The surveys for this canal have been already laid down. The project has been already stated among the monied men of Europe. The expense is estimated at little more than half a million. And this canal would give a direct and unbroken line of water carriage from the tower of London to the gate of the Seraglio.

For the general good of mankind, we should rejoice at such a facility. But the first benefit, and immeasurably the greatest, would be gained by Russia; and by Russia only for the power of more extended subjugation. The man shuts his eyes on history, and is neither politician nor patriot, who will not see that the whole spirit of the court of St. Petersburg has at all times been territorial aggrandizement, and that whether with a smiling face, and a lip teeming with self-denial and moderation, or with the sword in her hand, and her lip pouring out hatred and fury, she has incessantly urged her claims to the extinction of the feeble—that she has had "More, more," written upon her heart, and that at this hour she is propelled to broader and more reckless seizure by the success of her arms, the weakness of her opponents, the force of her position, and the superstitions of her people. There is something like an inevitable

necessity of going forward, imposed upon her alike by her remaining barbarism, and her rapidly acquired knowledge of the arts and artifices of civilized life. With Asiatic multitudes and European tactics, the wild and death-devoted myriads of a Gengiskhan, and the military finesse and system of a Napoleon; with the still more singular mixture of the deep submission of the Asiatic slave, the wild freedom of the Tartar, and the subtle and stern republicanism of the Jacobin; foreign war, fierce, lavish of blood, and perpetual in its thirst and grasp of conquest, seems scarcely so much the vice of her government, as the tenure of its existence. Let the Czar sheathe his sword to-morrow, and the humane folly will find its reward in the dagger. Let Russia dare to stop in her career of aggrandizement, and she will be plunged into instant convulsion—the great tide which had been going smoothly along, gradually covering kingdom after kingdom, will be checked only to break and swell into billows. The popular spirit would disdain the pacific throne—the wild appanages to the sceptre would forget their allegiance, when it laid up its jewelled sceptre in the repositories of the state, and smote no more. The whole of the new and frowning vassalage that even now bites its chains, would feel them lifted from its neck, only to beat them into the falchion and the spearhead again. Let Russia disband her army, and abjure ambition; and from that hour she has parted with the living principle of her fearful and unnatural supremacy: the talisman is shattered in pieces, and her empire is a dream.

But if Russia is to be resisted, the question arises, by whom? Is England to be the sole antagonist, or is there any capacity in the European powers to form such a chain of strength as will bind down her ambition? The natural expedient is, of course, the latter. A combination of the great European powers would be still able to constrain Russia, as it tore down Napoleon. The ill success of the early coalitions of the French war arose alone from their imperfect combination, and their imperfect combination from the criminal corruption of their ministers, and the weak jealousy or guilty cupidity of their sovereigns.

It is remarkable that Austria and Prussia never combined but twice during the whole revolutionary war. Once, at its commencement, under the Duke of Brunswick, a combination distinguished for its feebleness, and dissolved in a single campaign, probably by the French crown jewels; and once at the close, when formed under more vigorous guidance, and inspired with the necessity of extinguishing Napoleon, or being extinguished by him, the new powers fought side by side, and, with England in their van, and Russia in their rear, trampled his unrighteous and homicidal diadem into the dust.

But the change of times has operated formidable changes in the constitution of Europe. Austria is the first barrier. But of all the great powers, Austria is at once the weakest, and the most likely to fall under Russian temptation. The partition of Poland was an act, whose impolicy, in the Austrian view, was as palpable, as its guilt was notorious and abominable before God and man. It loaded Austria alike with a share in that guilty responsibility, and brought her frontier into direct exposure to Russia.

And yet the bribe for this heinous act, in which crime and folly struggled for the mastery, was the wretched province of Gallicia. How are we to be secure, that some equally wretched province of Servia will not equally tempt the Austrian passion for lording it over deserts? and that Prince

Metternich will not congratulate himself on the ultra-diplomatic dexterity, by which he thus, at once, averts a Russian war, secures an additional territory, and keeps himself in his place ?

The tardiness of Austria is proverbial. Her territory is an immense expanse of States thinly peopled, one half of them scarcely above barbarism, and the great majority either in direct discontent, as the Hungarian provinces,—or utterly careless who their master may be, as Croatia, Transylvania, and the whole range of her south-eastern dominions. Italy, her chief boast, is her first peril. The Italians, a contemptible and vicious people, deserve the chain, and will always be slaves, while society among them continues the idle, vile, and profligate thing it is ; this great European house of corruption—the haunt of the most grovelling superstition, and the most open licentiousness, its natural and unfailing offspring—must be under the government of the beadle and the hangman ; but Italy, from the Alps to Calabria, hates the name of Austrian ; and the first foreign banner that waves to the winds of the Apennine will be shouted after by Italy as a deliverer. Yet the nervous eagerness of retention is as keen as the subtle and undying hatred of the slave. And the threat of a Russian invasion of Italy—a threat which a Mediterranean fleet would always render ominous—must lay the Austrian cabinet at the mercy of the Czar.

Prussia, the next hope, would be utterly unable to make head alone against a Russian force pressing on her from the Polish frontier ; and the question of her preferring the hazards of war to the easy enjoyment of the bribe which Russia could so easily offer, and would so undoubtedly offer, is one which may well perplex the politician. Of all the great European powers Prussia is the most exposed to invasion. For her strength is wholly in her army, the most expensive, artificial, and precarious of all defences.

We have already seen it vanish away, like a mist, before the fierce brilliancy of Napoleon's genius. It perished in a day ; literally between sunrise and sunset the army of Prussia was a mass of confusion, the kingdom at the feet of a conqueror, the king crownless, and the nation captive. Prussia has no other strength, no mountains where a bold peasantry might supply the place of discipline by courage, and make nature fight for them ; no great rivers, no ranges of wild territory in which the steps of an invader might be wearied by long pursuit ; no fierce and iron climate in which the clouds and snow might war against the human presumption that dared to assault the majesty of Winter in his own domain.

All is open, brief, and level ; the frontier straggling and penetrable in every direction ; even the population at once too scattered to resist a vigorous enemy, and too close to deprive him of their services. In every war since the foundation of the kingdom, even under the subtle and daring generalship of the second Frederic, Prussia was never invaded but to be overrun. With this justified sense of peril on the one side, and with the splendid donations which Russia has it within her power to offer, on the other ; there must be no trivial necessity to urge Prussia against the immense preponderancy of her gigantic neighbour.

Family alliances, the recollection of the late war, and the value of a continental support against Austrian ambition, which has never forgotten the loss of Silesia, have made Prussia for many years look to the cabinet of St. Petersburg as its natural confederate. Her bias is

already in the strongest degree Russian. We might discover this, even from the tone of the Prussian journals during the Turkish war. Russia was the theme of perpetual panegyric. Her defeats were "victories," and her policy "consummate in ability and vigour."

But a tangible temptation is ready to be offered, and it is one that once before won the Prussian heart. Hanover, and the mouths of the Elbe and Ems, would give her a manufacturing and commercial wealth, and Hanover she could have to-morrow. With Austria and Prussia thus at her controul, as a barrier against France, if France too were not drawn into the snare by the easy promise of Egypt; Russia would have leisure for her operations to secure the supremacy of the Mediterranean, and but one rival to oppose,—England. It is not with the desire to depress the spirits of our country, that we write our decided opinion, that with a cabinet constituted like the present, that supremacy could not be long contested by England. The enormous public sacrifices which must be required in the first instance for a contest, forced upon us by the feebleness, irresolution, and ignorance of such men, would be felt so deeply that the nation must either be relieved by the patching up of a temporary peace, or the cabinet must be flung from their places.

But this is a consummation to which the Wellington cabinet will not submit, while they can grasp at a quarter's salary. And the temporary peace will be patched up. The cry of the Treasury then will go only a little further than it has now gone. And as we now hear its orators and journals proclaiming that we have nothing to do with the Russian overthrow of Turkey, they will then, with equal truth, scoff at the assertion that we have any thing to do with the Russian proceedings in the Mediterranean. "What is it, but the seizure of a Turkish island or two, which will be much better off by its change of masters?"

If the Ionian Islands are starved or stormed, "what is it but the relief of England from the heavy expense of establishments on a few barren rocks of a distant sea, good for neither commerce nor conquest, and of which we know nothing but by their yearly bills on the Treasury?" The pressure of the old taxes, and the threat of new will make this poltroonery popular with the rabble, and the Duke of Wellington and his menials in the cabinet will be able to draw another quarter's salary.

If we are to be told that the overthrow of Turkey was foreseen, and formed a part of the cabinet wisdom, we demand, will the Duke of Wellington dare to say this, in the teeth of his own recorded declaration, "that the *absolute* independence of the Porte was essential to the independence of Europe?" Will Lord Aberdeen, also, solemn as he is, dare to say, that his ambassador, Mr. Gordon, was not sent with the strongest assurances of English assistance? Will, in short, any man of this cabinet, cabinet of ciphers as it is, dare to lisp out, that they were not to a man disappointed, puzzled, nay, thunderstruck by the result of the Russian campaign?—that they were not overwhelmed by the contrast of their own contemptible inactivity with the vivid progress of the Russian designs?—of their own perplexed and misty councils with the fierce and resolute will of the Russian cabinet,—and of the alternate boasting and meanness of their own applications through Lord Heytesbury and Mr. Gordon,—with the haughty contempt and laughing scorn that characterised every step of the Russian diplomacy, while, with the British envoys creeping at its heels, it trod proudly on to the walls of Constantinople?

But to bring the matter to a close ; will the British minister dare to say, that English influence on the Continent is at this day in the same position in which it stood this day two years, nay, this day twelve months ? Even he will not dare to say any such thing ; he will come down to the House with a reluctant whine about the force of circumstances, and the necessity of existing things ; and conclude with a flourish about internal prosperity, and a fiction about "our having received from all the powers of Europe, the fullest assurances of peace." The comedy will soon degenerate into farce ; and the parties on both sides will amuse themselves with calculating which will draw the profits of the piece. But there will be another game abroad. A tremendous game, in which those miserable jugglers will be forgotten, and kingdoms be the stake, and the wild passions and furious energies of barbarian power will sweep the board.

If we shall be asked, what was to be done ? we answer, that a British cabinet, deserving of the name, would have two years ago declared to Russia, that the first shot fired against the Porte was a declaration of war against England. And the words should have been followed, not by a course of pitiful applications to foreign courts, to ask whether they would suffer England to speak her mind, but by the sailing of a fleet of twenty sail of the line for the Black Sea, with orders to burn every Russian establishment on its shore to the ground, and by the sailing of another fleet for the blockade of the Baltic, and the burning of Cronstadt.

The Czar would have instantly returned his sword into the sheath, and the healing and protecting sovereignty of England would have been acknowledged, and felt as a blessing to the world.

If we are asked, what should be done now, our answer is equally unhesitating. Turn out the Wellington cabinet ; get rid of a tribe who have shown themselves incapable of governing the empire. Send them to their gallantries or their gamblings ;—send them any where, but into the King's Council chamber. They have already lost the confidence of the friends of the Constitution, by their avowed "breaking in upon the Constitution." They have lost the respect of religious men by their introducing the great corruption of Christianity in the person of Romanists and idolaters into the Protestant legislature. They have now lost even the coarser confidence of those, who expected in the daring breakers down of the constitution, at least the courage that would defend the political rights and honour of England from strangers and barbarians.

They have made themselves contemptible in the eyes of politicians, at home and abroad ; and receiving the empire into their hands, flourishing, free, and at the highest rank of national supremacy, they will have to give it up, failing in its resources, curtailed of its influence, and degraded in its fame.

Worse still may be behind. The sensitiveness of free minds may be tried before long. The "breaker in upon the Constitution of 1680" is still—such is the fortune of the land—among the living, ay, and in power. But on this point we shall now say no more. Born in a free country, and calling ourselves free men, we are not unaware of the signs of the times ; we respect the wisdom of the dungeon, and do homage to the dignity of the chain.

THE FLOWER OF SOUVENANCE OR FORGET-ME-NOT.*

[*The Subject of the following Tale is taken from "Mills's History of Chivalry."*]

How Love, my Laura, has on all around
 Poured its bright influence! Every thing that breathes
 Enjoys its sweets, or, absent, mourns its loss.
 Its seal is stamped on all that's beautiful;
 And Love first taught the poet to compare
 His lady's beauty to whatever earth,
 Or sea, or sky contains of rich and rare.
 The summer's sun was not more truly bright
 When first it rose, rejoicing o'er the world;
 And evening's gloom but shewed how Man must mourn,
 When Love has ceased to shine upon his fate;
 The restless Ocean imaged forth the pains
 Which constant struggled in a lover's breast;
 And fancy painted what yon heaven might be
 From the rich foretaste found in Woman's love.
 But Earth's bright flowerets formed the favourite wreath
 For Beauty's brow; and oft the lover's hand
 Hath twined her chaplets of their sweet perfume,
 And blended graceful all their various hues
 In rich comparison and grateful praise;
 Yet leaving oft the lily and the rose,
 And all the gaudier beauties of the spring,
 To find an emblem worthy woman's charms,
 In the sweet violet hidden in the shade,
 Blushing and blooming modesty alone;
 And e'en, my Laura, such a flower as this,
 So lowly and so humble, has its tale,
 And bears a place in poetry and love:
 In days of old 'twas fancifully called
 "The Flower of Souvenance," and to latter times
 Retains the title of "Forget-me-not!"
 How it was gained, and wherefore 'twas applied,
 There runs a story of the olden time,
 Which I will try to tell you.

A summer's day was closing—when, along
 The mossy margin of a silent lake,
 Two lovers roamed, o'er whose united hearts
 Love poured a warmer and a brighter beam
 Than at that moment lighted earth and sky!
 Yet felt they well, I ween, that joyous hour,
 And, as they gazed upon the sunny scene,
 They loved it as it seemed to be the type
 Of what should be their future happy fate,
 For all the doubts and fears that follow love
 O'er their bright prospect shed no darkening shade;
 And the next morning was to see them joined
 In holy bonds of lasting, wedded bliss.
 The lover was all ardour—fondly talked,

* The *Myosotis Scorpoidis* of botanists.

And breathed the vows which woman loves to hear
 From him who wins her heart ; yet she the while
 Scarce told her rapture ; but the melting eye,
 And the rich glow which blushed upon her cheek,
 Spoke to the heart most eloquently well
 All that a lover longs the most to know.
 And he had twined a coronal of flowers,
 Culled from the wild luxuriance around,
 With which he decked the golden curls which fell
 On her white neck, like sunshine upon snow,
 Swearing they more became her than the gems
 Which round her brow her father's hand would bind
 Upon the morrow.

And as there he crowned her,
 And did her playful homage as his queen,
 Her roving fancy fixed on some wild flowers
 Blooming upon a little island's bank,
 An arrow's flight or less amid the lake ;
 She thought them lovely—with a woman's wish
 She longed to have them ;—scarce the word was breathed,
 When, with the utter recklessness which marks
 Love's thoughtless votary, her lover plunged
 Amid the waves, and soon with nervous arm
 The distance passed, and plucked the envied prize.
 But in returning, some unnoticed weeds
 Clung to his limbs, and checked his rapid course !
 With hasty speed he struggled to be free,
 But wound the fibres in a firmer net,
 Mocking his powers ; while his lady love,
 Half-conscious of his danger, yet afraid
 To leave the spot, beckoned him on to land.
 Collecting then his force, with giant strength
 He burst the barrier. But, alas ! in vain :
 For, like the last flash of a dying flame,
 The effort left him weaker than before,
 And all his energy could hardly gain
 The steep and shelving bank ! With dying hand,
 He threw the flowrets at the maiden's feet,
 And while he cast a last fond look of love,
 Cried to the fainting girl, " Forget-me-not !"
 Then o'er his corse the closing waters rolled,
 And he was not ; another soul had fled,
 And knew the secrets of another world !
 The sun again shone gaily on the stream,
 The earth was still as beautiful as ever,
 Yet one lay senseless on the blooming turf,
 Who when she woke would love the cloudy night,
 And the thick darkness that the tempest broods in,
 Better than all the joys which life can give
 To her whose sun is set, whose hope is blighted.

G. W. H.

A PROVINCIAL REPUTATION.

I ONCE resided in a country town; I will not specify whether that town was Devizes or Doncaster, Beverley or Brighton: I think it highly reprehensible in a writer to be *personal*, and scarcely more venial do I consider the fault of him who presumes to be *local*. I will, however, state, that my residence lay among the manufacturing districts. But lest any of my readers should be misled by that avowal, I must inform them, that in my estimation *all* country towns, from the elegant Bath, down to the laborious Bristol, are (whatever their respective polite or mercantile inhabitants may say to the contrary), positively, comparatively, and superlatively, manufacturing towns!

Club-rooms, ball-rooms, card-tables, and confectioners' shops, are the *factories*, and gossips, both male and female, are the *labouring classes*. Norwich boasts of the durability of her stuffs; the manufacturers I allude to, weave a web more flimsy. The stuff of to-morrow will seldom be the same that is publicly worn to-day; and were it not for the zeal and assiduity of the labourers, we should want novelties to replace the stuff that is worn out hour by hour.

No man or woman who ever ventures to deviate from the beaten track, should live in a country town. The gossips all turn from the task of nibbling one another, and the character of the *lusus naturæ* becomes public property. I am the mother of a family, and I am known to have written romances. My husband, in an evil hour, took a fancy to a house at a watering place, which, by way of distinction, I shall designate by the appellation of *Pumpington Wells*: there we established ourselves in the year 1800.

The *manufacturers* received us with a great show of civility, exhibiting to us the most recent stuff, and discussing the merits of the newest fabrications. We, however, were not used to trouble ourselves about matters that did not concern us, and we soon offended them.

We turned a deaf ear to all evil communications. If we were told that Mr. A., "though fond of show, starved his servants," we replied, we did not wish to listen to the tale. If we heard that Mr. B., though uxorious in public, was known to beat his wife in private, we cared not for the matrimonial anecdote. When maiden ladies assured us that Mrs. C. cheated at cards, we smiled, for we had no *dealings* with her; and when we were told that Mrs. D. never paid her bills, we repeated not the account to the next person we met; for as we were not her creditors, her accounts concerned us not.

We settled ourselves, much to our satisfaction, in our provincial abode; it was a watering place, which my husband, as a bachelor, had frequented during its annual season.

As a watering place he knew it well. Such places are vastly entertaining to visitors, having no "local habitation," and no "name," caring not for the politics of the place, and where, if any thing displeases them, they may pay for their lodgings, order post-horses, and never suffer their names to appear in the arrival book again.

But with those who *live* at watering places, it is quite another affair. For the first six months we were deemed a great acquisition. There were two or three *sets* in Pumpington Wells—the good, the bad, and the indifferent. The bad left their cards, and asked us to dances, the week we arrived; the indifferent knocked at our door in the first month; and even before the end of the second, we were on the visiting lists of the good.

We knew enough of society to be aware that it is impolitic to rush into

the embraces of *all* the arms that are extended to receive strangers ; but feeling no wish to affront any one in return for an intended civility, we gave card for card ; and the doors of good, bad, and indifferent, received our names.

All seemed to infer, that the amicable gauntlet, which had been thrown down, having been courteously taken up, the ungloved hands were forthwith to be grasped in token of good fellowship ; we had left our *names* for them, and by the invitations that poured in upon us, they seemed to say with Juliet—

“ And for thy *name*, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.”

No man, not even a provincial, can visit every body, and it seems but fair, that if a selection is to be made, all should interchange the hospitalities of life with those persons in whose society they feel the greatest enjoyment.

Many a dinner, therefore, did we decline, many a route did we reject ; my husband's popularity tottered, and the inviters, though they no longer dinned their dinners in our ears, and teased us with their “ teas,” vowed secret vengeance, and muttered “ curses, not loud, but deep.”

I have hinted that we had no scandalous capabilities ; and though slander flashed around us, we seldom admitted morning visitors, and our street-door was a non-conductor.

But our next door neighbours were maiden ladies, who *had been* younger, and, to use a common term of commiseration, had seen better days ; by which I mean the days of bloom, natural hair, partners, and the probability of husbands.

Their vicinity to us was an infinite comfort to the town, for those who were unable to gain admittance at our door to disturb our business and desires,

“ For every man has business and desires,
Such as they are,”

were certain of better success at our neighbours', where they at least could gain some information about us “ from eye-witnesses who resided on the spot.”

My sins were numbered, so were my new bonnets, and for a time my husband was pitied, because “ he had an extravagant wife ;” but when it was ascertained that his plate was handsome, his dinner satisfactory in its removes, and *comme il faut* in its courses, those whose feet had never been within our door, saw clearly “ how it must all end, and really felt for our trades-people.”

I have acknowledged that I had written romances ; the occupation was to me a source of amusement : and as I had been successful, my husband saw no reason why he should discourage me. A scribbling fool *in* or *out* of petticoats, should be forbidden the use of pen, ink, and paper ; but my husband had too much sense to heed the vulgar cry of “ blue stocking.” After a busy month passed in London, we saw my new novel sent forth to the public, and then returned to our mansion at Pumpington Wells.

As we drove up to our door, our virgin neighbours gazed on us, if possible, with more than their former interest. They wiped their spectacles ; with glances of commiseration they saw us alight, and with unwearied scrutiny they witnessed the removal of our luggage from the carriage. We went out—every body stared at us—the people we *did* know, touched the hands we extended, and hastened on as if fearful of infection ; the people we *did not* know, whispered as they passed us, and

looked back afterwards; the men servants seemed full of mysterious flurry when we left our cards at the doors of acquaintances, and the maid servants peeped at us up the areas; the shop-keepers came from their counters to watch us down the streets, and all was whispering and wonder.

"I could not make it out; was it to see the authoress? No; I had been an authoress when they last saw me;—was it the brilliant success of my new work?—it *could* be nothing else.

My husband met a maiden lady, and bowed to her; she passed on without deigning to notice him; I spoke to an insipid man who had always bored me with his unprofitable intimacy, and he looked another way! The next lady we noticed tossed her head as if she longed to toss it at us, and the next man we met opened his eyes astonishingly wide, and said,

"Are *you* here!—Dear me, I was told you could not show your—I mean, did not mean to return!"

There was evidently some mystery, and we determined to wait patiently for its development. "If," said I, "it bodes us *good*, time will unravel it." "And if," said my husband "it bodes us evil, some d—d good-natured friend will tell us all about it."

We had friends at Pumpington Wells, and good ones too, but no friend enlightened us; that task devolved upon an acquaintance, a little slim elderly man, so frivolous and so garrulous, that he only wanted a turban, some rouge, and a red satin gown, to become the most perfect of old women.

He shook his head simultaneously as he shook our hands, and his little grey eyes twinkled with delight, while he professed to feel for us both the deepest commiseration.

"You are cut," said he; "its all up with you in Pumpington Wells."

"Pray be explicit," said I faintly, and dreading some cruel calumny, or plot against my peace.

"You've done the most impolitic thing! the most hazardous"——

"Sir!" said my husband, grasping his cane.

"I lament it," said the little man, turning to me; "your book has done it for you."

I thought of the reviews, and trembled.

"How *could* you," continued our tormentor, "how could you put the Pumpington Wells people in your novel?"

"The Pumpington Wells people!—Nonsense; there are good and bad people in my novel, and there are good and bad people in Pumpington Wells; but you flatter the good, if you think that when I dipped my pen in praise, I limited my sketches to the virtuous of this place; and what is worse, *you* libel the bad if you assert that my sketches of vice were meant personally to apply to the vicious who reside here."

"I libel—I assert!" said the old lady-like little man; "not *I*—every body says so!"

"You may laugh," replied my mentor and tormentor combined, "but personality can be proved against you; and all the friends and relations of Mr. Flaw declare you meant the bad man of your book for him."

"His friends and relations are too kind to him."

"Then you have an irregular character in your book, and Mrs. Blemish's extensive circle of intimates assert that nothing can be more pointed than your allusion to *her* conduct and *her* character."

"And pray what do these persons say about *it* themselves?"

"They are outrageous, and go about the town absolutely wild."

"Fitting the caps on themselves?"

The little scarecrow shook his head once more; and declaring we should see he had spoken too true, departed, and then lamented so fluently to every body the certainty of our being *cut*, that every body began to believe him.

I have hinted that *my* bonnets and my husband's plate occasioned heart-burnings; no—that is not a correct term, the *heart* has nothing to do with such exhalations—bile collects elsewhere.

Those who had conspired to pull my husband from the throne of his popularity, because their parties excited in us no *party spirit*, and we abstained from hopping at their hops, found, to their consternation, that when the novelty of my *novel* misdemeanor was at an end, we went on as if nothing had occurred. However, they still possessed heaven's best gift, the use of their tongues, and they said of us every thing bad which they knew to be false, and which they wished to see realized.

Their forlorn hope was our "extravagance." "Never mind," said one, "Christmas must come round, and *then* we shall see."

When once the match of insinuation is applied to the train of rumoured difficulties, the suspicion that has been smouldering for a while, bounces at once into a *report*, and very shortly its echo is bounced in every parlour in a provincial town.

Long bills, that had been accustomed to wait for payment till Christmas, now lay on my table at midsummer; and tradesmen, who drove denNETts to cottages once every evening, sent short civil notes, regretting their utter inability to make up a sum of money by Saturday night, unless *I* favoured them by the bearer with the sum of ten pounds, "the amount of my little account."

Dennett-driving drapers, actually threatened to fail for the want of ten pounds!—pastry-cooks, who took their families regularly "to summer at the sea," assisted the *counter-plot*, and prematurely dunned my husband!

It is not always convenient to pay sums at midsummer, which we had been in the habit of paying at Christmas; if, however, a single applicant was refused, a new rumour of inability was started, and hunted through the town before night. People walked by our house looking up wistfully at the windows, others peeped down the area to see what we had for dinner; one *gentleman* went to our butcher to inquire how much we owed him; and one *lady* narrowly escaped a legal action, because when she saw a few pipkins lying on the counter of a crockery-ware man, directed to me, she incautiously said, in the hearing of one of my servants, "Are you paid for your pipkins?—ah, its well if you ever get your money!"

Christmas came at last, bills were paid, and my husband did not owe a shilling in Pumpington Wells. Like the old ladies in the besieged city, the gossips looked at us, wondering when the havoc would begin.

He who mounts the ladder of life, treading step by step upon the identical footings marked out, *may* live in a provincial town. When we want to drink spa waters, or vary the scene, we now visit watering places; but rather than force me to live at one again, "stick me up," as Andrew Fairservice says, in *Rob Roy*, "as a regimental target for ball-practice." We have long ceased to live at Pumpington.

Fleeting are the tints of the rainbow—perishable the leaf of the rose—variable the love of woman—uncertain the sunbeam of April; but nought on earth can be so fleeting, so perishable, so variable, or so uncertain, as the popularity of a provincial reputation.

T. H. B.

CORNEILLE; HIS LIFE AND WRITINGS.

CORNEILLE has been called, and justly, "the creator of the French drama." It is true, that before he wrote, France was not wholly without a theatre; but it had never, until his time, produced any dramatic work which entitled it to rank, in that respect, with most of the other nations of Europe. While Italy, Spain, and England—the last, all national prejudice apart, infinitely the worthiest—could boast of dramatic poets whose fame will last as long as the language of the several nations is spoken, France had seen nothing on her stage worthy of the genius and power which her sons had displayed in all other polite arts. The French actors were even at this period excellent, and it was their merit that compensated for, and perhaps in some degree occasioned the deficiency of authors, † when Corneille, by a play, which, compared with his subsequent efforts, is as worthless as those of his predecessors were compared with that, at once roused the national genius, and opened a path to the progress of that true poesy with which he was himself inspired. It is reported that Buonaparte, speaking of him in one of those conversations to which the fallen conqueror's exile has given an interest they would not otherwise have possessed, said, "La tragédie échauffe l'âme, élève le cœur, peut et doit créer des héros. Sous ce rapport peut-être la France doit à Corneille une partie de ses belles actions : aussi, Messieurs, s'il vivait, je le ferai prince."—*Note, Mémorial de Ste. Hélène, t. ii. p. 304.*

In the *belles actions* to which the Emperor alluded, France had been nobly eminent before the poet appeared, and would in all probability have been so, though he had never written; but in the triumphs of her stage—as the precursor of Molière, and as the first in point of time of the glorious band of writers who have made the age of Louis XIV. the most brilliant in the literary history of France, his title to lasting reputation is unquestionable.

The able pen of M. Jules Tascheraud, whose recent life of Molière has gained him a well deserved reputation, has just produced a biography of Corneille, which is in no respect inferior to his former work, and which supplies a deficiency that has been long felt in the literature of France. To great care and research in collecting the particulars respecting the life of this eminent poet, (a task which the obscurity of his condition, and the modest simplicity and love of retirement that marked his life, had rendered somewhat difficult) M. Tascheraud adds very considerable discrimination and critical skill. The combination of those powers, and that fondness for his subject, which is an almost indispensable requisite in such a work, have made it an extremely agreeable and useful one—at once honourable to its author, and worthy of the poet whom it celebrates.

Pierre Corneille was born at Rouen on the 6th of June, 1606, in which city his father held the offices of *Avocat du Roi à la table de marbre de Normandie*; and of *Maître particulier des eaux et forêts*, in the district of Rouen. He was the eldest of seven children, the youngest of which was

* *Histoire de la Vie et des Ouvrages de Pierre Corneille, par M. Jules Tascheraud.*

† Madame Beaupré, a celebrated actress of the time, complained some years afterwards of the change which the poet's works had produced upon the fortunes of the actors. "M. de Corneille," she said, "has done us much mischief. We used formerly to get our plays written for three crowns a piece, and an author could make one of them in a single night. The people were satisfied with them, and they brought us large profits. Now, such plays as M. Corneille's cost us a great deal of money, and we gain but little by them."

born in the same year in which his first play (*Mélite*) was acted. He received his education in the Jesuits' college at Rouen ; and, on quitting it in 1627, began to practise as an advocate at the bar of his native city. As he had not then attained the age which was deemed an essential qualification for the exercise of his functions, he obtained a patent of dispensation, a circumstance for which he might be indebted to his father's influence, but which at least proves that he had then made such progress as in the opinion of his friends justified this distinction. With what success he practised is not known, but a circumstance happened shortly after he commenced his office, which developed his talent for the drama. Fontenelle, of whom the poet was the great uncle, says, "A young man introduced one of his friends to a lady with whom he was in love ; the new-comer succeeded in displacing the former lover :—the adventure made him a poet, and furnished him with the subject of a comedy ; and this poet was—the great Corneille."* It is impossible now to ascertain the accuracy of this statement, which Fontenelle knew only by means of a vague tradition ; but Corneille himself says repeatedly, that love first inspired him with a taste for poetry. It is certain, however, that *Mélite*, the comedy alluded to, and the subject of which resembles the adventure related by Fontenelle, clever as it was, by no means announced that genius which in its more sublime displays gained for its possessor the appellation of "the great Corneille." The approbation which the perusal of his first comedy drew from his friends, naturally induced him to wish to have it represented, and for this purpose he entrusted it to Mondory, the manager of a company of players who were then visiting Rouen. Mondory was one of the best actors of his day, wrote verses which were as good as those of the greater part of his cotemporaries, and enjoys the credit of having first attempted to reform the absurd costumes, which then, and for a long time afterwards, continued to render the stage ridiculous. Upon reading the play, he thought it much too good to be acted for the first time in Rouen, and easily persuaded Corneille to let him take it with him to Paris, where it was brought out under his care in 1629.

To appreciate the true merits of *Mélite*, with respect to its author, the state of the French stage at the period of its first appearance should be considered ; for looking at it in any other point of view, it is unquestionably a very inferior performance. The personages of the drama at that time consisted of certain characters which custom had long sanctioned, and which the actors had so completely made their own, that the authors, whatever degree of novelty they might invent for their subjects, were compelled to make the persons always the same ; and thus every comedy contained of necessity, besides the lovers and their adversaries, either fathers or guardians, a buffoon servant, a doctor, or

* In the excuse à Ariste, he says—

"J'adorais donc Phillis, et la secrète estime
Que ce divin esprit faisait de notre rime,
Me fit devenir poète aussitôt qu'amoureux ;
Elle eut mes premiers vers, elle eut mes premiers feux."

And in a poem printed at the end of his *Clitandre*, among others, which he says he added, not so much from a persuasion of their merit, as to satisfy the importunities of his bookseller, "pour grossir son livre."

"Par là j'appris à rimer,
Par là je fis, sans autre chose,
Un sot en vers d'un sot en prose."

parasite, and a quantity of other characters, taken chiefly from the old Italian theatre—as in our own times farces are written for Liston, and pantomimes for Grimaldi. In *Mélite* there were none of these persons. Corneille himself, in speaking of it, says, “It was my first effort, and it is very probably deficient in some of the rules of the drama; for when I wrote it I did not know that such rules existed. With a little common sense, and the example of Hardy, whose genius was more prolific than polished, for my only guide, and my only rules, I had convinced myself that the unity of action was necessary to embroil four lovers by a single intrigue; and for the same reasons I had conceived so strong an aversion for the horrible irregularity which would represent Paris, Rome, and Constantinople on the same stage, that I resolved to confine my play to a single city.” Although, therefore, it must be admitted that there is a great want of probability and of ingenuity in the construction of this drama, there is a neatness in the dialogue, a propriety and natural grace in the characters, and an interest in the intrigue to which the French stage had before been a total stranger. The play was successful on its first representation; but not so much so on that, or on the two following nights, as to give any promise of the vogue which it afterwards acquired. The public then began to appreciate it. The theatre, which had before been in a state of great depression, immediately revived. The whole town flocked to see it, and the author, who had at first been desirous of keeping his name concealed, lest its obscurity should injure the success of his play, was at once inquired after by the persons about the court, then the patrons of the drama, and made a journey to Paris to enjoy the distinction he had earned. His destiny was now cast; and, although he did not renounce his forensic employments, they afforded him, or perhaps he made them afford him, time for pursuing the somewhat incompatible career in which he had engaged.

He produced in rapid succession, his tragi-comedy, called *Clitandre*, and his comedies of *La Veuve; ou le Traître puni*, and of *La Galerie du Palais*. The Palais de Justice, which furnishes the title to the latter piece, was then a public rendezvous, something like what St. Paul’s was in London in the reign of James I. It was filled also by the best shops in the city, and was frequented by the gentlemen upon town, folks from the country, gossips and idlers of all kinds. By means of the personages of this drama, the author, for the first time, gave his countrymen a specimen of that sort of comedy which seeks to represent “the living manners as they rise” in the very local colours peculiarly belonging to them. For this reason nearly all the interest which made it then a great favourite, is now extinguished; but it has still a value independent of its poetical merits, inasmuch as it contains many curious details of customs and habits, all other traces of which are worn away. Before the period of this comedy, the dialogue of most of the theatrical pieces which had any pretensions to humour, were marked by a grossness and indecency, common indeed to the age, but yet so shocking to the existing notions of feminine delicacy, that women could not be induced to play in them. Corneille, prompted by no fastidiousness, but by the natural manliness of his disposition, did much to remedy this vice, and particularly by substituting for *la nourrice*,* (a remnant of the old Latin comedy) a

* Les propos tenus par ce personnage allaient ordinairement jusqu’à la licence; aussi ce ton obligé et le manque d’actrices sur les théâtres d’alors avaient-ils fait confier ces rôles à un acteur nommé Alizon, qui les jouait sous le masque. Alizon s’en tint à certaines

part which was played by men in the dress of women, that of *la suivante*, which was acted by a female, and which became afterwards a great favourite on the French stage. Corneille's next comedy bore the title of his new personage, *La Suivante*.

The success of the last mentioned pieces induced him to compose another on a similar plan of which *La Place Royale*, then as much a place of resort for the fashionable society of Paris, as the gallery of the Palais de Justice was for the more common curious, and idle, furnished him with the subject and the title, and the success of which was at least equal to those which had preceded it.

Louis XIII., and Richelieu, his imperious minister, who exercised so despotic a power over him, that it might be truly said he was more a king than the king himself, visited Rouen in 1634. M. de Harlay, the archbishop of that diocese, who was desirous of rendering them all possible honour, requested Corneille, as the most distinguished poet of the province, to celebrate their arrival. Upon this occasion he composed some Latin verses, bad enough in themselves, but good enough for the purpose, in which, affecting to shrink from so great a task, he contrived to load the king, the cardinal, the archbishop, the court poets, and even himself, with the most exaggerated praises. That which his successful comedies would never have obtained for him, he gained by this gross flattery. Richelieu, who was weak enough to think he could write verse, and who patronised some of the worst poets—even of his day, when there were few good ones—immediately extended his favour to Corneille. The cardinal had at this time four *littérateurs*, whose duty it was, in return for his protection, to make comedies and tragedies, the subjects of which his eminence furnished them; who received his salary; and who did not feel themselves disgraced by calling him their master. They were the Abbé de Bois Robert, a witty profligate, whose vices disgraced his character not only as a churchman, but as a man; Colletet, who not content with writing bad verses in his own name, made his third wife (they had all been his servants) give out, as her own compositions, some of the trash he had the vanity to make for her; De l'Estoile, the author of some wretched plays, and of whom nothing is recollected, but that, like Molière and Malherbe, he used to read them to his servant; and Rotrou, by far the best author, and beyond all comparison the best man, of all the cardinal's retainers. To these Corneille was added; became one of *les cinq auteurs*; like the others called the cardinal his master; and contributed his one-fifth of the poetical inspiration which was necessary to fashion the raw material of Richelieu's invention into dramas. Although however he was not so free from the tainted and impure spirit which marked this period as to scorn the favours of the cardinal, he had too much honour and independence to pay the price by which alone they could be retained. "His master" had proposed *Les Thuilleries* as the subject of a comedy, of which the third act was entrusted to Corneille. The poet found it expedient to depart from the plan of the inventor, and as he was not disposed to relinquish his own

caractères de vieilles et de ridicules. Cet usage de faire paraître des hommes sous des habits de femmes s'est conservé du reste long-temps encore. Hubert, qui avait joué d'original *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas* et d'autres rôles de femme des pièces de Molière, remplit avec un succès fou celui de *La Devineresse* de Thomas Corneille et de *Visé*, in 1679. Ce ne fut qu'après sa retraite arrivée en Avril 1685, que ces mascarades cessèrent entièrement."—*Hist. de Corneille*, p. 37.

opinion, he incurred the displeasure of Richelieu, who said he found him deficient in what he called *un esprit de suite*. Corneille felt too that he was wanting in that quality; and pretending that his office and his family affairs required his presence at Rouen, he took leave of the cardinal and the court, in order to avoid coming in open collision with a man who, although his favour was almost a degradation, had proved that he possessed both the power and the will of making his vengeance swift and destructive.

It was however impossible for the poet to renounce the fascinating pursuit in which he had engaged. The first fruit of his retirement appeared in a tragedy on the fable of Medea. The subject, whatever may be said by the critics, is so detestable and atrocious, that it can never be endured in the shape of scenic representation—and the proof is, that although it has been often essayed by highly-gifted persons, their works remain as poems, but are forgotten as dramas. Corneille's tragedy shared the common fate. The long and unimpassioned declamation imitated from Seneca was not suited to the audience of the French metropolis; and although there are in it some verses which would not be unworthy of his better tragedies, it cannot be denied that the condemnation was a just one. *Médée* was followed by what Corneille very properly calls "*un étrange monstre*," under the title of *L'Illusion*, which was received with absurd enthusiasm, chiefly on account of the introduction of the character of a braggart soldier, long well-known in the Italian drama under the title of *Il Capitan Spavento*, and to which Corneille gave the name of *Matamore*, on bringing it into the regular comedy.

Although Corneille's progress hitherto had shewn him far superior to all his cotemporaries, his greatest efforts had not been made. Rouen would have been thought by the wits and critics of that day one of the least likely places in which inspiration was to be found, and yet it was in Rouen, and by a mere accident, that his genius lighted on a subject which was to establish his and his nation's fame in the tragic drama. A M. de Chalon, who had held the post of *secrétaire des commandemens* to the dowager queen, upon quitting the court had retired to Rouen to pass the remainder of a very protracted life in the retirement of that city. Corneille having met him in company, and the discourse turning on the poet's recent success, M. de Chalon said he thought the comic productions he had hitherto principally devoted himself to were unworthy of his genius, and would procure him only a short-lived fame. "You will find," he continued, "in the Spanish drama subjects which, treated according to our national taste, and by such hands as yours, could not fail of producing a most extraordinary effect. Learn the language; it is extremely easy; I will very gladly render you such assistance as I can, and, until you can read it for yourself, I will translate for you some passages from Guillen de Castro." Corneille followed this advice; he took the subject and the plan of the Spanish dramatist, but treated it throughout with a spirit of perfect originality, and the result was the first tragedy, properly so called, that France had ever seen—*Le Cid*!

The effect which this tragedy had upon the audience has been described with all the eloquence of enthusiasm by M. Victorin Fabre in a passage, quoted in the book before us, from his celebrated *Eloge de Corneille*. After alluding to the degraded state of the tragic drama, of

which Mairêt, Du Ryer, and Tristan, were the most distinguished professors, he proceeds:—

“ La scène s’ouvre, quelle surprise, quelle ravissement ! Nous voyons pour la première fois une intrigue noble et touchante, dont les ressorts balancés avec art serrent le nœud de scène en scène, et préparent sans effort un adroit dénouement ; nous admirons cet équilibre des moyens dramatiques qui, réglant la marche toujours croissante de l’action, tient le spectateur incertain entre la crainte et l’espérance, en variant et en augmentant sans cesse, un intérêt unique et toujours nouveau ; cette opposition si théâtrale des sentimens les plus chers, et des devoirs les plus sacrés ; ces combats, ou, d’un côté luttent le préjugé, l’honneur, le brûlant amour, que la nature respectée ne peut vaincre, et que le devoir surmonte sans l’affaiblir. Subjugué par la force de cette situation, je vois tout le parterre en silence, étonné du charme qu’il éprouve, et de ces émotions délicieuses que le théâtre n’avoit point encore dû réveiller au fond des cœurs. Mais dans ces scènes passionnées où devient plus vive et plus pressante cette lutte si douloureuse de l’héroïsme de l’honneur, et de l’héroïsme de l’amour ; lorsque dans les développemens de l’intrigue, redoublent de violence ces combats, ces orages des sentimens opposés, par lesquels l’action théâtrale se passe dans l’âme des personnages, et se reproduit dans l’âme des spectateurs—alors, au sein de ce profond silence, je vois naître un soudain frémissement ; les cœurs se serrent, les larmes coulent ; et parmi les larmes et les sanglots s’élève un cri unanime d’admiration, un cri qui révèle à la France que la tragédie est trouvée ! ”

The success *Le Cid* met with was equal to its distinguished merit. Not only the public hailed it with enthusiastic applause ; but the king, the queen, and the whole of their court, complimented and congratulated the poet ; it was played three times at the Louvre ; the cardinal had it acted twice at his own hotel ; and, as if to conceal the plan he had formed for depriving the author of his fair fame, he granted, at the request of the queen, letters of nobility to Corneille’s father, in consideration of his services, as the patent expressed it, but, as the truth was, at the instance and by means of the influence of his son. The envy of his fellow-poets, and the displeasure of the cardinal, who was piqued that his pensioner should have gained such distinguished honours, prepared for him a crowd of mortifications which embittered his triumph. The fire was opened by the *Observations sur le Cid*, of Scuderi, a solemn coxcomb, of whom, if he were not damned to everlasting fame as the antagonist of Corneille, the very name would be forgotten. Other enemies followed on the same track, the cardinal secretly but powerfully favouring the cabal against Corneille. The matter was referred to the Academy, who extricated themselves from the difficulty in which they were placed, rather adroitly than honourably, by mixing as much blame as pacified their sovereign master, the cardinal, with at least so much praise of Corneille as their own credit, not less than the merit of the poet, and the unanimous public voice, demanded. As critical curiosities, the various productions to which this dispute gave rise are not without their interest ; but the rank to which *Le Cid*, as the first French tragedy, and as a grand and noble production in every respect, is intitled, has long ago been settled. Corneille was by no means satisfied with the opinions of the Academy, and had expressed a determination of replying to them, from which he was diverted by an intimation from the

cardinal, accompanied by a certain pacifying present. He acknowledges these "*libéralités de Monseigneur*" in a letter to Bois Robert, the terms of which are sufficiently explicit. "Maintenant que vous me conseillez de n'y répondre point, *vu les personnes qui s'en sont mêlées*, il ne faut point d'interprète pour entendre cela; je suis un peu plus de ce monde qu'Héliodore qui aime mieux perdre son évêché que son livre, et j'aime mieux les bonnes grâces de *mon maître* que toutes les réputations de la terre; je me tairai donc." The secret of this forbearance, and of his shortly afterwards resuming his place among the cardinal's five poets, are to be found in that fruitful and melancholy source of many of the inconsistencies which mark the lives of men of genius—the scanty pecuniary resources he possessed.

In 1639, his tragedy of *Horace* was brought out. The universal applause which it met with, excited again the same envy which had been caused by *Le Cid*, and some fresh observations were threatened, but were stopped by a well-timed hint from Corneille himself, who remarked in a letter to a friend, which was made public, that "the Horatius of history, though condemned by the Decemviri, was acquitted by the people."

Cinna appeared in the same year, and the effect which it produced surpassed even that which had been occasioned by *Le Cid*. Voltaire has accounted for this by the particular tone of public feeling at the time, when the influence of the factions which had agitated the reign of Louis XIII., or rather of the Cardinal de Richelieu, was not forgotten, and when the minds of men were therefore disposed to appreciate the sentiments of the tragedy. "Among those," he says, "who saw its first representation, were some who had fought at La Marfée, and who had been engaged in the Fronde. There is, besides, a more than dramatic veracity running throughout the piece, and a development of the constitution of the Roman empire, which was very agreeable to statesmen—and at this period every one was desirous of being reputed a politician." Circumstances which, while they disclose a satisfactory reason for the extraordinary success of the tragedy, explain why the charm holds no longer.

Soon after the appearance of this tragedy, Corneille's father died, leaving a widow and a numerous family with very slender means of support, his own income being derived chiefly from his office, the produce of which had been expended in the education of his children. The care of providing for them, therefore, fell on the poet, who cheerfully assumed these new and burdensome duties. About a year afterwards, he formed an attachment, which, although it appeared hopeless at first, terminated, with the assistance of the Cardinal Richelieu, to his entire satisfaction. Fontenelle says, he made his appearance one morning in a more grave and melancholy mood than usual before the cardinal, who asked him if he was meditating some new tragedy. Corneille replied that he was far from possessing the composure necessary for such an undertaking, for that he was distractedly in love. The cardinal inquired the particulars, and the poet told him that the object of his passion was the daughter of Mathieu de Lamperrière, Lieutenant-général of Andelys, in Normandy, who would not consent to his union. The lady had very little fortune; and for this reason it was that her parent would not sanction her marriage with a man who had none at all. The absolute cardinal sent for the father, who was so much alarmed at the summons,

that he thought himself fortunate in being required to give no more than his consent, and that in favour of a son-in-law who was protected by the cardinal ; and Corneille was shortly afterwards married. His marriage did not divert him from a pursuit which, besides its own attractions, had now become absolutely necessary to him as a means of subsistence. He produced the tragedy of *Polyeucte*, founded on the martyrdom of one of the early Christians, which was condemned by the coterie of l'Hôtel de Rambouillet, and infinitely applauded by all Paris beside. Notwithstanding that he was therefore somewhat under the ban of this infallible tribunal, he was selected with others, the best poets of the time, to write madrigals for a collection of flower-drawings, which the Duke de Montansier presented to Julie de Angennes, as a new-year's-gift, when he was soliciting her hand. This piece of amorous foolery was got up in the most expensive and elegant manner, the drawings were by the best miniature-painter of the court, and it was considered as the most tasteful and gallant thing of the kind that had ever been devised.

La Mort de Pompée was his next tragedy, which neither gained nor deserved so much success as some of his others. He was more fortunate in a comedy entitled *Le Menteur*, for which he was indebted to a Spanish original (*La Sospechosa Verdad* of Pedro de Roxas, as it is supposed), and which, like the *Cid* in tragedy, was the first genuine comedy that had been seen on the French stage. An anecdote of Molière, connected with the subject of this comedy, is better than the most elaborate criticism. The great comic poet (the greatest beyond question that France has ever produced) was in conversation with Boileau.—“ Yes, my dear Despréaux,” said he, “ I owe much to *Le Menteur*. When it appeared, I had long had an inclination to write ; but I was undecided what I ought to attempt ; my ideas were altogether uncertain until that play settled them. The dialogue taught me how polite persons ought to be made to converse on the stage ; the grace and wit of *Dorante* convinced me that a hero, to excite real interest, should be well bred ; the *sang froid* with which he utters his falsehoods shewed me the necessity of establishing an individual character ; the scene in which he forgets the fictitious name he has given himself, enlightened me on the subject of true pleasantry ; and that in which he is obliged to fight, in consequence of his lies, proved to me that all comedies ought to have a moral conclusion. In short, but for *Le Menteur*, I dare say I should have produced some pieces of intrigue—*L'Etourdi*, *Le Dépôt Amoureux*, perhaps ; but I doubt whether I should ever have written *Le Misanthrope*.”—“ Embrace me !” replied Despréaux ; “ such a confession is worth the best comedy.” *La Suite du Menteur*, taken from a play of Lope de Vega, followed, but was coldly received.

Soon after the first appearance of *Le Menteur*, Richelieu died, and Corneille wrote the following epigram on him :—

“ Qu'on parle mal ou bien du fameux cardinal,
Ma prose, ni mes vers, n'en diront jamais rien :
Il m'a fait trop de bien pour en dire du mal :
Il m'a fait trop de mal pour en dire du bien.”

It would have been well if he had kept to this resolution ; but he soon afterwards wrote a sonnet on the death of Louis XIII., in which he abused the cardinal dead, as grossly as he had flattered him in his dedications when alive. If he exercised this vengeance only because he was

safe, the sentiment was unworthy of him ; if because he had lost his pension, and had nothing more to hope from his patron's generosity, it was an unpardonable baseness.

His tragedy* of *Théodore*, which is founded on the martyrdom of a Christian maiden, appeared soon afterwards, and was not only coldly received, but has since been mercilessly abused by Voltaire, who thinks it so bad that, with most amusing impudence, he doubts whether Lope de Vega, or even Shakspeare, are worse.

On the 14th of October, in the same year, 1645, a letter was addressed to Corneille by the young king, Louis XIV., requiring him to write the poetical part of *Les Triomphes de Louis le Juste, XIIIe du nom* ; a task which he performed more to the satisfaction of his royal patron than to the increase of his own fame. He had been before this proposed as one of the members of the Academy ; but his election had been postponed under the pretext that his residence at Rouen made it impossible to discharge efficiently the duties of that office. In January, 1647, on his having intimated that he had made such arrangements as would enable him to pass a part at least of every year in Paris, he was elected. Soon afterwards, his *Héraclius* appeared, a subject on which, as Calderon also wrote a tragedy, he is accused of having taken from the Spanish dramatist. The question of priority has never been satisfactorily settled ; although it appears there is some reason to believe that the Spaniard was in Paris when *Héraclius* appeared, and did not write his own tragedy until two years afterwards.

The machinery of the French theatres was miserable and clumsy to the last degree, until it was improved at about this time, by an Italian artist, whose name was Torrelli, and who had carried scenic deceptions to so marvellous a pitch, that he was called *Le Grand Sorcier*. Corneille's next effort was to compose a *tragédie à machine*, with the assistance of Torrelli, which became the delight of all Paris, less for its poetical merit than for its magnificence of decoration. This was followed by *Dom Sanche d'Arragon*, which he called an heroic comedy, and which, as it was the first time that such a composition had been produced in France, although it had been long common in England and in Spain, the author thought fit to apologise for in his dedication to M. de Zuylichem, by saying, " Vous connaissez l'humeur de nos Français ; ils aiment la nouveauté, et je hasarde *non tam meliora quam nova*, sur l'espérance de les mieux divertir." The attempt does not seem to have answered the expectations of the author ; but *Nicomède*, a play in the same style, made amends for the failure of the former ; and is said by Voltaire, notwithstanding his horror at its want of regularity, to be one of the strongest proofs that Corneille has given of true genius. *Pertharite* followed, but failed entirely ; a circumstance which its author regretted the more, because he could never be convinced that his play was justly condemned. It was this event that confirmed him in a determination he had long formed of withdrawing himself from his theatrical labours ; and when the nature and extent of those labours are considered, it will

* He had been engaged upon a tragedy which was afterwards played under the title of *Rodogune*, when he found a play of the same title advertised. On going to the theatre, he discovered that the situations and incidents of his own piece had been taken by the author, Gilbert, to whom they had been communicated by a false friend. Corneille scorned to complain, but hastened the representation of his own tragedy, the success of which consoled him for the fraud that had been practised on him.

be admitted that the whole history of literature scarcely presents a more rapid and brilliant career than that which he had run. "In seventeen years" (we quote M. Taschereau), "he had produced fourteen plays, which are the admiration and the glory of our theatre. In the four others there is, perhaps, more of fortunate boldness and of ingenious attempt. *La Suite du Menteur*, which Voltaire, whose criticisms on Corneille are never too favourable, thought full of interest; *Andromède*, that brilliant essay in a description of spectacle, the characteristic of which is grandeur; *Théodore*, the faults as well as the beauties of which, in spite of all that has been said respecting it, give proof of no ordinary talent, and from which many fine passages of *Ines de Castro* have been borrowed; and lastly *Pertharite*, from which, although it failed, Racine has not scrupled to transpose the principal situations in his *Iphigénie* and in his *Andromaque*."

That portion of M. Taschereau's work which contains some particulars of the private life of the great poet, is so interesting that every reader will regret it does not occupy a greater space in his volume. This deficiency is not to be attributed to the author, but to the quiet, and, but for his works, noteless life which Corneille led. He sold his public employment in 1650, and devoted himself wholly to his family affairs and his studies. "His marriage," says M. Taschereau, "with Mdlle. de Lamperrière, rendered his life extremely happy: the union of his brother Thomas Corneille (who had made his *début* as a dramatic author with some success in 1647) with his wife's sister, had strengthened the ties which connected the brothers, and in some degree identified their feelings. They dwelt in two adjoining houses on the same spot in which they had first beheld the light, and where their parents had died, which they had united by communications leading from *la petite maison*, as Corneille's house was called, to *la grande maison*, which his brother occupied. Their pursuits, their fortune, all were so much in common between them, that even at the time of the elder's death, neither the one nor the other had ever thought of partitioning the property they had inherited from their father. Simple and kind of heart, as much united as their husbands were, the two sisters had no other care than to promote their mutual happiness. A poet, who was well able to appreciate such virtues (Ducis), has said,

— "C'étaient de bonnes mères,
Des femmes à leurs maris chères,
Qui les aimaient jusqu'au trépas;
Deux tendres sœurs qui, sans débats,
Veillaient au bonheur des deux frères,
Filant beaucoup, n'écrivant pas.

"Les deux maisons n'en faisaient qu'une;
Les clefs, la bourse était commune;
Les femmes n'étaient jamais deux.
Tous les vœux étaient unanimes;
Les enfans confondaient leurs jeux,
Les pères se prêtaient leurs rimes,
Le même vin coulait pour eux."

"I do not know Rouen," says Ducis, in a letter to Le Mercier, "but I will certainly visit it, to see the houses in which Pierre and Thomas Corneille were born, and where they passed their illustrious but un-

tentatious lives, with their wives, the two sisters. I love them so much that I can fancy myself one of their family. Delighted with the success of the other, they each pursued the same career, and seemed to have resolved to share even their reputation jointly. They assisted each other in their labours, and, if a well-established tradition is to be credited, when the author of *Cinna*, who versified less easily than his brother, found any difficulty in finishing a verse, he would lift up a trap-door which communicated with *la grande maison*, and call to Thomas, "Sans-souci, lend me a rhyme."

There it was that Corneille completed his "Paraphrase of the Imitation of Jesus Christ, by Thomas à Kempis," of which he had published the commencement in 1651, not as has been unjustly asserted by La Monnoye and Carpentier, as a penance for a licentious poem (an offence of which he was wholly incapable), but as a work of piety. The poetry is, however, as poor as the subject was ill-chosen; but its sale was immense, occasioned, as Voltaire asserts, by the influence of the Jesuits, who exerted every means, in their pulpits and elsewhere, to extend its circulation.

Fouquet, who had now come into power, induced Corneille to resume his theatrical pursuits; and in obedience to the minister's suggestion, he wrote his tragedy of *Œdipe*, and gained by it applauses quite as general, though not so well deserved, as those which had crowned his former works. Another *tragédie à machines*, called *La Toison d'Or*, was written by him to celebrate the marriage of Louis XIV. with Maria Theresa, the eldest daughter of Philip IV., and was acted with all the *éclat* that belonged to the circumstances under which it was produced. *Sertorius*, *Sophonisba*, and *Othon* followed, with the interval of about half a year between each, and were all successful. *Agesilas* was coldly received, and *Attila* but little better, and both enjoy an unenviable immortality in Boileau's bitter and laconic epigrams. The ill-starred Henrietta Maria of England, who thought that in the fate of Titus and Berenice, she saw the history of her own early passion for Louis XIV. which prudence had suppressed, but which neither time, nor sorrow, nor all the vicissitudes of fortune she had undergone, had been able to extinguish, suggested it as a subject for a tragedy to Corneille. At the same time, and without the knowledge of the veteran, she made a similar intimation to Racine, who had just established his reputation as a tragic poet, notwithstanding the ill-treatment his *Britannicus* had received. The two authors did not know they were engaged on the same subject, until they had finished their labours. The result was very unfortunate for Corneille; his play failed, while his rival's was acted thirty times. His next work was a grand spectacle on the fable of *Psyche*, which Molière had begun, and the completion of which he entrusted to Corneille and Quinault. After this he produced *Pulchérie*, and next *Suréna*, the ill success of which convinced him, that to maintain the reputation he had gained, he ought to cease to write, and he at once renounced all future attempts at the drama.

His domestic affairs had been the source of more poignant affliction to him than his public disappointments. He had six children by his marriage, of whom he lost his third son Charles, a promising youth, at the age of fourteen; another was killed at the siege of Graves. His youngest son had entered into holy orders, for whom he obtained a small benefice in 1680, and one of his daughters took the veil; the other married for

her second husband a M. de Farcy, by whom she became the great grandmother of the celebrated enthusiast Charlotte Corday, who perished on the scaffold during the revolution, for having ridded France of the detestable Marat, the greatest monster that has disgraced the modern world. His eldest son, who was a captain in a cavalry regiment, and one of the gentlemen of the King's chamber, offended him by marrying the daughter of a tradesman; and as if his pride and prejudices began only to grow when his genius failed, he took the title of *Sieur de Damville*, instead of the more noble name by which he had been distinguished up to that time, and by which alone he lives to all posterity.

The latter part of his life presented the most humiliating of all spectacles; he passed several years in "second childishness, and mere oblivion." As if with a presentiment of his fate, a short time before this calamity befel him, he arranged his affairs, with a care he had never before displayed, and burnt all his papers. A long sickness had so entirely exhausted his very limited means, that at the moment when his dissolution was visibly at hand, he was reduced to the most urgent want. Boileau, who displayed an unnecessary, and often an unjust hostility against him, no sooner heard of his distress, than he hastened to the king, and offered to give up his own pension rather than that so worthy a person as *Corneille* should have his last moments embittered by the want of common necessities. The king immediately sent 200 louis to the suffering poet, by *La Chapelle*, Boileau's kinsman. Two days afterwards he died, in the night between the 30th of September and the 1st of October 1684, in the house where he had for some time dwelt, in the *rue d'Argenteuil*, and was buried in the church of *St. Roch*, where nothing served to point out the spot honoured by his remains until the Duke of Orleans, in 1821, had a bust of him, and a slab containing an inscription to his memory, placed in the wall of the church. But to the poet who first taught his countrymen the art of the drama, who pointed out to succeeding times the true sources of the sublime and passionate emotions which that art has the power of exciting, and who disclosed the sweetness and boldness which their verse possesses, no other monument was necessary than that imperishable fame which has identified his name with the brightest and proudest period of the literature of his nation.

THE DARK FIGURE: A CANDLE-LIGHT STORY.

A TALE of the days of other years! I was twenty-two; sick, idle and unhappy. I had lost my mistress, and quarrelled with my friend. Wine, which I applied to for relief, made me nervous; brandy gave me the head-ache; books were still worse. My hat began to slouch; my cravat made a point of untying itself; my whole outward man exhibited symptoms of the pitch-fork style of dressing. I shunned society; cherished my knees at the fire;—and cultivated a wrinkle of some promise which I discovered winding, like the *Serpentine River*, in a straight line, across my brow. Too delicate in constitution to drink, I had thoughts of taking to opium; but the drug made me sick. Uncle William at this epoch, willing that I should try the country air, put himself to death; and I succeeded to a small estate in *Cumberland*. It was said that his losing a considerable bet was the proximate cause of what many persons called a "rash step." For my part I did not know; but I inquired

whether suicide did not run in the family. At any rate it was necessary to take possession; and I was put into a coach, and dragged down into Cumberland by four horses.

It is surprising to me that people will build their dwellings among woods and hills, like the ravens and foxes. There could not be any thing conceived more disheartening to an invalid than the aspect of my deceased uncle's house. It was connected, it is true, by an avenue, with a considerable village; but the avenue was very long, and the trees which bordered it were very lofty and umbrageous; while, in the immediate neighbourhood of the mansion, there was not a single vestige of a human habitation. Hills and woods were scattered around, as if by chance; and I scarcely knew which was the more dismal—the imperious gloom of some trees, which still resisted the attacks of autumn, or the skeleton thinness of others, which held up their death-like limbs, already stripped and anatomised. The house was distinguished by a small turret, which looked like a large nutmeg-grater, stuck out at each corner, but, in other respects, presented no remarkable evidence of the architect's ambition. It was a high-roofed, small-windowed, rough-cast piece of masonry; and to these participle adjectives might have been added, some score of years ago, white-washed.

As I descended the steps of the carriage, a cold inhospitable blast swept through the hall, as if to warn me from the gloomy abode. The servants, dressed in black, stood around, with their features fastened, as if with the screw-nails of a coffin, into the melancholy decorum befitting the occasion; and when I raised my face to take a farewell glance at the gusty heavens, a hatchment hanging above the door met my eyes, on which I recognized, with a shudder, the portentous word *Resurgam*.

The parlour was large, and the fire small; the floor creaked; the casement shivered; the wind moaned in the chimney, and sighed under the door. A pause of the blast was filled up by a rustling sound which I detected in the hall; it approached slowly, and was succeeded by, or rather mingled with, a shaking of the door-handle. "Come in," cried I, faintly; while, through the whirls of smoke which this assault produced from the chimney, I beheld the tall figure of an ancient gentlewoman, dressed in black silk, that looked like oilcloth, standing upright on the threshold. She advanced about half way into the room; and then standing still, shook slowly from its folds a cambric handkerchief, which, on being applied to her eyes, had the effect of drawing forth a succession of sharp and tuneless sobs as ever set human teeth on edge. She then wiped her dry eyes, arrayed her features in a smile, and, sweeping the floor with a curtesy, informed me, that, as the housekeeper of this ancient and honourable family, she had considered it her duty to wait upon me, and welcome its representative to his inheritance.

She then recited the particulars of my uncle's death:—how he had looked melancholious, as it war, for a week before—how he had sat for days together on the very chair I now occupied, leaning his head on his hand—how he had ascended the stairs on the fatal night with a hurried and broken step—how he had stood on the landing place (she would shew me the spot when I was going to bed,) as if unwilling to enter his room—how he had placed the candle in the corner of the toilet-table, (just where I would find my night-cap, aired by her own hands,) and gazed for some seconds on its quivering flame—how he had suddenly ordered the chambermaid out of the room, and bolted himself in—how,

alarmed on hearing a noise at midnight in his apartment, she had crept out of bed, and stood listening at the keyhole—how, on receiving no answer to her questions, she had called up the footman—and how he had burst open the door—and——“Lights, lights!” cried I, “for pity’s sake;” and the housekeeper, bethinking herself that my journey must have given me an appetite, bustled away to order supper—returning, however, to say, that if, when retired to my room, I would take the trouble of turning up the corner of the carpet next the bed, I might see the marks still extant on the floor.

I did not sleep too well that night; which might be owing to the circumstance of my having a pair of candles burning in the room. A great part of the following day I spent in lounging on a sofa, and thinking of returning to London. The afternoon, however, approached before any thing had been decided on; and feeling myself to be the martyr of circumstances—a captive in the inevitable chain of events—I resigned myself with dogged resolution to my fate.

The shadow of the tall trees of the avenue, marching stealthily but steadily along, threw an early twilight into the room; the effect of which could hardly be said to be counteracted by the fire, consisting of a few pale embers struggling for life beneath a mountain of ashes. This, it may be said, was my own fault; I might have rung for fuel: true, but I had been thinking, for the last half hour, that somebody would come into the room of his own accord, which would have saved me all the trouble. As it was, the sulky smile of the hearth was more repulsive than absolute blackness; and the moving shadow, as it crawled slowly along, swallowing up my ancestors one by one, who stared at me from the walls, gave the idea of a supernatural procession like the line of Banquo kings. I watched the solemn cortège with a kind of curiosity mingled with awe, till my suicidal uncle, whose post was above the mantel-piece, had stretched his hand into the shade, fixing his eyes significantly on mine—and I started from my chair with a sudden catching of the breath, as I inquired involuntarily, *whose turn is next?*

The scene without, when viewed from a window, was absolutely inviting, compared with the interior. The rays of the sun still lingered in the distance among the leaves; and, like the farewell of lovers, became more melting and tender as the moment of parting approached: but a smooth round hill, seen through a vista among the trees, more particularly attracted my attention. Its head was encircled with an unbroken halo of light, as if the messengers of the Lord of day had chosen it for their rendezvous on the earth; while the tall centinels of the forest, skirting its base, guarded the sacred spot from intrusion. A kind of longing arose in my bosom as I gazed; and this was mysteriously linked, as our longings always are, whether we are conscious of it or not, with recollections of the past. Those cloistered hours came back upon my soul, when my Alma Mater was propitious, and Leonora kind; the hill of the setting sun, to my excited imagination, became an island of the blest; and, in a fit of unwonted enthusiasm, I sallied forth on a pilgrimage towards it, repeating aloud, as I walked, the strain of the Latin bard:—

“*Nos manet oceanus circumvagus; arva, beata,*

“*Petamus arva, divitis et insulas—*”

My path lay through silent fields, and along half obliterated foot-paths,—and over churlish turnstiles

“Which kept the word of promise to the eye
“But broke it to the hope;”

and yet, for the first half of my journey, a feeling of pristine enjoyment lent an elasticity to my steps to which they had long been a stranger. I could feel that singular thrill which sometimes runs through the nerves, proclaiming that the body is alive as well as the mind, and the pleasant coolness of the cheek, which responds to the medicative influences of nature, like the freshness of a newly watered plant.

But the Island of the Blest, like its prototypes in antiquity, retreated before the steps of the pilgrim. My romantic oasis turned out to be a clumsy sinister-looking hill; while its whole colony of sunbeams had established themselves on a more western neighbour. Coasting along the base, and looking askance at its ill-favoured brow with a marked hostility of manner, I pursued my journey towards the new mirage of the desert—and with precisely the same success. By this time my ardour was cooled, and my cheek warmed; and the country dance that Hygiara had been playing upon my nerves, jarred as miserably out of tune as the music at a village wedding, when the guests have become tired, and the fiddler tipsy.

The sun had farly sunk beneath the horizon, and numerous columns of dark clouds were seen moving upon the region occupied by his rear-guard of golden beams. The conflict was brief but brilliant; and although still a few skirmishers of the flying army would now and then whirl round and break the line of their pursuers, in a space of time almost as short as I take to write it, the fate of the day was decided. The night wind arose; the dark trees that surrounded me began to move; and instead of the song of the birds, which was now hushed, a thousand strange voices crept around my feet, bringing tidings to whom it might concern, from the fairy-haunted toadstool—from the fringed fern—from the ivy of the ruined walls—from the whin-bush, the dock, the hemlock, and the nettle.

The village was somewhat nearer to me than my own house, and thinking that the walk would be more cheerful through its living street, and home by the long avenue, I addressed by steps towards it. The path, however, was more intricate, the fields smaller, and the gaps in the hedges less accommodating; and, owing to these circumstances, I did not reach the houses till it was nearly dark. The appearance, doubtless, of a stranger, plunging upon them from the woods, did not seem devoid of suspicion to the simple inhabitants; for many of them stopped as they were fastening the shutters of their houses, to turn round and look at me, and when I passed I could hear numerous doors opening hurriedly behind.

Shuffling along as hastily as the imperfect light would permit, I at length cleared the village and entered the avenue. It was as cold and dark as a burying vault; and although the wind moaned loudly in the trees, the sound seemed, as it were, without, while the interior was as silent as the grave. It was impossible to wander laterally from a road which was so well lined; and I knew, that by pushing straight forward, I should infallibly arrive, one time or other, at my own door. These geographical considerations were comfortable; but, upon the whole, the scene was gloomy. It was here my deceased uncle had delighted to walk in the evening—perhaps at this very hour. It was here, no doubt, he had meditated on self-murder, long enough to familiarize himself

with the idea, to enable him to turn into action a thought which startles the mind like the stab of a dagger.

Yet, again did the busy demon within me whisper the question—*No more?* The spark of intelligence had fled from those closed eyes; and the voice had passed away from the frozen lips; but the spirit which, by so unaccountable an art, had thus converted thought into sound, ideas into words—whither had it withdrawn? I shuddered at the question. I began to feel faint. I knew that it was weakness—and weakness as much of the body as of the mind, but I could not help it. The mysterious connection which had once existed between matter and immateriality was renewed in my fancy; the limbs moved; the lips opened; the head was raised from its pillow.

The branch of a tree arrested my progress as I staggered along the avenue; and I almost sunk to the ground with an indefinite feeling. While disengaging myself, a soft, low, purring sound crept out from the hedge; and, by an uncontrollable instinct, I bent my eyes upon the spot. The intensity of my gaze produced some of those self-emitted, or altogether imaginary sparks of light, which we sometimes see flashing in the dark, and my imagination was beginning to play some horrible and fantastic tricks, when, by a sudden exertion of fortitude, mingled with a feeling of shame, I struck my hand fiercely upon the rebellious members, and, turning away my head, pursued my journey.

The wind had now fallen from a continuous breeze into fitful squalls, which swept at long intervals from the dark cold heavens. Almost sheltered from their effects by the umbrageous canopy under which I walked, I could yet hear distinctly the wild swelling moan which arose as the gust broke upon the trees; and this was sometimes followed by a whirl of dry leaves rising up by my side—a phenomenon which a cooler imagination than mine might have pictured as a spirit flying shrieking through the grove.

It is necessary to confess, before relating what follows, that some such idea had just passed through my mind. I *knew* that the sound I heard was but the voice of the night wind as it swept through the foliage, and that the almost unseen object, which had arisen in my path, was nothing more than a heap of dry leaves suddenly startled from their repose. A feeling of involuntary terror, notwithstanding, usurped the place of reason, a cold perspiration burst upon my forehead; and, at the apparition of the leaves, called up, as if by magical incantation, the spirit of my dead uncle passed before me! Do not mistake me. This was doubtless a trick of the imagination—I mention it, merely, because I wish to describe correctly the state of my mind—because I would deal fairly with the subject before me. I had, as it were, two sets of senses, and I was able to distinguish between them. The appearance of the phantom might have been an illusion; but the sound of his footsteps was a reality! I heard them as distinctly as I hear this pen moving along the paper in the silence of my midnight room. The sound suddenly ceased, and, at the moment, I felt an intense conviction, that the appearance, the spirit,—the what you please—was again before me, although hidden from my eyes; that it was approaching slowly but steadily—in fine, that it would again be revealed to my sight.

It would not have been wonderful if imagination had realized the event it foretold. The wonder is that it did not. The sound of the slow and measured footsteps returned, mingled with the moaning of the

wind. I heard them, not as we hear in dreams, or when under the influence of imagination, but with that unequivocal distinctness which attends the things that come under the immediate cognizance of the outward senses. The sound approached, and my heart sickened as that mysterious feeling came over it which announces in the dark, Heaven knows by what process, or by what agency, that some object is near. The next moment a light fell upon my face, which stunned me by its sudden though instantaneous glare; and on looking up (for I had shut my eyes during the moment of its continuance,) I saw, dimly, it is true, but with sufficient distinctness to produce an absolute conviction of its reality, the appearance of a tall dark figure passing slowly along the path.

I would be fully and clearly understood. This was not an illusion. So far from my mind being predisposed to grant belief to what might seem to favour its superstitious fancies, it had been almost preternaturally vigilant and active during the whole evening. My terrors had been the effect of early associations working on an ill-regulated mind, and a feeble nervous system. During their very continuance I knew this to be the case. I had been able to distinguish, with philosophical accuracy, between illusions and realities; and the pain which the former gave me, only served to produce a jealous excitement, which effectually guarded against imposition.

After a sound sleep, produced no doubt by the extraordinary fatigue which both my mental and corporeal faculties had undergone, I arose early next morning, in better health than I had enjoyed for some years. The day was fine, and the air bracing; and as I sauntered out, after breakfast to wile away the time till dinner—for meals are the only landmarks in the life of an idle man—I was astonished to find myself leaping over the stiles like a greyhound, or wasting my superabundant vigour in tearing down the branches of the trees. The adventure of the preceding night was not forgotten; but it partook much more of the amusing than of the horrible; it was, in short, an adventure—something to think of—something to keep the mind in activity. I was ashamed of my terrors, which I set down to the account of ill-health, and only wished for the approach of night, that I might prove even to myself the indispensable connexion between moral courage and animal spirits.

The night, however, would only come in its usual way, by degrees; and I had time to prepare myself for the adventure, to recal the circumstances of the preceding evening, and to determine my line of conduct for the present.

The affair, indeed, as the twilight began to approach, assumed a more interesting and less amusing appearance. My speculations on the character of the dark figure became more abstruse. Who was this wanderer of the night, who passed so slowly and sternly through the gloom? Why did not his gigantic figure, swerve, at least, for a moment, from his onward march, at the rencontre with another pilgrim like himself? Above all, whence, in the name of mystery, came the beam which flashed so suddenly in my face, revealing, no doubt, to the stranger, with the clearness of day, the workings of awe and terror which convulsed my features, while, with a singular disregard to the common laws of light, it kept his own buried in impervious gloom? As the evening gradually darkened in, I became restless and anxious. No fear, however, mingled with my anxiety; no misgivings gave pause to my reso-

lution. An intense curiosity, and a fixed determination to gratify it, at any risk, were the only feelings distinctly recognizable among the crowd which struggled in my breast.

I watched with impatience the cortège of my ancestry, as they seemed to disappear, one by one, in the shadow which crept along the wall; and at length, when the noiseless signal for my sallying forth was given, as before, by my uncle pointing his upraised hand into the gloom, I started from my chair, and hurried to the door. Before going out, however, I turned my eyes once more upon the portrait, now dimly seen, owing to the distance which intervened, and the darkness of the apartment. The drapery of the figure was the full dress of the Cumberland Hunt, which, at that time, consisted of a great heavy coat falling below the knees; and this, imperfectly as it was seen, together with the absolute darkness in which the features were shrouded, reminded me so vividly of the stranger of the avenue, that I could with difficulty withdraw my eyes.

Determining to take the same route as before, I bent my steps towards the sun-bright oasis which had been the original cause of my perplexity. I ascended to its summit, and watched with tranquil admiration the changes in the earth and sky which prelude and follow the disappearance of the sun. This even presented a succession of the very same phenomena I had observed on the preceding one; the air, however, was more quiet; and it seemed as if the tumultuous motion of the clouds was caused by some current of wind which did not reach the earth. While passing through the village, I fell in with a man who had called that morning at the Hall on some business; and walking along, I conversed with him on the subject till we had entered the avenue. Here the discourse dropped, as if by mutual convention, and my companion took the earliest opportunity of bidding me good night. A heavy gust of wind at the moment broke upon the avenue, and I could hear him take to his heels, and run as if flying from a tempest.

Without experiencing a single puerile feeling, I reached the middle of the avenue; but here a circumstance occurred which produced a thrill of expectation. In the midst of the total darkness which surrounded me, I saw, suddenly, a light which appeared to be at no great distance, and which vanished in the same moment of its appearance. My curiosity was, doubtless, to be gratified. This was the mysterious light of the preceding evening, which bursting upon me in the midst of superstitious terrors, had deprived me of the presence of mind necessary for ascertaining its nature. To-night my situation was different. My perceptions were as acute; but my mind was more composed: imagination was not merely under the cognizance but under the guidance of reason; a philosophical scepticism had assumed the place of childish fear. If the lamp was tangible it might be grasped by my hand: if its bearer was a human being he would hear my voice. Half seriously, half in jest, I mustered up every energy of my mind to meet the approaching crisis; and almost running along the road in the fervour of my curiosity, stretched out my arms to arrest the passer.

The hypothetical *if*, however, in which I had indulged was fatal to my composure. What a word of power is that insignificant-sounding particle! Its elements are doubt, and fear, and struggling, and confusion. The portrait-scene came back upon my fancy. The resemblance between the picture and that mysterious wanderer of the

dark, whom I was here for the purpose of meeting, uninvited and alone, appeared unquestionable and complete. Do the dead then still walk in this age of scornful unbelief? Can it be that the testimonies of the great, the learned, and the devout of past ages, are indeed true? For what purpose does the shade of the departed revisit the haunts beloved in its mortal existence? and what connexion have these visits with the living denizens of the earth, to whom the apparition is revealed? These questions passed with the rapidity and yet distinctness of lightning before my mental vision; and the last, like the eighth spectre-king, seemed to "bear a glass which shewed me many more."

The very elements of nature conspired against my resolution; for the night-blast at this moment, striking the umbrageous canopy under which I walked, shook the grove to its centre. But the mingled voices of air and earth could not drown a single, low, hollow sound, which now fell upon my ear: it was a footstep, solemn, measured, and majestic, yet as soft as if the tread was on a carpet of summer moss. I cannot disguise the sensation of terror which I experienced when my expectation was thus realized; and I will even own that, with a puerile attempt at self-deceit, when the signal compelled me to fix my eyes upon the space which might contain the approaching object, I directed their gaze rather to the distance beyond. My mind, however, was not to be cheated; I felt the advance of that unseen and unknown visitant. I heard his footsteps amidst the shrieking of the storm and the groaning of the vexed trees; nearer—nearer—nearer came the sound; my trembling limbs almost refused to proceed; and at length I stopped suddenly, and reeled backwards as if to escape some fatal contact.

The light flashed in my face, and as instantaneously disappeared. I saw no more than on the former evening; and yet enough to convince me of the perfect resemblance between the object which passed through the gloom—I had almost said of its absolute identity—with the portrait of my deceased uncle. It was no illusion, no trick of imagination; I assert, distinctly and solemnly that, on opening my eyes after the momentary glare had passed, I saw the dark figure gliding slowly and silently by my side.

The next moment I awoke from the stupefaction in which I had been plunged; shame, anger, and a desperate curiosity, restored energy to my mind and activity to my limbs: I shouted at the extent of my voice, rushed furiously after the retreating phantom, swept from side to side of the avenue with extended arms, and finally sunk upon the ground in a state of complete exhaustion.

The next day I was feverish and unwell. The first excitement had been beneficial, and had acted like a reviving cordial on my health and spirits: the second was too great either for mind or body, and I felt the same sensations of lassitude and despondency which usually follow a debauch. The events of the night seemed indistinct and confused; and they were neither sought nor shunned by my memory. I sat at the fire-side during the whole day, and beheld the shades of evening gathering in the room with neither pleasure nor alarm. The gusty weather of the last few days had changed, and an unusual stillness hung upon the hour; but at length the shadows dispersed with a sudden abruptness, and a heavy pattering of rain succeeded.

I had raised the window after dinner, that the fragrant breath of evening might serve instead of pastilles; and although the air was so

keen as to compel me to draw close to the fire, either from constitutional indolence, or from some feeling which I could not recognize, I refrained from shutting it, even after the candles had been lighted. A view of part of the avenue was commanded from the chair on which I sat, and I had watched, not without interest, the gradual shutting in of the scene by the shadows of night; and even now, when my eyes were presented only with a black and desert waste, they ever and anon withdrew, with unconscious abruptness, from the bright embers, which are the grand attraction of an idler's eyes, to explore the empty gloom without.

In the midst of a reverie, in which the incidents of the last two evenings appeared before me with a dreamy indistinctness, I was suddenly startled by something more vivid. It seemed to me to have been an instantaneous light flashing in the avenue, and then lost in darkness; but in the confused state of my faculties, I could not accurately determine whether the appearance had not altogether been imaginary. It was sufficient, however, to dissipate in some measure the langour which had crept over my soul, and to stir up the undefined and disagreeable feelings which seemed to have sunk to the bottom. A certain feeling of shame alone prevented me from getting up and shutting the window and drawing the curtains; but I compounded between my wishes and my pride, by determining to ring very soon for a servant to perform these offices.

In the mean time, I bent my eyes pertinaciously upon the fire, and attempted to feel interested in the solution of those problems which are offered to idle ingenuity by the burning cinders; but in the midst of an attempt to reconcile certain incongruities in the luminous phenomena, I became aware, although not by direct observation, that a human face was looking in at the open window. I did not turn my head instantaneously. A moment, perhaps two or three, intervened, during which a succession of ideas flashed upon my brain, and danced before my eyes, which it would take a volume to catalogue. It seemed as if the events of the two last evenings, and the feelings which had accompanied or followed them, were all congregated in that spark of time. A thousand sensations of shame, pride, anger, fear, and superstitious dismay, swelled my heart almost to bursting; and at length I rose from my chair, and rushed towards the window in an agony of conflicting emotions.

The appearance had vanished; but I went out into the night, fixing an eager gaze upon the gloom. The next moment the mysterious light appeared and disappeared in the distance, and I threw myself, with a sudden bound, from the window, and rushed down the avenue. My feet splashed in the humid mould, and the rain blinded my vision; but I ran on. A second time the light appeared. Onward I rushed, gathering fury, like a descending rock, till a third time it flashed in my very eyes! The next bound gave to my grasp what I had pursued, and I fell with a heavy shock to the earth upon the body of a man.

Let me proceed. This fearful interval of suspense was not of long duration. The mysterious light fell once more upon my face, and then turned slowly upon that of the dark figure. A powerful hand, at the same moment, wrenched my fingers from the throat which they grasped, and a voice, full of good humour, but at the same time of surprise, almost amounting to alarm, exclaimed, "Zure, your honour, whoy, bless us, you won't strangle Hoomphrey, the watchman, wool ye?"

When I returned to London, I found Leonora married to my friend; and I sent them a brace of moor-fowl, of my own shooting. I took occasion, at the same time, to return one of her dearest pledges of love and constancy—a lock of her own “auburn” hair, which to my utter astonishment, I now found to be red. As for “Hoomphrey, the watchman”—appointed to that office by the authorities of the village to protect the natives from my uncle’s ghost—the scoundrel lost nothing by his impudence. He is still extant, in the best house in the village; and when I meet him in a winter evening, wrapped up in his huge frieze great coat, tottering along the avenue, even without the aid of the dark lanthorn, his appearance reminds me, to this day, of the adventure of the DARK FIGURE.

L. R.

A WATER PARTY.

OH, Laura! such a charming party!

You’ve missed our pic-nic, foolish girl;

I do assure you from my heart, I

Hate you, now you’re Mrs. Searle.

You know I doat upon the river—

’Twas settled we should row to Kew;

And though the cold *did* make us shiver,

In England that’s not very new.

But I should tell you that our number

Was rather more than you would like;

For Ma would ask that living lumber,

That dull, but worthy, Mrs. Pike:

Then *she* insisted that her daughter

Could not, for worlds, be left behind;

The poor girl screamed so, on the water—

I wonder mothers are so blind!

We’d Clara Smith, and Major Morris,

Besides Sir John, and Lady Gann—

Their nephew too—his name is Horace—

A well-bred, clever, tall young man:

Papa, Mamma, and all my brothers—

Sophia, Kate, Georgina, and me;

I have not time to name the others,

Except your old flame, Dr. Lea.

The whole arrangement was quite charming;

Miss Smith, though, is a shocking flirt;

Her conduct really was alarming—

Her Mamma is so *very* pert.

The men all chose to praise her singing;

But one’s so sick of “Home, sweet Home!”

And “Hark, the Village Bells are ringing!”

Is duller than the Pope of Rome.

Then her “La ci derum la mano,”

Was murdered by poor Major M.;

She whispered him, in vain, “*piano!*”

That little man is quite a gem—

I mean to those who’re fond of quizzing,

Which you and I, of course, are not;

He looks like soda-water, fizzing.

Or like a mutton-chop when hot.

The doctor offered to be funny—

That is, to sing a comic song ;

But what it was, for love or money,

I cannot tell—it was so long.

He gave us, too, a "recitation"—

To me a most enormous bore ;

My brother muttered "botheration!"

My father wished him at the Nore.

We all had clubbed to take provision,

And meant to dine in some one's field ;

Old Pike opposed this said decision—

His wife, however, made him yield.

But when, at last, we'd fairly landed,

And spread our cloth upon the ground,

(If you won't laugh, I will be candid),

We found our dinner almost drowned !

Champagne and claret—every bottle

Had cracked, and deluged fowls and ham ;

But yet it had not spoiled the "tottle"—

There still was pigeon-pie and lamb,

With cider, porter, port and sherry,

We managed vastly well to dine :

In spite of all, we were so merry—

But still the weather was not fine.

In fact, before we finished dinner,

There was a kind of Scottish mist ;

And had our dresses been much thinner,

It might have made us somewhat triste.

But good stout silk is now the fashion—

My green one, though, was sadly spoiled ;

Mamma flew into such a passion !

I could not help its being soiled.

We owe, however, to the shower

An unexpected source of mirth ;

For, when the sky began to lour,

The men proposed a snugger berth :

Instead of getting wet by rowing,

They voted to return by land ;

We all agreed, without well knowing

How we should ever reach the Strand.

Just while we wisely were debating,

An Omnibus appeared in sight,

Which quickly settled all our prating,

And very much to my delight :

Yet *this* machine could scarcely carry

The whole of four-and-twenty friends ;

But, as it would not do to tarry,

We popped in all the odds and ends.

Such an odd, facetious journey !

We went so fast—'twas like a dream !

The coachman, quite another Gurney,

Only without that worthy's steam.

In short, the whole was most delightful—

We wanted nothing, dear, but *you* ;

And now, my paper being quite full,

I'll only add—Adieu !—adieu !

PAGANINI, AND THE HISTORY OF THE VIOLIN.

PAGANINI, the wonder of the continent for his performance on the violin, has been so long solicited to come to this country, that it is not improbable the amateurs will be indulged with this prince of fiddlers before the next concert season is over. Nothing but his fantastic spirit has hitherto kept him away; for this grandissimo maestro is as fantastic as any of the grandissimo signoras that condescend to carry off ten thousand pounds a season from our land of Gothicism and guineas. He has his fantasies of all kinds in the most prodigal abundance; and he too well knows the foolery of mankind, and the food on which it feeds, to deprive himself of a particle of its wonder, by doing any thing like a reasonable being. However, he is the first *artiste* on his instrument alive; he has thrown to an immeasurable distance the whole fiddling world of Germany. His native Italy lays all its bows and strings with adoring homage at his feet; the French violinists tremble for their fame as he approaches to their confines; and the first flourish of his bow is dreaded as the earthquake which is to shake the conservatoire over the heads of its whole crotchet and quaver conclave. The early career of this performer is wrapt in the mystery essential to greatness. Where he was born is not discoverable, how he was educated is equally obscure, and both are equally unimportant to all but the collectors of autographs and baptismal registers. Even his cultivation of the violin is said to have been chiefly due to his having spent ten or twelve years in an Italian gaol. In this singular site for "Lydian measures," caprice or poverty is said to have often condemned him to the use of but one string to his violin; and it is out of his exploits on this one string, which he makes equivalent to the four, that his chief celebrity has been made. This is charlatanism, of course; but it is then only the more suitable to the character. But his tone is said to be pre-eminently bold, his execution complete, and his conception brilliant, original, and superb.

If he be the musical genius that he is described, Paganini has well chosen the violin; for no instrument of all the inventions of musical ingenuity is equal to the violin for the direct transmission of the finest impulses of the musical mind.

The violin holds in the orchestra the highest rank: it always, and of right, is in the hands of the leader; for the grand point of instrumental imitation is the human voice, and no instrument approaches by its tone, its delicacy of execution, and its brilliancy, so close to the human voice as the violin. Its origin is in the remotest antiquity. Bernardin Maffei, the cardinal, born in 1514, in his treatise on inscriptions and medals, gives an antique of Orpheus playing with a bow on an instrument resembling the violin, but which was called the lyre. The Nublium and the Psalterium of the ancient Jews, are said to have strongly resembled the violin, as the Psalterium of the present day obviously does.

Euphorion, in his book *De Isthmiis*, describes an ancient instrument called Magadis, which was surrounded by strings, and which, placed on a pivot, turned round, while the performer drew his bow across it. This machine was also called the Sambuce.

The hieroglyphics of Peter Valerian, p. 628, c. 4, have a figure of a muse holding a bass viol in her hand. Philostratus, who taught at Athens

in the time of Nero, thus describes the lyre—"Orpheus supported the lyre against his left leg, while he beat time by striking his foot on the ground; in his right hand he held the bow, which he drew across the strings, turning his wrist slightly inwards; he touched the strings with his left hand, keeping the knuckles perfectly straight." This was of the nature of the modern viol-di-gamba. The word *plectrum* should be generally translated by bow, though it is uncertain whether the bow was not sometimes used merely to strike the strings. In the middle ages the violin family were numerous, though the instrument had not attained its present exactness of shape. The troubadours were often called *Violleurs*, or violin players. It was in high estimation in the monasteries, and among their treasures are still preserved cases of violins, violas, and similar instruments tending to the lute, beautifully wrought with ivory and the precious metals.

The modern violin has been brought into celebrity by a long succession of fine performers.

Arcangelo Corelli, a Bolognese, was the first great violinist. He died January, 1713, aged 60 years. He was the founder of the Roman school.

Tartini was of a noble Venetian family. He died in 1770, first violin master of the church of St. Anthony, in Padua.

In Germany, the violin received great cultivation during the last two centuries.

In France the violin was brought into favour by Baltazarini, an Italian, sent from Piedmont by Marshal Brissac to Catherine de Medicis. Lully flourished in the time of Louis XIV. 1652. The conservatoire has in the present age furnished France with a multitude of fine violin performers. In England the violin became popular at the Restoration. Charles II. established a band of violin tenors and basses, and placed at their head Thomas Baltzar, a Swede, the first violinist of his time. Banister, an Englishman, succeeded Baltzar. At the latter end of Charles II.'s reign, Nicolas Matteis, an Italian, arrived, and astonished every one by his mastery of the instrument; his style of bowing and his shakes were peculiarly fine.

Francesco Geminiani, born at Lucca about 1666, a disciple of Corelli, was leader of the orchestra at Naples. He died in Ireland in 1762, aged 96. He was a great improver of the general taste on the violin by his publications. Veracini, the first violinist of his time, and a man of great power of composition, arrived in London in 1715.

Felice Giardini, a Piedmontese, and pupil of Somis, arrived in England in 1750. His first performance was for the benefit of Cuzzoni, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, when he played a solo and a concerto. The applause rivalled the loudest ever given to Garrick. In 1755 he led at the Opera. His elegance of bowing, his facility in embellishing passages, and his taste in varying common airs extempore, were surprising. After a long residence he retired to Italy.

William Cramer was born in Manheim in 1744; about 1773 he came to London, and succeeded Giardini as leader of the Opera band for nearly twenty years. He led at the commemoration of Handel in 1784. His execution was remarkable for neatness, and fulness of tone; his facility for playing at sight was extraordinary. As a leader he had no equal. He died in 1799.

The principal native violinists were, Corbett, leader of the Opera in

1710; he died in 1748;—Dubourg, leader of the king's band in Ireland; he died, in London, in 1767;—Clegg, his pupil, leader of the Opera band;—Pinto, born of Italian parents, leader at the Opera, and afterwards at Drury Lane; he died in Ireland a few years since;—his grandson, G. F. Pinto, also dead, was a great performer and musical genius.

The finer order of violins are expensive instruments; a brilliant toned violin can seldom be had in England or France for less than fifty guineas. Violins have been raised even so high as 250*l*. The general price for a Stradivarius is 100 guineas.

The choice of violins cannot be made but by a master's experience. But new instruments are always to be avoided; if they have a good tone, it is almost sure to grow worse. The best violins are generally repulsive in their early tone; and few of them are good for any thing under fifty years.

The violin makers most memorable are, Amati, of Cremona (there were several of the name, Andreas, Jerome, and Anthony, his sons, and Nicolas, the son of Anthony); he flourished about 1600. Their violins are distinguished by beauty of shape and sweetness of tone.

Stradivarius; there were two of the name, both of Cremona; the latter was living in 1700. His signature was *Antonius Stradivarius Cremonensis, faciebat Anno A. S.*

Andreas Guarnerius, also of Cremona. His signature was *Andreas Guarnerius, fecit Cremonæ, substitulo Sanctæ Teresæ, 1680.*

Stainer, a German, a native of Tyrol; his violins are distinguished by their piercing and full tone. His signature is *Jacobus Stainer, in Absom prope Enipontum, 1647.* Mathias Albani, a Tyrolese; his signature was *Mathias Albani, fecit, in Tyrol, Bulsani, 1654.*

It is remarkable that almost the entire of the fine violins now to be found are the work of those Cremonese makers. Time may have done something for them, for the violin certainly improves by age, if it be originally a good one. But there is still something more difficult to be ascertained, in their workmanship. Their violins have often been taken to pieces by the most expert artists, for the purpose of constructing others on their exact model, and yet the experiment has utterly failed. New constructions have been tried, and scientific models on the principles of sound have been invented, but without shaking the superiority of the Cremonese.

But the most studied and dextrous experiments were made about ten years ago in Paris by a M. Chanot. This intelligent artist presented one of his instruments to the French Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, with a curious memoir, in which he explained his proceeding. His principle was the acknowledged one, that the long fibres of the wood are fitter for the production of the low tones, and the shorter fibres, or arches, for the high tones. By fixing the sounding post at the back of the bridge, the fibres of the sounding board are divided into two arches, instead of being cut in two on the side of the E string. And this division is necessary, because the high tones being produced on that side, the bridge acts on the shorter arches like a small lever, while on the side of the bass string the fibres are enabled to vibrate in the long arches necessary to produce the low tones.

But the more remarkable change was in the cutting of the sounding board. Among other points here, M. Chanot disapproves of the shape

of the letter *f* for the sound-holes of the violin, as cutting too many fibres. In his invention those holes are parallel and straight. A committee, on which were Cherubini the composer, and Prony the engineer, gave in a favourable report on this violin, which they had heard played on by Boucher, the famous violinist, in an adjoining room, alternately with a Stradivarius, without being able to discover which was which, excepting that they mistook the old violin for the new, which, as being the presumed superior, was a triumph for M. Chanot. But from all this we have not heard of any further results. The violin of Cremona still holds its ancient supremacy, and deserves it, at least in point of figure: for the new violins are angular and unpleasing to the eye. We have heard no more of M. Chanot; and are inclined to conclude that his invention was finally found inapplicable. This, however, should not deter our English artists from the experiment. They make the best harps and pianos in the world, and why they should not make every other instrument equally well is beyond our conjecture.

THE GREEK CHURCH.

THE degree of public attention which is now turned to the affairs of Greece, and the important influence which the Greek church may be expected to possess in moulding the character of the nation, induce us to give a sketch of the prevalent form of its religion at the present day.

Christianity was originally established in Greece by the Apostles and their immediate successors. While the memory of those illustrious men was fresh upon the general mind, Greece abounded in examples of the purest piety. It was famous for the hallowed energy of its teachers, the active charity of its converts, and the heroic fortitude of its martyrs. But in the second century of the Christian æra, the innate evils of the Grecian character began rapidly to develope themselves.

The national passion for novelty, which had made them welcome every strange worship of the earth to their native idolatry, prompted them to mingle the extravagant doctrines of the east with the simplicity of the Scriptures. Fond of learned distinction, they adopted the Magic, then popular among the higher ranks of their Roman masters, and they adopted with still more ardent zeal the fantasies of the Gnostic mythology. Plato was guiltily placed side by side with Christ; the Alexandrian school of philosophy was erected as the grand guide of the Christian disciple, and the infallible explainer of the Christian mysteries; folly was heaped on folly; the Scriptures were forced to bend their pure and lofty wisdom to the absurdities of mysticism; Greece was blinded by clouds raised from under its own feet; and her theology became a tissue of fanaticism and worldliness, as her morality became a tissue of casuistry, caprice, and licentiousness.

It is no unwise or unproductive pursuit to follow the corruption of religion to its fruits in the decay of national prosperity. The gross perversion of Christianity was the pregnant evil of the Grecian empire. Bloody feuds were the first result of the perversion,—foreign calamities were the next. The land thus shaken by domestic discord, and diminished of its external strength, was destined to a still deeper visitation. A foreign enemy, resembling that scourge which prophecy had so long threatened to Jerusalem, and which divine justice finally inflicted upon

it; with final ruin was brought upon the Greek empire. A "nation of a strange speech," coming from a remote land, with a strange religion, and a rage of prey and blood, less like the passions of man than the instincts of the lion and the tiger, the Saracen, was summoned from the wilderness against them, and the empire of the Constantines was reduced to a single city.

A respite was then given, as if for the purpose of displaying to the world the long suffering of the divine justice. Constantinople stood for six hundred years almost within the hourly sight of her enemies.—The weakest of States perpetually insulted by the presence of some fierce invader, or the possession of some fierce ally, yet still retaining a painful supremacy. At last, the hour of her fall came. A new scourge was summoned from the north of Asia. The Turk was let loose from the summits of the Caucasus, like one of their own torrents. He swept away the feeble resistance of the last force of the empire, and in the memorable year 1453, entered Constantinople over the body of the last of her emperors.

This tremendous overthrow might have been, in other times, the source of purification to the Greek religion. The abuses created by the opulence of its church, might have expired with that opulence; and adversity working upon nations, as it sometimes does upon men, might have been the parent of reformation.

But it is a striking feature in the false religion which had so deeply usurped the place of the true in the empire, that the Scriptures had been long withdrawn from the study of the people. In Rome this had been the result of a direct ordinance. In Constantinople it had been the result of a general system of elevating the priesthood into the rank of beings midway between man and the Deity, less, ministers of worship, than mediators between earth and Heaven. The unquestionable fact was, that the Scriptures had fallen into neglect, until the attempt of the laity to possess them was declared an act of treason. The bloody persecution, and merciless exile of the people afterwards called Bulgarians, and who were the parents of the great Christian reformation in the thirteenth century, was the immediate consequence of a demand for the public use of the Scriptures.

The Greek church, thus without the only light that could guide it, was reduced by the loss of its opulence only into naked barbarism. Its learning perished, its splendour was exchanged for a rude ceremonial, and the hold which it had lost in the loss of its magnificent temples, its priestly pomp, and the conflux of noble worshippers from the ends of Europe and Asia, was now to be retained only by more audacious juggling, and grosser and more perpetual appeals to the appetites and fears of an utterly ignorant population.

But the grasping dominion of Rome had not overlooked the weakness of the Greek church, even previously to the fall of Constantinople. The Pope, all-powerful in the west, was determined to bring the patriarchates of the east under his sceptre, and overtures were made to the Greek emperor for his submission to the haughty successor of St. Peter. The time was one of Greek peril, for the Turks had already approached the walls of his capital; and the Pope's protection would have been equivalent to the promise of the whole force of the western kingdoms raised in arms for the defence of his new subject.

A General Council was consequently held at Florence in 1439. The

Greek deputies were introduced. The Romish doctrines were proposed. The Greeks had been instructed to make the alliance, cost what it would. They acceded to every thing,—discovered, with true diplomatic ease, that the disputes between the churches were disputes about words,—declared the agreement perfect,—and returned to communicate their discovery, and be received with universal contumely by their indignant countrymen. The negotiation perished. The Turks returned to the siege. Constantinople was stormed, and the haughty and profligate Church of Greece was stripped of its honours, and turned into the slave of the infidel.

We are told by Gibbon that the fall of the Greek capital came like a flash of lightning upon the Christian kingdoms. It at once dazzled, surprised, and terrified them. It revealed, for the first time, the actual strength of that extraordinary government, which had been raised, as if for the palpable purpose of punishing the old corruptions of the Greek empire, and whose fierce and incalculable force might so suddenly pour across the limits of its new conquest, and revenge the Crusades. The Pope, as the assumed head of Christendom, took the lead in the determination to oppose an iron barrier to this flood of living strength. But he had subtler contrivances than the instruments of flesh and blood. He laboured to reduce the Greek patriarchs to fight the battles of his cause.

The spirit of the Greeks had been crushed by the Turkish conquest. The patriarchs had lost the consciousness of supremacy, and they readily embraced the offers of Rome. In the space of less than half a century from the storm of their city, thirteen patriarchs acknowledged the supremacy of the pontiff. This supremacy, but doubtfully acknowledged by the people, and sometimes totally abjured by the patriarchs, was at length openly assailed by the great leaders of the German reformation. It is unquestionable that their doctrines produced the effect of retarding the advance of the popish domination. But the difficulty of possessing the Scriptures, that two-edged sword with which alone the progress of Christianity can be a triumph, the abject state of the people under the Turks, their habitual corruption, and the resistless arts of Rome, prevented the Reformation from more than throwing a brief light on the national mind.

The Protestantism of Cyril Lucar, the patriarch of Constantinople, in the early part of the seventeenth century, was even less defined than the popery of Cyril of Beræa, his successor. They both met with the same fate, from the hand of the same tyranny,—they were both strangled; and left nothing to their countrymen but the memory of a religious controversy, for which the nation was too indolent to care, even if it had not been too ignorant to comprehend. But by a curious coincidence, the Greek Church too had its Council of Trent; its deciding, absolute, and pacifying council, which settled all disputes past, present, and to come, by the simple contrivance of—commanding that every man should be of its opinion!

This was the synod held in Jerusalem in 1672, for the three purposes, of reprobating the German reformers, of annulling the "Confession," or system of doctrine delivered by Lucaris, and of giving validity to the "confession" of his antagonist Dositheus. The intestine controversies of the church were put to silence by this formal declaration. For, to the priesthood further controversy would have assumed the character of revolt against superior authority, and the priesthood were at once too

dependent, and too careless to hazard their emoluments for truth. To the people, already astounded by the fall of the empire, and with the new and terrible tyranny of the Turk crushing them at every step, there was but one sound on earth, the sound of the whip, and but one desire, to escape its lash for the day, and creep with as little suffering as they might, through a miserable life, down to a miserable grave. Of the three chief objects of popery—the papal supremacy—the reduction of a large number of the Greek Christians under the Romish communion—and the introduction of the Romish doctrines, the whole failed on a large scale, and succeeded on a small one. The supremacy was virtually acknowledged by the long succession of patriarchs from the middle of the 15th century, at least till its close; it then gradually perished. The reduction of the Greeks as converts also took effect in the instance of many detached societies. And in the third point of doctrine, Rome, though unable to urge the Greeks to adopt her superstitions in their full sense in the worship of saints, and her other corruptions, yet fatally succeeded in fixing on her the most monstrous of them all, Transubstantiation.

The doctrines now acknowledged by the Greek Church have that mixture of truth and error which must be expected from the debasement of a pure religion by a long period of moral depravity and personal degradation. Yet the memory of the early councils is retained with singular veneration; and from the authority of those councils they have shaped their general tenets.

They hold, with all true Christians, the doctrine of the Trinity, but they differ from both Protestant and Papist, as to the "procession of the Holy Spirit," which they determine to proceed from the Father only. It is one of the many evidences of the fondness of the Greeks for quarrelling upon points above human reason, that on this doctrine their quarrels have been the most violent and interminable, and that to it is to be traced especially the source of that great Separation which alienates this church from the general body of the Christian world.

The Greek doctrine on the Atonement is nearly the same with that of the reformed churches. "Original sin had stained mankind; for all sin there must be punishment or expiation. The expiation was offered in the sacrifice of Christ voluntarily dying for the sins of man."

The great doctrine of Justification by Faith, is expressed in nearly the terms of our own Liturgy; the Greek defining scriptural faith to be, a perfect and solid belief in the divine declarations, attended by an active and sincere performance of our duties as men and Christians.

So far the Greek is guided by the word of scripture. But beyond this he strays into the obscure and bewildering ground of superstition. He numbers seven sacraments, agreeing with the Protestant in the divine appointment of baptism and the Lord's Supper; but adding to them, with the Romanist, ordination, penance, marriage, confirmation, and extreme unction; and differing from the Romanist in declaring the first four, the special ordinance of the Lord, and the latter three, the command of the scriptures and tradition.

The Greek baptism is by immersion; children are baptised on the eighth day, and confirmed shortly after.

The Lord's Supper is administered to the laity as in the Protestant church, under both forms of the bread and the cup. But as in the Romanist, the transubstantiation is supposed to be complete. The Greek notion is, that the sacrament is an *oblation*. The ceremonial is peculiar;

the bread and wine are carried round the church on the deacon's head, before their being consecrated; the priest then offers a prayer that the transubstantiation may take place, first for the bread and cup separately, then for both together; he then prays for the gift of the Holy Spirit—then prays to our Lord to give the priest and people his immaculate body. The ceremony is now complete, and the Eucharist is given, first to the deacons, and then to the people.

Yet the formidable objections which our senses make to this extravagant doctrine, have produced among the Greeks some modifications of the superstitious homage paid to the host by the uninquiring or awed devotion of the Romish countries. The sacrament is carried to the sick; but it is not held up for public adoration on its way, nor is adoration required for it, except in the immediate act of its administration; nor has the Host any public festival nor procession. Slight differences as those are, the Romanist would look upon them as serious heresy. And if man can persuade himself to believe that what was a wafer of flour and water in the fingers of the baker, becomes the eternal God of Earth and Heaven in five minutes after in the fingers of the priest; he may not only believe any thing, but believe that feasts and processions, public homage and private prostration, are the simple right of that wafer which he has turned into Omnipotence. He has the equal right to declare the individual who neglects this homage a scoffer and an atheist, and thus shut the gates of Paradise as fast upon the Greek as upon the Protestant.

Penance, as a sacrament, holds an important rank in this church, as it will in all those corrupt churches where human sufferings are allowed to atone for spiritual transgression. An ambitious priesthood will always find its account in the substitution of penalties for virtues, and in the consequent power of relaxing the penalties for money. A profligate people will always prefer the mortification of the flesh to the discipline of the passions.

It thus invariably happens, that in the most immoral countries of Christendom, the fasts and sufferings are the most frequent, rigid, and least disputed. The Italian highwayman observes his fast like a monk; and the most impure of the impure in the cities of his vicious land, have their regular periods of confession and abstinence, from which they return, without a sting of conscience, to the lowest corruption.

The Greek fasts are frequent and rigid to a degree, directly hazardous to health; yet the penitent forgets the lesson within the hour, and cheats, robs, or murders, with as little compunction as if he had never withdrawn his lips from the soul-ensnaring luxuries of beef and wine. The immediate instrument of evil in this doctrine is the Absolution, which here extends as largely, is as productive of power to the priest, and as fatal to the manners of the people, as, considering the circumstances of the countries, it is in any popish land on earth.

The ceremonial is peculiar; it commences with a prayer to the Father, as the "God of penitents:" this is followed by another to Christ, as the giver of power to his ministers to "bind and loose;" then the priest, turning to the penitent, declares, that "the Angel of the Lord stands by to receive his confession from his own mouth;" and he commands the penitent "not to conceal any sin through shame, for the priest is a man and a sinner like himself." The inquiry then proceeds through the ten commandments, the penitent makes his answers to the priest on each, and then receives the absolution.

The Greek priesthood insist on the importance of this deluding and vitiating privilege, as holding the very first rank among moral and ritual obligations. In their point of view, they are perfectly right; for of all the inventions of man to subjugate a national mind, and fill a priestly treasury, the rite of absolution is the most effectual. A slight apology for the practice is set up in their declaring that the confession is made, not to the priest, but to the listening angel. But as the priest is a listener too, and has the efficient part of the business, the penalty and the absolution in his own hands, the angel seems a superfluous person, and his office a sinecure. The whole is a hideous corruption of scripture, leading to a hideous corruption of moral principle. But the Greeks have the merit of rejecting the doctrine of Indulgences, thus escaping a flood of abomination; and of utterly denying the Romish tenet of purgatory. They believe in the life of the soul in the grave, as a condition of peace to the forgiven, and of anguish to the undone, yet imperfect in both instances, and awaiting the general resurrection for the entrance into the more decided states of both. But the doctrine that there is a place of purifying fire, from which man can be delivered by the influence of masses, or the human importunity of prayer, they reckon among the deepest follies or crimes of heresy.

Yet, with that propensity of human weakness to be presumptuous, and go beyond what is written—the Greek offers up prayers for the dead, forgetting or neglecting the inspired declaration, that the future fate of man is fully decided by his conduct here, and, “that where the tree falleth it shall lie.” He equally omits the remembrance, that though we have sufficient instances in scripture of the practice and efficacy of prayer for the living, we have no instance whatever of prayer for the dead; the single passage in the 2nd of Maccabees, being in a book of doubtful authority, and even of scarcely applicable meaning. He overlooks, too, the strong tendency of such a practice, to create anew the whole of the superstitious observances of heathenism at the grave, and the actual fact that they were so created by Rome.

To say that the practice is natural, is not enough in matters that relate to the invisible world. There are many things congenial to our human habits that must be totally inconsistent with the laws of spiritual being. Nothing can be more natural than that we should pray to the spirits of the parent or the friend that we loved and depended upon in life, or to those eminent examples of virtue whom we may justly believe to be peculiarly accepted by Heaven. Yet this becomes the worship of saints and angels!

Nothing is more natural, than that we should turn to the female softness and human nature of the Blessed Virgin, in preference to coming at once before the terrible majesty of that Judge whose wrath is a consuming fire.

The whole Romish church has reasoned, that this, being natural here, must be natural in the world beyond the grave. Yet this is the sin of which St. Paul openly accuses the apostates, an uncommanded humiliation before beings of their own race, the “worship of angels, and prying into those things of which they can have no knowledge,” presuming that they could penetrate those barriers which it is the will of infinite wisdom to raise between this world and eternity—barriers which undoubtedly would not have been raised, but for either of the reasons, that our human faculties were incapable of comprehending the knowledge thus con-

cealed, or that its concealment was for our good while here. We dismiss the topic, by saying, that to the Christian there can be no safe guide, but the very word of scripture; that where it goes on he should follow unhesitatingly, and to the utmost bound, but that where it stops he cannot wisely tread a step further. He is in the hands of a merciful, as well as mighty being, and he may rest secure in the conviction, that all has been told to him that it is good for his highest interests to know.

It would be a curious and melancholy chapter in the history of church corruptions, to see how large a share is to be attributed directly to the attempts to define the state of future existence. Scripture limits itself to the simplest outline. It declares that, on the giving of the body to the grave, the soul of the righteous continues to exist, in joyful anticipation of a still higher advance in power, happiness, and glory. It calls that superior state Heaven, and declares it to be a consummation of happiness inexhaustible and magnificent beyond the imaginations of man. There ceases its description. The various pursuits that must occupy the risen spirit in its new world of light and power, the new and exulting faculties that it must possess, the exquisite and exalted enjoyments that must crowd on it hour by hour, the superb discoveries, where creation with all its wonders may lie open before its glance, the whole illustrious scene of intellectual enjoyment and physical power expanded before its wing, by the bounty of Omnipotence desirous to reward,—all this, and perhaps millions of times more than this, are compressed into the simple words, "We shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as he is."

But the compression is not to be expanded by our presumptuous curiosity without sin and danger.

The evidence is full in the history of Romish perversion. Fable upon fable has described the condition of the departed, as if the fabulist had himself ascended the stars. Out of fable grew ritual, from ritual sprang superstitions of every shade, and to this hour the Romanists decide that saints and martyrs are admitted at once to the divine presence, where they of course become intercessors,—and that heretics are plunged down at once into the bottomless pit, and that popish sinners, guilty of every crime but that of doubting the infallibility of Rome, are deposited in an intermediate place of penalty, from whose length and intensity they can be saved by the payment of money to that Church of imposture, which so haughtily proclaims itself the possessor of the keys of hell and heaven.

The Greek Church is singularly wedded to ceremonial. Its people are, perhaps, the greatest fasters in the world; or, perhaps, to be equalled only by the resolution with which the Turk goes through the long day of his Ramadan. They have the Romish Lent—a fast from Whitsuntide to St. Peter's day. A fast from the 3d to the 15th of August, in celebration of the Assumption. A fast for the forty days before Christmas. And in the monasteries, a fast from the 1st to the 14th of September, in honour of the exaltation of the Cross. And those five fasts are often distinguished by abstinence even from fish. In return, their saints' days are very frequent, and those are feasts; the church ceremonial thus keeping the people in a constant alternation of misery and riot, utter hunger and extravagant and imperious indulgence.

The Greek is an idolator, with this trivial distinction from the Romanist, that he worships not statues but pictures. He prides him-

self on the distinction however, and curses the Roman worshipper of wood and stone, while he offers his tapers, burns his incense, and prostrates his body before paint and canvas.

His reasoning on this point is a curious specimen of barbarian sophistry. He declares the idol to be criminal, as being a figure of human invention; but the picture innocent, as being the painted description of a real transaction. He has the additional subterfuge, that he receives into his temples no pictures but such as have the lowest resemblance to reality, and looks upon nothing but disfigurements of the human face divine. To this extraordinary specific, he adds another, that he does not worship the picture, but uses it as a stimulant to memory. The Romanist uses the same subterfuge, and with the same sincerity: while both practically perform the part of the old pagan, with almost the same forms and instruments of worship, and both are as undeniably idolators.

The sign of the cross is as much in use among the Greeks as in the Romish church. The cross itself is the object of frequent prayer, and is often addressed as a divinity.

Vows and processions in honour of saints are common. The Virgin Mary in every instance carrying away the chief homage.

The services of the Greek church are many and oppressive by their length. The oldest is that of St. Basil, about A. D. 370. This is now used only on the Sundays in Lent. The prevalent service is that of St. Chrysostom; yet considerably altered by innovations. The Communion service, however, alone constitutes "The Liturgy:" and the rest of the worship varies every day; the whole actually filling twenty folio volumes, besides a volume of index or directions for the use of the others—a most onerous task on the priest and people alike, and is itself deeply detrimental to all piety. The service has the additional evil that, like the Romish, it is in an almost unknown language. The Russ service being in Slavonic, and the Greek in Hellenic, and both nearly equally unintelligible to the people.

There is but little, if any, religious instruction given to the people, but in the churches, trivial as that is; the fabulous lives of the saints are the only books touching on religion. Charms, incantations, and a belief in the evil eye, and the power of witchcraft, are common. And pious frauds, called by the absurd name of miracles, have long added to the scorn of their Turkish masters for the doctrines and the professors of this degraded form of Christianity.

The monks form a large and influential portion of the clergy. Monachism, founded on the persuasion not merely of the peculiar security of the monk himself from the temptations of the world, but of his being able, by his personal mortifications, to make some balance for mankind against the weight of their sins, was popular in Greece from an early period. In times of anarchy the monasteries too were the popular places of refuge to the lonely and the feeble. They were generally spared by the Turks, and thus became the depositories of wealth, that on the plains must have been swept away by the invasion. The chief offices of the church too being open to them and shut upon the parish clergy, gave them an additional importance; and the little learning of Modern Greece, and, perhaps, the remnant of her liberty, was to be found within her conventual walls. The monks also had in general the good taste by which their western brethren chose the finest situations

of the landscape ; and beauty and defence were alike combined in the location of these powerful brotherhoods,

The monks are still of two classes, the caloyer or priest, and the lay-brother. The caloyer's round of devotion is severe. He spends life in reading the psalter and making genuflections and prostrations, which must be gone through, to the number of three hundred in every twenty-four hours. He thus fills up the first two hours of the night, and the first two after midnight. At four in the morning he has matins till the dawn. The day is spent in toiling over the never-ending psalter. The laybrothers do the drudgery of the convent—buy, sell, plough, and reap. But few of those convents have been suffered by the Turks to be rich. The twenty convents of Mount Athos pay but 1000 dollars a month, or 2,300*l.* a-year to the Sultan.

There is one redeeming feature in the Greek discipline. The secular, or parish clergy, are permitted to marry, with only the restriction that the priest shall marry but once, and then not a widow. This may have preserved the priesthood from the total alienation which exists between the clergy and laity of the Romish church ; and from the fierce eagerness of spiritual subserviency which has made the Romish clergy in every land rather subjects of the Pope than of the king. The oppression of the Turks was severe ; but this, and we thank God for his deliverance of a Christian people, is at an end. By various contrivances they contrived to lay claim to the chief church revenues.

The revenue of the patriarch, who resides in Constantinople, is made up in a considerable degree of the property of archbishops and bishops dying childless. The contributions of the people are occasionally given on his election. The bishops are supported by some endowments, and by offerings of the visitations twice a-year. The general government of the church is in the four patriarchs of Constantinople, Jerusalem, Antioch, and Alexandria ; the first having the supremacy. He is elected by the majority of votes of the metropolitan and neighbouring bishops, and receives his institution from the Sultan, to whom he makes presents, generally, to the value of 20,000 or 30,000 dollars ; a sum which sometimes precipitates the unfortunate prelate's death, as the Sultan shall feel inclined for another presentation fee. The patriarch nominates his brother patriarchs, they being subsequently balloted for by the bishops, and instituted by the Sultan. But the Maronites, Jacobites, and Copts, have each a patriarch of their own.

The Russian Greek church is freed from many of the grosser observances of the Hellenic church ; Peter the Great having subjected the discipline, monasteries, and priesthood to a general reform.

The prospects of Greece are now brightened. Whatever may have been the purposes of Russia in the interference with the affairs of Greece, her conquest of the Turks has extinguished the supremacy of a horrid, bloody, and rapacious system. The eyes, and we will hope the benevolence of Christendom, will be turned upon this land, so famous of old for its glories, and in later ages for its misfortunes. With our literature, let us send the great enlightener, the Bible ; and Greece, which has been by almost the visible hand of Providence, torn from the jaws of the Mahomedan wild beast, may be once again holy and pure ; the seat of genius, and the still more illustrious throne of unstained Christianity.

MEMOIRS OF A BASHFUL IRISHMAN.

I AM one of that numerous fraternity—an ill-used man. Not, however, by art, which has in some degree rectified my physical defects, but by nature, who, for reasons known only to herself, has thought fit to afflict me with an incurable bashfulness. This singular visitation has been my curse through life. It has stuck to me, like the admiration of tythes to a bishop, through good and through evil report. Some folks have been ruined by their perverseness, others by their cunning, others by their candour, others by their extravagance; but I am the victim of modesty! The O'Blarneys of Connemara were always a bashful race, and have not degenerated into impudence in my person. The family blush—red turned up with yellow—still lends its roseate elegance to my cheek, its healthful freshness to my lip, its engaging expression to my eye. With these remarks, which nothing but a respect for truth could have extorted from me, I commence the long catalogue of my sufferings.

My father was a farmer in the neighbourhood of the town of Galway—a sweet spot, which, if you except its bogs and bulrushes, might be pronounced highly cultivated. For myself, however, I was never much given to the picturesque; so, on reaching the age of eighteen, left Loch Corrib and the wilds of Connemara, in company with a wooden-legged corporal, for the purpose of enlisting in the 38th regiment, part of whom were then stationed at Limerick. With this battalion I soon afterwards quitted Ireland for the Continent, where I arrived just in time to reap my earliest laurels in the plains of Talavera. Yet strange to say, even there, on the field of battle, where an utter absence of all ceremony was the distinguishing feature of the day, my unconquerable diffidence got the better of me. I could never bear to be stared at; and the French Lancers, with their black moustachios and bold faces, have such an impudent way of looking at one, that, in order to avoid the gaze of these ill-bred foreigners, I was compelled to retire into the rear, among some baggage-waggons, where, during the engagement, I busied myself in looking for my mother's portrait. For this act of filial duty, I was next day tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive four hundred lashes on my bare back. Conceive the effect of this punishment on a man of my constitutional bashfulness! For the lashes I cared nothing—I was always courageous; but the idea of stripping before a company of rude soldiers was what I could not endure. Accordingly, I soon made up my mind as to the course fittest to be pursued; and, taking advantage of the momentary absence of my guard, contrived to escape the degrading punishment, by hurrying off on the adjutant's fleetest horse towards the nearest sea-port town.

Here I lay concealed for upwards of six weeks, at the end of which time I procured the situation of sub-gardener to a nunnery, in which capacity I distinctly remember being much edified by the frequent spiritual communications that took place between the sisterhood and the monks of a neighbouring monastery. But alas! one warm summer evening, the French entered the neighbourhood. Great was the alarm of the nuns, infinite their sighs, abundant their tears. They soon, however, became reconciled to their lot; for, so far from interrupting, the enemy assisted *them* in their devotions, especially the commanding officer—a thin man, with two big ears, which projected from his head like the lamp-lights from a mail-coach—who took such a fancy to a fair

young zealot to whom I had been some hours betrothed, that I could not do less than acknowledge the compliment. This was promptly done by my bribing two servants of the nunnery to baptize him in a horse-pond, while I stood by and condoled with him on the catastrophe, at the same time lamenting my inability to render him more effectual assistance.

Early the next morning he sent a message requesting to see me, intending doubtless to reward me for my commiseration. People of less modesty than myself would at once have availed themselves of this opportunity of securing a recompence: I, however, contented myself with the consciousness of having done a good action, and set off betimes to the sea-coast, where I was lucky enough to secure a berth in a vessel then on the eve of sailing for England. Had it not been for this injudicious diffidence, I should no doubt have got into favour with the Frenchman; for scarcely had the vessel put to sea, when a squadron of his regiment came galloping furiously down to the beach, but, finding that they were too late to communicate with me, burst into a paroxysm of extempore imprecations—an ebullition of excessive gratitude, for which I shall never think otherwise than respectfully of them.

After a tedious voyage, I reached Portsmouth, and put up at the Blue Posts, healthy in person, but diseased in purse. And here I may observe—though the remark, I am assured, is not altogether original—that want of money is peculiarly inconvenient at an hotel. Scarcely had my fourth dinner—a repast to which I am fondly attached—evanished in the Charvdis of my thorax, when, with many bows, the landlord, who had a little bill to make up next day, presented me with my account, adding thereto a request that I would immediately discharge it. It has been my lot through life to meet with much incivility; but I think I never encountered vulgarity equal to this application. It was so abrupt—so cutting—so inhospitable, that for a time it took away my breath. In a few minutes, however, I recovered my serenity, and gravely bid the uncourteous publican go and get me change for a fifty pound note. This he promised faithfully to do; but, as he was a most unconscionable time about it, I withdrew in despair from his inn. I was always of a hasty temperament.

On quitting the Blue Posts, I made at once for London, which I reached in capital health, but with a large hole in my shoe. Luckily, in passing along the Strand, I chanced to fall in with an old Galway friend, who held a dignified situation on the London press, and by whose persuasions I was induced to try my hand as Manufacturer of Accidents for the newspapers. In this capacity, I invented the most touching catastrophes imaginable. Scarcely a day passed but Mrs. Tomkins and her only daughter fell from a one-horse chaise into an area in Bedford or Russell Squares; or Mr. Sibthorpe, a stout gentleman of sixty, with a wig and six children, broke his neck by stumbling up against an orange-pip, which some Blue-Coat-School-boy had inconsiderately left upon the pavement. My "Phænomena" were equally creditable to my invention. The daily papers abounded in accounts of extraordinary gooseberries, which measured five inches round the waist; of Irish potatoes, on which could be clearly traced the words "Daniel O'Connell;" of three children born impromptu at a birth; of a Swiss giant exhibiting at Paris, with the calf in front of his leg; of goats with two beards, sheep with five legs, and cows with half a tail.

This occupation had continued for about a month, when a vacancy occurring in the reportership for a morning paper, I applied for the situation, obtained it, and was at once made happy in the receipt of five guineas a week. It is to the period of my connexion with the Press, that I look back with the sincerest satisfaction. There is something so modest, so retiring, so intellectual, about the Manufacturers of Accidents for the newspapers, that it is impossible not to be fascinated with their society. They are usually men of cultivated minds, varied acquirements, and polished manners; easy of access, though bashful in their address; temperate in their habits, seldom indulging in any beverage stronger than port-wine-negus; and above all, attached to their wives, and spotless in their intercourse with the sex in general.

With this accomplished fraternity I speedily became intimate, while, at the same time I won for myself high distinction in the Gallery. Few reporters surpassed me, whether for the eloquence of their style, the copious originality of their metaphors, or the singular vivacity of their logic. Night after night the members were thunderstruck at the spirit in which their speeches were taken down. Mr. Hume found himself a wit, Sir Thomas Lethbridge a Demosthenes, and Colonel Wilson a universal genius. But ingratitude is the vice of public men in England. I had only been installed a month in my situation, when I was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons for a breach of privilege, contained in a report of one of Sir Thomas Gooch's orations, reprimanded by the Speaker in a style that brought the blushes of a hundred ancestors into my cheek, and then dismissed the Gallery. In justification of his complaint, Sir Thomas urged that he was not in the House at the time I attributed to him the speech in question, and that nothing but its unparalleled impudence—— But I need say no more: men of bashful temperament will at once appreciate my silence.

I have omitted to state, that during the period I frequented the Gallery, I boarded at the house of a lady, whose husband was a clerk in some public office. To this gentlewoman I but too soon became attached. For a long time, however—say ten days or a fortnight—my modesty prevented an avowal. I sighed, but it was in secret; I wept, but my tears were known only to my midnight pillow. The object of my attachment was fat, and her nose, it must be confessed, was red; but she abounded in gratitude, and took pity on my sufferings. The result may be conceived: it was such as necessarily follows an Irishman's introduction to a woman under fifty.

Still I was not wholly without excuse. If I erred in one instance, I made reparation in another; for during the whole period of my intrigue, I did my best to improve the age, by writing moral tales for the Evangelical Magazine. But even this failed to make me happy. I was not formed for guilt, so resolved to take the earliest opportunity of flying the scene of temptation. This soon presented itself. The editorship of a provincial newspaper falling vacant, I answered an advertisement in the *Times* on the subject, and, having succeeded in my application, borrowed twenty pounds from the husband of my *chère amie*, and set off abruptly for the scene of my new exertions.

I cannot say that the town was illuminated, neither was there any public deputation appointed to congratulate me on my arrival; still my reception on the whole was flattering, for I think I never saw more respectful conduct than was shewn me by the waiter of the inn where I

put up. The civility of the chamber-maid who warned my bed, was nothing to it.

But a country town is no place for a man of enterprise. The society there is so limited, the opportunities of amassing money so few, that one might as well think of keeping a public-house at Tadmor in the Wilderness. Notwithstanding that, week after week, I enlightened the neighbourhood by my articles on Political Economy, the East-India Question, the Home and Foreign Policy, the Shipping Interests, the Free Trade System—with which last I was well acquainted, my uncle having for years been owner of a smuggling-vessel at Galway—I obtained few proselytes, and less profit, until at length I hit upon a libel which procured me the singular advantage of a public horsewhipping from an obnoxious local magistrate. Hardly had the *éclat* which this dispute procured me subsided, when an article I wrote in favour of a popular preacher brought me into still greater note. From this moment I became a general favourite. I was made free of all the tea-parties in the neighbourhood, was invited to the Corporation feasts, and even offered a seat in the mayor's pew. My best friends, however, were decidedly maiden ladies, one of whom, thirty years of age, after a world of entreaty on my part, consented to make me the happiest of men.

I cannot say I am partial to marriage ceremonies. They are at best but dull affairs, like prefaces to a Scotch novel. All parties,—with the exception of the clergyman, to whom the recollection of his fees imparts dignity and confidence—look as if they were ashamed of themselves. The bride makes a point of crying, the bridesmaid is envious, and the bridegroom's new coat is sure to pinch him in the waist. Happily for us all, our pastor was a very race-horse in reading, and turned two into one, received his fees, blessed, dismissed us, and went to breakfast, with a speed that would have distanced Eclipse.

That same day, my wife and myself started off for the Continent. Paris—Bordeaux—Florence—Lausanne—each of those places we visited in turn. At Florence, in particular, we spent ten days. I had long heard that this noble city was famous for the Fine Arts; and truly I never met with more superb specimens of cookery. But of all the continental cities, commend me to Naples. This place is the Elysium of Italy, where pleasure meets with no check from principle, nor the present from the apprehensions of the future. Still, even here, there is one thing wanting to ensure happiness, and that want I but too soon began to experience. My wife's fortune was fast oozing out of my possession, and, in order to supply the deficiencies, I was compelled to have recourse to gaming. Rash young man! In evil hour, I lost not only what little ready money I could call my own, but even all that I had in perspective. Henceforth I met with nothing but reproaches from Mrs. O'Blarney. One evening in particular, the hot-headed partner of my bosom wound up her insults by discharging a footstool at my head. This was not to be borne, more especially as it levelled a fat footman who was just entering the room with an ice-tray; and, accordingly, after casting on my wife a look in which tenderness struggled hard with regret, I rushed from her presence, snatched up her jewel-box, which chanced to be lying on the dressing-room table, pressed it next my heart, put on my boots, and bolted. In another hour—such was the distraction of my mind—I had engaged for a maritime conveyance to England, and was even far advanced in my voyage across the Bay of Naples,

ere I called to mind my respected wife. But it was then too late to return. Besides, had it even been possible, I am convinced I could never have mustered assurance enough to face the woman whom I could not but feel I had wronged. My very modesty rose in arms against me—*et tu Brute!*—but to resume.

In the same cabin with myself was a slim, waspish little gentleman, fluent, communicative, and fifty-six. With this person I speedily struck up an acquaintance. He was a strolling player, who had been engaged for a term at the English theatre in Paris, till finding that his deserts were *caviare* to the multitude, he indignantly sent in his resignation. "The instant, however," added my companion, "I reach England, I shall make known the full extent of my wrongs."—On another occasion he entertained me with many curious particulars respecting his dramatic career. "I have belonged," said he, "at one time or other, to almost every theatrical corps in England. The last company to which I was attached, was the one now performing at Bath, at which place I was a prodigious favourite. Tragedy—comedy—pantomime—ballet—nothing came amiss to me. I even played the parts of animals, and not unfrequently, after electrifying the audience with my *Hamlet*, have come forward, in the pantomime, as one of the four quarters of an elephant. Once I enacted a rhinoceros to the life, and, in the character of a crocodile, ate up the late Mr. Tokeley for twenty nights in succession. Ah, Sir! genius was genius in those days, but the case is altered now. Hows—ever —"

"But," said I, interrupting him, "if you were so popular at Bath, how came you to be mad enough to leave it?"

"Leave it," he replied, shoving out his chin, and thrusting his mouth close up under his nose, "it was impossible for me to stay. Flesh and blood could not put up with half the insults I endured. Why, Sir, would you believe it? notwithstanding the *éclat* I gained as a royal Bengal tiger, the manager had not only the ingratitude to put another man into the part, but even to stick his name, in large red letters, at the top of the play-bill, while he only put mine, in small caps, at the bottom, where it was mistaken for 'Vivat Rex.' Hows—ever —" At this moment, and while his eye yet kindled with indignation, a lurch of the vessel precipitated him headlong into my arms; the effect of which concussion was so wholly overpowering, that both of us, with the ejaculation of "Oh Lord!" in our mouths, rolled, like a couple of tar-barrels, down the cabin stair-case, nor once halted in our excursion till we had safely landed at the bottom.

The next day the vessel reached Plymouth, where I parted from the splenetic Thespian; and, after putting up a silent prayer for her happiness, pawned my wife's jewels, and hastened with the proceeds to London. Here I took lodgings at a gun-maker's in Shoreditch, and employed my leisure hours in a History of Modern Italy, with which my residence at Florence, Naples, &c., had made me thoroughly acquainted. Strange to say, my work, notwithstanding it was embellished with various engravings and descriptions of Rome—a city which nothing but an accident prevented me from visiting—failed to meet with a publisher. Meanwhile my finances, like the moon, waned apace, and in less time than it usually takes to compose an epic poem, I became, what is termed, "seedy." To increase my felicity, my landlady, with whom, of course, I got into arrears, began daily to expatiate on the

extent and frequency of my appetite—an ungenerous insinuation, which at the time sensibly affected me.

Just at this crisis of my affairs, when it became too manifest that I must, ere long, swell the list of fashionable arrivals at the King's Bench, I received a visit from my old ship acquaintance, the Bath actor, who, after listening to a detail of my misfortunes, advised me to accompany him on a strolling tour through Ireland. Needs must when the devil drives, and accordingly we set forward on our expedition. Our success, like our abilities, was various. In one place we picked up a few pounds by our Hamlets, Romeos, and Pierres, in another, by eating fire, and catching two brass balls between our teeth, and, in Cork, gained immortal credit by our imitations of a squeaking pig.

But by far the most amusing adventure that befel us, was one which took place at a village barn near Limerick. We had announced for representation a melo-drame, in which was to be introduced—painted expressly for the occasion—a view of the Lakes of Killarney. The announcement took prodigiously, and on the appointed night, the house was crowded to suffocation. So far all was well; but, unluckily, just at the moment when we were preparing to draw up the curtain, we discovered that our scene-painter, in revenge for some real or fancied affront offered him by the manager, had inoculated the entire landscape with pitch; and, not content with this lively sample of independence, had actually eloped from the scene of action, and, accompanied by the treasurer, carried off with him the night's proceeds. Here was a pretty dilemma! What, in the name of fortune, was to be done? This question we kept perpetually asking each other, but, alas! not one of us could answer it.

Meantime the audience became clamorous for the curtain to draw up. Oaths, squalls, shouts of laughter and threats of vengeance, rung in every direction, and even the orchestra—notwithstanding it consisted of two fiddles and a hurdy-gurdy—failed to allay the storm. In this predicament our manager proposed an appeal to the audience. But here again a difficulty presented itself. Who was to be the spokesman? Each declined the honour in favour of the other, until, at length, it was resolved *nem. con.*, that we should, all of us, attempt our escape out of a window in the rear of the stage, such being the only secret mode of *exit* that presented itself. The manager was the first to make the experiment, and being, in consequence of the failure of the last year's crop of potatoes, of a thin spare habit, he succeeded to his heart's content. The rest followed in rotation, until it came to the manager's wife's turn, who, unlike her husband, was an immensely fat woman, of singular exuberance in the rear, and who consequently stuck fast in the window with her neck and shoulders out, but the rest of her person hanging suspended over the stage. In this grotesque condition she kicked, shoved, and strove to wriggle herself through the aperture, but in vain, her obesity put a *veto* on all hopes of emancipation. I think I never saw a closer fit: she seemed actually made for the window.

At this juncture I was the only one left upon the stage. There was evidently no chance of escape; so, as a last resource—for the audience had now become furious—I resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and indulge them with the promised exhibition. Summoning, therefore, the orchestra to my assistance, I bid them strike up "St. Patrick's Day," and then ringing a dustman's bell, which our manager had borrowed for the use of the prompter, drew up the curtain, advanced in front of

the stage, made a profound obeisance, and, pointing to the lady who still hung wriggling from the window, exclaimed aloud, "Ladies and Gentlemen, behold a view of the Lakes of Killarney." Whether the likeness struck them or not, I cannot say, but, certainly, never was any appeal so electrical. The whole audience burst into shouts of laughter; nor was peace restored until they had testified the excess of their satisfaction by a general engagement, in the bustle of which I effected my escape. How the manager's wife effected hers, I know not; possibly she is sticking in the window to this hour.

I need not weary the reader with any further details of my dramatic career. Suffice to say, that nothing but my bashfulness prevented me from winning first-rate celebrity as a tragedian, an opinion to which I am strongly disposed, from the recollection of the excessive good humour that my appearance, as the murderer of Duncan, never failed to excite among the audience. Invariably, too, they encored my death-scenes; and, as this is an honour that even the late John Kemble himself was never known to receive, I appreciated it accordingly.

One thing, however, I cannot, even if I would, forget. This was my marriage with the only daughter of a veterinary surgeon at Ballynabrogue—an accident which took place after a week's introduction to the lady. And here I may possibly be told, that I was guilty of a grievous error, inasmuch as my first wife was yet alive, and sprouting, no doubt, at Naples. I plead guilty to the charge, but may urge in extenuation, that such was the havoc which successive misfortunes had wrought upon my memory, that not until the nuptial ceremony was concluded, did it occur to me, that I had committed bigamy! When, however, the dreadful truth was at length forced upon my mind, the shock it occasioned was inconceivable!

By my marriage with this lady I came into possession of a trifling share of her father's business, which, however, I soon relinquished for the more honourable calling of an apothecary. A smart shop, with a pestle and mortar on the counter; a few drawers ticketed up with gilt letters; half a dozen blue and red bottles in the window—and the thing was done. Nevertheless, my progress at first was slow, for Ballynabrogue was a ruinously healthy village. Few situations could equal it, whether for mildness of climate, or luxuriance of scenery. It stood in the midst of a common, sheltered on all sides by a range of gently swelling hills, and embellished by the aspect of a clear cheerful streamlet, which swept singing through it like a bird. The cottages were equally picturesque. One or two had doors, and a few could boast of windows, but the greater part were hospitably open to every wind that might take a fancy to look in upon them. As regards the tenants, they were in every respect worthy of their dwellings. Excepting a few small gentry, such as the attorney, the exciseman, the curate, the clerk, &c. of the parish; and a few large ones, such as the Lord of the manor, and the Lord bishop of the diocese, a fat man, whose luxuriant parks—the very deer in which had an episcopal cut about them—bore abundant testimony to the blessings of the tythe system;—excepting these few individuals, the village consisted of cottagers, all of whom were in that happy state of unsophistication which the enlightened of the earth have agreed to call barbarism. Such was Ballynabrogue—an enviable spot, in every respect, but that its inhabitants were half starved.

Of course I had my full share of the general penury. Money I never expected; it was enough for me, if my patients would consent to pay me in pigs, poultry, cattle, potatoes, and so forth; but even these I rarely obtained, so irregular were the notions of the village on the subject of debtor and creditor.

But brighter days were in store for me. After trying, without success, a variety of original nostrums, I at length hit upon one which procured me immediate notoriety. I allude to my Elixir Vitæ, or infallible resuscitating balsam, a medicine which was compounded, in nearly equal portions, of bark, brick-dust, gin and gunpowder, boiled over a slow fire, and tintured with Scotch snuff. This inestimable specific brought a world of patients to my shop. The bark was of so bracing a nature, the brick-dust so cleansing, the gin so soothing, the gunpowder so stimulating in its effects, that no matter what the disorder might be, one ingredient or the other was sure to remove it. Now and then, indeed, it was my lot to lose a patient: and once, I remember, an old farmer died before he had well finished his fourth draught; but these were particular cases, and in which it was satisfactorily proved that I had been called in too late. It must be confessed, however, that, in the hurry of business, I was sometimes apt to make mistakes, and, in one memorable instance, administered to a Newfoundland dog, a blue pill intended for his master, the rector; but as the poor animal never discovered the mistake, it was not my business to expose it. On another occasion, I will not deny that I made up an anodyne for the parish clerk's blind mare, which, by a singular inadvertency on the part of the bearer, the old gentleman himself was persuaded to swallow, and for which he would have paid the forfeit of his life, had I not discovered the blunder in time, and successfully administered two drachms of a laxative syrup of saw-dust.

Among the number of my patients was a red-faced little exciseman, whose countenance, whenever he stooped to tie his shoe strings, made a point of looking like a mulberry. This annoyed him exceedingly, for he fancied himself an Adonis, and accordingly applied to me for relief, who at once prescribed copious doses of the Elixir, together with periodical blood-lettings. Unfortunately, his disease was beyond the power of medicine; for notwithstanding he took a hearty draught every day, and was bled at least three times a week, he grew gradually but perceptibly worse. The gunpowder, I rather suspect, disagreed with him, inasmuch as he went off one morning like a shot, after having taken it twice during the night in powders.

Another of my patients was an attorney, a nervous man, though impudent, and much disliked in the neighbourhood. He, too, for a time, derived benefit from my Elixir, and was even fast advancing towards a perfect recovery, when he broke his leg by a fall from a stage-coach. Amputation was the inevitable result—a job which I was called in to perform, and which I went through with such surprising dexterity, that nothing was wanting to make it a complete affair, except that the patient happened to die during the operation. His death was laid to my account, but, singularly enough, so far from injuring, it did me incalculable service. I was looked on as a sort of Brutus, who had destroyed the village Cæsar; and though, with all humility, I declined the flattering distinction, yet my neighbours still persisted in giving me the credit of the assassination. In the excess of their gratitude they even went so far as to propose purchasing me a piece of plate, on which

was to be engraven the full particulars of the attorney's death; but my modesty, together with the reluctance of any respectable tradesman to trust them, effectually put a stop to the proposition.

It was about a fortnight, or perhaps three weeks, after this accident, that I was called in to attend the parish clerk, who, it seems, had not quite recovered the effects of the medicine which he had swallowed instead of his mare. I found him in a high state of fever—tongue dry and furred—skin parched—face flushed—pulse above a hundred. Of course I instantly administered my Elixir, the gin of which, to say nothing of the gunpowder, wrought a quick and obvious effect. Still no decided improvement was perceptible; indeed he rather fell off than otherwise. In this ticklish condition, I advised him to call in a physician. Luckily, he took my advice; I say, luckily, inasmuch as the worthy doctor approved of all that I had done; and, after feeling the patient's pulse, pronounced him in a queer way, and then retired with me into an inner room for the purpose of consulting on the case. The following, so far as I can recollect, is the substance of this consultation:—

"Little business doing here, hey, Mr. O'Blarney?"

"Very little, indeed, doctor."

"He! he! he! 'tis no laughing matter though, hey, Mr. O'Blarney?" and the lively gentleman wound up his joke by pegging me in the ribs with his knuckle, 'till he made me roar again. After a few further observations, in the course of which we discussed the state of the crops, of politics, the sub-letting act and Protestant ascendancy, we returned into the patient's chamber, where the doctor wrote down a prescription, with the promise that its effects would be speedily visible.

And they were so. Early next morning, while the sun was yet faintly tipping the neighbouring hills with silver, the parish clerk awoke from a short and disordered sleep, inquired after his wife and family, gave them the paternal benediction, sunk back into torpor, slept with his fathers, and was not.

This very awkward finale, which would never have occurred had the invalid stuck courageously by my elixir, gave the *coup de grâce* to my celebrity. Henceforth I began to be calumniated exactly in the same proportion that I had been praised. My elixir was pronounced a quackery, my abilities a humbug. Indeed, so strongly did the vile, capricious, fluctuating current of public opinion set in against me, that, whenever any one quitted Ballynabrogue for heaven, his neighbours would, one and all, declare that he had died by the visitation of the doctor. Even the sexton was once heard to assert, that if I remained much longer in the neighbourhood, the whole population would become *subterranean*—a dull joke, but quite good enough for a grave-digger. Did I reply to such vulgar ribaldry? No: in the firm consciousness of worth, I preserved an indignant silence, until at length, driven to despair by the repeated attacks on my private, no less than on my public character, I one night turned my back on the village, leaving my respected wife behind me, as agent for the sale of my Elixir, and set out in a hurry for Dublin.

Arrived in the metropolis, I found it in an unusual state of excitement. The Catholic Association had set all parties on the *qui vive*. Here was a glorious field for ambition. A clear stage and no favour, was the motto of the papist assembly; and, in truth, I found it so; for scarcely had I opened my lips there, when, despite my very visible diffidence and embarrassment, I was received with three distinct rounds of applause.

Such timely encouragement roused all the orator within me. The generous spirit of a Demosthenes swelled my bosom; Cicero banished Æsculapius; the patriot discrowned the physician.

Still, even with such brilliant prospects before me, I was at times depressed and nervous. I could not but feel that my finances, like a lady's waist, were growing "small by degrees, and beautifully less," and that such diminution would, perforce, continue until it terminated in positive invisibility. I felt, too, that eloquence, though it improved the patriotism, had but little effect on the pocket. In this dilemma I resolved to essay the law. When, however, I came to reflect on the preliminaries necessary to such legal distinction, on the absence of conscience, and the presence of cash, that it required; moreover, when I considered that, without impudence, a lawyer is as "sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal," I felt, with a sigh, that the defects of nature were insuperable.

I have observed, that I was highly appreciated as an orator at the Catholic Association. This is strictly true, as also that my reputation reached even as far as Ballynabrogue, an unfortunate circumstance, inasmuch as it brought my wife to town before I was ready to receive her. Nathless, our meeting, on the whole, was cordial, and would have been more so, had it taken place under happier auspices. But worn down with penury, though brimful of patriotism, no wonder I was a trifle less uxorious than, in the fond simplicity of her heart, my wife had been led to imagine.

It has been well said, when misfortune pops in at the door, love pops out at the window. This was precisely my case. The very day after Mrs. O'Blarny's arrival, when we were both sitting at breakfast, over a slice of cold ham with a facing of white fat, a couple of immense bailiffs broke in upon our meditations, at the very moment that, by a singular fatality, I broke out at the back window. Would the reader know the reason of this very disreputable intrusion? He shall have it in a word. But first I must go back a little in my narrative. On the tenth day of my arrival in Dublin, when my exchequer was in such a consumptive condition, that, according to the Horatian adage, I might safely sing before a footpad, I began seriously to meditate on the best method of restoring it to pecuniary convalescence. While thus abstracted, it suddenly occurred to me, that as the professorships of the London University yet remained to be filled up, I might possibly obtain one of them. No sooner did this idea cross my brain, than I wrote a long letter to Brougham, in which, after stating my intellectual capabilities, I proposed myself as a professor for whatever branch of knowledge he might feel inclined to appoint me to. I added, that though I did not object to teach mathematics, metaphysics, chemistry, moral philosophy, jurisprudence, political economy, sculpture, painting, oratory, languages, or even dancing, yet that my learning lay chiefly in the *belles lettres*, including, together with the ancient tongues, the literature of the middle ages and the nineteenth century. By return of post I received an answer to this application, in which, after complimenting me, in the most flattering terms, on my modesty, the illustrious statesman declined my services, on the plea that they would excite the envy of the London candidates. The letter concluded with the best wishes for my welfare, and was satisfactory in every respect, but that it cost eighteen-pence postage.

Well, this avenue to fortune closed, a variety of other plans suggested themselves, but none appearing so likely to lead to immediate results as an advertisement for a wife, I inserted one to that effect in two of the most widely circulated papers in Dublin. The upshot was just what I had anticipated. An infinite number of replies was sent to each office. Among the lot were two Chloes, half-a-dozen Anna-Marias, a dozen and a half Bashful Maidens, three Fannys, and a widow. Of these, I selected only the last, and dispatched an answer agreeably to the direction given, stating that at a certain hour, on a certain day, I should be at a certain place, anxiously awaiting the arrival of my fair unknown. Punctual as clock-work I was there, and had waited but ten minutes, when I perceived a lady, robust and somewhat elderly, advancing veiled towards me. In an instant I was by her side, and was just preparing to enter upon business, when she inopportunately raised her veil, and disclosed the countenance of my wife—of that wife (Mrs. O'Blarney, No. 1) whom, as my readers may recollect, I had left knocking down a fat footman, at Naples. Paralysed with astonishment—remorse—affright—my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth—my knees knocked together—I stood rooted to earth, the personification of embarrassed bashfulness! “So stands the statue that enchants the world”—as I have often thought since.

In this state, I fell an easy prey to my wife, who taking a cowardly advantage of my helplessness, rained on me a torrent of abuse that quickly brought a crowd about us. Not satisfied with this revenge, she actually “showed fight,” and was just preparing to tweak a memorandum on my nose with her finger-nails, when I luckily got scent of her intentions, and doubling behind an obese green-grocer in black, thrust him forward as a substitute, and fled with the speed of a hunted poet from the spot.

Late the next day arrived Mrs. O'Blarney, No. 2, and the day after that, the bailiffs, who, I regret to add, in the second week of my elopement from the window, caught me loitering in the romantic vale of Ovoca, and in a vile spirit of prosaic common-place, brought me back to Dublin. My trial took place at the ensuing sessions; and, as my diffidence would not permit me wantonly to tell an untruth (both my wives being at hand to contradict me) I at once pleaded guilty to the indictment, and as an encouragement for my candour, was sentenced to seven years transportation beyond seas. Had it not been for this inconsiderate confession, my attorney assured me I should have got off!

I am now like Themistocles in exile, with but little chance of ever revisiting green Erin. Happier than Belisarius, inasmuch only as I am less short-sighted, I am, like him, the offspring of mischance. The occasion of my banishment, however, is peculiar. Coriolanus was exiled for political contumacy; Aristides for inconvenient ideas of equity; Alcibiades for shameless libertinism; but though all four of us were unfortunate, I am incomparably the most so. That which should have been my pride, has proved my curse. I am the martyr of my devotion to Hymen. In a word, bigamy has been my ruin, just as though it did not carry its own punishment sufficiently along with it.

Then, too, this bashfulness of mine, this index to the folio volume of my afflictions, when I reflect on all that it has lost me; when I remember that had I not pleaded guilty to the bad taste of marrying two wives, I might have been acquitted, and by the integrity of the

future made amends for the follies of the past ; when I consider that in time, I might have won myself a name among nations, have been raised, peradventure, to the Peerage, or, as a bishop of the established church, have lent a helping hand to my Catholic fellow-countrymen ; when I reflect on all this, I vow and protest I feel every disposition to run stark, staring mad. Nevertheless, even in the depths of my despair, one consolation remains. "The Lord chasteneth him whom he loveth : " and if this, indeed, be the case, it is some satisfaction for me to reflect that I am Heaven's peculiar care. Possibly, even now—as my master's daughter, a wealthy, estimable, and religious young lady, assures me—I am in training for a cherub, a chrysolite in salvation, destined to come forth in the fulness of time, and spread my new-born wings to the firmament, a blessed butterfly of Paradise.

THE MUMMIES AT THE CARMELITE CONVENT AT BRUSSELS.

IN the capital of Belgium, between the Porte de Namur and the Porte de Halle, under the ramparts of the town, and contiguous to the palace of the Duke d'Arenberg, once stood the Convent of the Carmelites, or White Friars. The furies of the revolution levelled it with the earth ; and at this moment not a vestige of its walls can be traced. As late, however, as 1810, a small part of the cloisters remained ; but the magnificent church was a heap of ruins, over which grew trees, bushes, and thick grass ; here and there a few wild flowers peeping out from the interstices of a massy pedestal, and the broken shaft of a Gothic column. The garden and cemetery may have occupied about six acres of ground. Though situated within the town, a more perfect solitude could not have been selected, surrounded, as it was, with high walls, and effectually screened by lofty elm, beech, and yew trees.

At the period above mentioned, this romantic enclosure belonged to a friend of mine, Madame Guilleminot,* who, being possessed of considerable property, had not turned this piece of land to any account. During the many years it had been in her hands, not half a dozen persons had visited those premises : the fruit-trees, shrubs, and flowers, all had been neglected ; and when I entered it for the first time, it recalled to my mind the descriptions I had often read of the untrodden virgin soil of the United States—a kind of American landscape in miniature ; and it was with no small difficulty I succeeded in exploring the different recesses of this wild, romantic, and interesting spot. Indeed, I may say, that during eighteen months, I was the sole tenant of the place. Madame Guilleminot had given me a key of the only gate that remained ; and no one during that period entered it but myself. Scarcely a week passed away without my spending a few hours on this hallowed ground, and ample scope did it afford for meditation on the mutability of human affairs. "Here," thought I, whilst sitting upon some fragment of a pillar, "solemn hymns were chaunted in honour of the Deity, and now the voice of man is never heard within these walls. Here dwelt persons who, prompted by enthusiastic religious sentiments, tired with the follies of life, disappointed in their expectations, crossed in love, or reduced to poverty by ingratitude or treachery, have passed the last days of their

* Madame Guilleminot is the sister-in-law of General Guilleminot.

earthly career with some degree of happiness, at least with ease of mind, to which they long had been strangers. Many, no doubt, have here exclaimed,

“*Inveni requiem, sper et fortuna valete,
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.*”

But, before I proceed with my narrative, it will be necessary to say a few words about the order of the White Friars. It was one of the four mendicant orders, and originally instituted on Mount Carmel. The regulations by which these friars were guided were extremely severe, and consisted of sixteen articles, one of which confined them to their cells, and enjoined them to employ themselves night and day in prayer. They were not permitted to possess any property; compelled to fast from the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross till Easter, excepting on Sundays, and to abstain at all times from flesh. When not occupied in prayer they were employed in manual labour, and strict silence was imposed upon them, from vespers till the tierce the next morning.

At the close of a fine autumnal day, in the year 1811, just at the time when

“*Fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,*”

I entered the secluded place, accompanied by Henry G., then in his fifteenth year. He had often heard me speak of the gardens of the White Friars. This youth was romantically inclined, and the tales of Mrs. Radcliffe being fresh in his recollection, he promised himself much gratification from the visit. We proceeded to the ruins of the church. Determined, as he expressed himself, to make discoveries, he climbed over the confused mass, and collected, in a short time, several curious remains of gothic sculptured ornaments—heads, hands, and feet, of the statues of holy personages, and parts of grotesque representations of beasts, birds, and fabulous non-descript animals. At length he discovered a large flat stone, in the centre of which an iron ring had been inserted. It appeared to be the covering of a sepulchre, or vault. I proposed making an attempt to remove it; but our united efforts were in vain—the stone was too heavy for us—we could not stir it. Looking around, we found a narrow piece of timber, the fragment of some part of the church roof. This we placed through the ring, and employing it as a lever, we fixed it upon our shoulders. By this time it was dark; and had it not been for the light of the moon, which occasionally peeped through the black clouds, we must have given up the undertaking. Absolute solitude reigned around us: if any thing could be heard, it was a slight breeze rustling among the branches and leaves of a yew tree that overhung the spot upon which we stood. The accession of power we received from the lever, enabled us, after several attempts, to raise the stone an inch or two from its situation. I encouraged my young friend to use his utmost strength: the stone was now a foot from the ground, and, casting my eyes below, I could perceive a sepulchral vault. At this instant a hollow distinct sound of a bell, proceeding from the entrails of the earth, vibrated on our ears. We were both terrified, and the piece of timber fell from our shoulders. It could not be an illusion. It was positively the sound of a bell. But whence did it come? No habitation was near, and not a soul but ourselves within the inclosure. I was lost in conjecture, and experiencing that sort of sensation most persons have felt when

alone at night-time among the dwellings of the dead—an association of horror and apprehension—I hastily departed from the spot. My young companion had already disappeared—fear had lent him wings—he had reached the gate; and the terror he experienced was so great that, when he arrived at his dwelling, in the Rue Verte, about a quarter of a mile distant, he fell at the door in a state of insensibility. The poor youth was confined for several weeks to his bed, and his mind had been so completely disturbed by excessive fright, that he never after recovered the entire use of his senses. A few years afterwards he put a period to his existence by shooting himself through the heart. I communicated the extraordinary circumstance—it then appeared so—to several of my English friends; and it was resolved that we should proceed in a body, and unravel the mystery. Accordingly, half a dozen *détenus*, among whom were General Murray, Mr. Ramsay, and Mr. Sayer, repaired to the Convent of the White Friars, taking with us several implements to raise the covering of the sepulchre: fire-arms, and a lantern, we were also provided with. The stone, about five feet square, was easily removed, and proved, as I conjectured, a covering to the vault, in which the remains of the White Friars were deposited. We descended into the interior by a narrow stone stair-case. With the aid of our lantern, we found it to be a large chamber, twenty-two feet square, the elevation about fourteen. On one side was a marble altar, upon which were placed six candlesticks of the same material: the wax tapers seemed to have been just placed in them, and a fine, well-carved crucifix of gilt brass surmounted the altar: the floor was inlaid with various coloured marble. The place was perfectly clean, and had more the appearance of a small, neat chapel than a repository for the dead. Looking towards the arched roof, we perceived, at one of the corners of the entrance, a bell, perhaps four inches in diameter, suspended to a flexible steel spring: at the end of it was a green silk rope, and was probably rung when the monks celebrated mass.

The sound which caused so much alarm on the preceding day was now accounted for—a small piece of stone must have fallen upon the bell when we were removing the covering of the sepulchre. The mystery was cleared up. Most of those supernatural sounds, said to be sometimes heard in the dwellings of the dead, might, if properly investigated, be explained in as satisfactory a manner. Several black lines, three feet apart, were traced upon the four walls of the vault: these lines were intersected by others, forming small squares; those which were open looked like small ovens; they had not yet received tenants; but there were a great many bricked up, and covered with a hard white cement, upon which were engraved the name, age, and date of the friar's decease. No other inscription was to be seen. One of them, however, bore the representation of a small flower, and underneath were these words, "*Ne m'oubliez pas;*" and then, "*Padre Ottomano, Æt. 57: Ob: 5 Jun: 1700.*" With an iron crow we broke through the brick-work that closed the entrance; and on an oak plank, which served in lieu of a coffin, we discovered the body of the Ottoman Father, clothed in the costume of the order; and, on withdrawing it from the tomb, we found it to be in a perfect state of preservation; the hair, beard, and countenance, were as if the person had only just expired. The nails, which were a quarter of an inch in length, seemed to have grown after death. The features had shrunk a little; or the meagre appearance was, perhaps, occasioned by

the sufferings and mortifications the deceased had endured in his lifetime. The skin and flesh were rather of a tawny colour, and when pressed by the finger shewed flexibility. The friar had been an extremely handsome man. The corpse being taken off the plank, we placed it against the wall; and, with a slight inclination, it stood in an erect position. The hands were folded across the breast—the eyes closed and shrunk. He did not seem to be dead, but only in a profound religious meditation. Satisfied with this discovery, here we ought to have desisted; but we did not; and I have often thought that we were not justified, from motives solely of curiosity, in disturbing the sacred remains. We opened sixteen different tombs, from each of which were extracted bodies in a similar state of preservation to the ones I have described, and when placed against the walls of the vault a more extraordinary and striking spectacle could not be witnessed. The holy persons seemed as if they were still alive—quite motionless and silent, it is true, but not more so than they had often been during their existence. Some had lived more than a century ago: the most recent date we found was 1788. But who and what had these men been before they entered the convent of White Friars? They were in our presence; but, alas! our interrogatories remained unanswered. Permission they seldom obtained, during the latter part of their sojourn on earth, to express their thoughts, and now they were condemned to eternal silence. This was the reflection I made at the time: little did I anticipate that my questions would soon be answered, and that I should know what passions raged in their bosoms when they walked among the sons and daughters of the earth.

On the following day, accompanied only by General Murray, I again visited this abode of European mummies. My friend, on examining minutely that part of the dress which covered the breast, and upon which the Padre Ottomano's hands were placed, felt a hard substance, and on removing the woollen capuchin that covered the shoulders and bosom, we found a square leathern case which, to our great satisfaction, contained a manuscript, in the Italian language, of which I subjoin an abridged translation. We subsequently discovered that all of the sixteen friars, excepting two, had similar manuscripts placed in a leathern case upon their breasts. At the commencement of one of these manuscripts we read the following lines, addressed by the writer to the superior of the convent:—"Father Joseph, I have now dwelt here above eighteen months, and have satisfactorily undergone the trials and probations you deemed it necessary to impose upon me; but the order you now give me, to make a confession, in writing, of the errors and vices of my former life, is the severest trial of all. Those feelings, which I hoped had passed away, must again be brought to my recollection; and I fear, holy father, all my passions have not yet subsided in my bosom; yet I must and will obey." From this introductory remark it is apparent that each individual, at the termination of his noviciate, and before taking the vow, gave a written confession of his life to the superior of the Carmelites, and at the decease, the manuscript was deposited in his tomb. Fourteen of these manuscripts are in my possession, and it is not improbable that at some future period they may be presented to the public.

The circumstance of the discovery of these corpses in so perfect a state of preservation, as it can be readily supposed, caused a great sensation in Brussels. I was applied to by many respectable persons to be allowed to visit these mummies; and many of them fancying that this preserva-

tion arose from supernatural agency, at once pronounced these friars to be saints, who would be canonized. Accordingly relics of every kind were taken away; hands, fingers, toes, nay, even heads were subtracted and placed in silver or brass shrines. The populace of the lower town, hearing that the remains of a great many saints had been discovered in the gardens of the Carmelites, applied in a body to Madame Guilleminet for permission to view the relics; but it was not obtained. These people, however, were not to be disappointed. A mob of them came, one Sunday afternoon, to the garden, broke open the gate, and carried off different parts of the habiliments of the friars—the bodies they scarcely ventured to touch. It was even asserted that several extraordinary cures had been performed on the spot; and according to their account the era of miracles had again arrived. The Marquess La Tour Dupin, at that time the prefect of the department, not giving any credit to these miracles, and thinking possibly of the facetious epigram on the cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris,* issued orders to the police to repair to the vault of the White Friars. All their remains were put into hearses and conveyed during the night to the public cemetery out of the Port de Louvain, and the mummies of these ascetics were interred in one deep and large grave.

PADRE OTTOMANO; abridged from the original Manuscript.

"I was born in the early part of the year 1643. My mother was the only child of an opulent Moscovite merchant, named Fædor Sciabasse, who resided at Stamboul.† I have had in my possession many poetical compositions in the Turkish and Arabic languages, wherein the beauty of my parent is extolled in the highest terms of Oriental hyperbole; and the name of Eudocia conveys with it, even to this day, an idea of extreme loveliness. To use the words of her admirers—'Her shape was that of the cedar; skin as smooth and sweet as the down of roses; eyes like those of the gazelle, expressing *wild timidity*; the lips were *lori* buds; and her teeth more white and brilliant than the lilies of the vale.' One of the stanzas ran thus:—

"'Tis she does the virgins excel;
No beauty with her can compare;
Love's graces around her do dwell:
She's fairest where thousands are fair."‡

She was an extremely beautiful woman, and what corroborates the fact, is, that the Sultan Ibrahim fell desperately in love with her. The Grand Seignor, at the commencement of his reign, (he had only succeeded his brother, Morad IV., two years previously), would fre-

* In the reign of Louis XV., some designing fanatics pretended that miracles were daily performed in the cemetery of the Innocents, in Paris. Great disturbances arose in consequence of this report; and they became at length of so alarming a nature, that the minister of the police gave orders that the gates of the cemetery should be closed, and no more exhibitions of miracles to take place. Some few days after, a paper containing the following lines was posted against the gate:—

"De par le Roi, défense à Dieu,
De faire miracles en ce lieu."

† Constantinople.

‡ These lines were translated verbatim by Prior (I think) from the Italian of Fondacci, without acknowledgment. The latter candidly admits borrowing them from the Arabic.

quently disguise himself in the dress of an Armenian merchant, and preambulate the city of Stamboul and its environs, for the purpose of observing, with his own eyes, the conduct of his subjects, but more particularly in watching the schemes of the Janissaries, whom he feared and detested. Upon one occasion he was thrown from his horse in the vicinity of Peru, where Sciabasse possessed a country residence, and being slightly wounded in the knee, was conveyed to the house of the Moscovite merchant: every assistance was administered, and he was entertained with the most hospitable kindness. Here he saw the fair Eudocia, and became enamoured with her charms; but, he was a married man, and he soon learnt that the religious principles of the merchant would not yield even to the mighty monarch of the Ottoman empire—he would never consent to see his beloved daughter immured in the seraglio of the Grank Turk. Compulsion he could have easily resorted to, but he preferred owing his success to other means. He declared his love, and found she was not insensible to his passion. Fearing that the virtuous lady would recoil with horror at any dishonourable proposals, knowing also that he would meet with a repulse from the stern parent, if he declared his rank, he, after some time, told Eudocia that he was not an Armenian merchant, but one of the principal officers of the empire, and a favourite of the sultan: he offered to lead her to the altar, where a Greek priest would unite them in holy wedlock, but solemnly entreated her not to divulge the fact—her father, even, he wished to be kept in ignorance, at least for a time; alleging the necessity of secrecy, that offence might not be given to his sovereign, who had recently offered him one of his sisters in marriage,—he would be able, he asserted, to prevail upon the sultan to withdraw his intentions, and in a few months the marriage with Eudocia should be made public. Fortune favoured his views; Sciabasse was compelled to proceed on urgent business to Smyrna, and afterwards to the north of Europe; during his absence Eudocia became a wife and a mother. Such was my entrance into life. My father passionately adored his spouse, and could not enjoy a moment of happiness away from her. A faithful eunuch, who had attended him from infancy, took a country seat adjoining that of Sciabasse; and here it was the sultan and my mother spent the happiest days of their lives. The continual absence of Ibrahim from the seraglio was remarked, and the sultana, whose jealousy was in consequence aroused, sent some emissary to watch his steps. She became frantic with rage on learning that her husband spent all his time in the company of a Moscovite lady, by whom he had a son, and she determined to wreak vengeance on us all. She waited for a fit opportunity; and whilst Ibrahim was in the seraglio, attending to important state affairs, some of her confidential servants rushed into our house, and, seizing upon Eudocia, the eunuch, and myself, conveyed us on board a vessel which immediately set sail for the island of Rhodes, where it was intended to consign us to a dungeon for the remainder of our lives. The above circumstances came to my knowledge thirty-seven years afterwards, and were communicated by one of the individuals employed on this expedition. When my father heard of the dreadful fact, his anger knew no bounds—he paced the interior of the seraglio like a wounded tiger, and many bloody sacrifices were offered upon the occasion. He was unable to prove the guilt of the sultana, or her body would have rolled in the waves of the Bosphorus; but his suspicions were raised; and although her life was spared, he

doomed her to perpetual imprisonment. History relates, that before she left his presence, and when his rage was at its highest pitch, he snatched his own son, Mohammed, from her arms, dashed him with violence into a deep marble fountain, and hastily ran out of the apartment! One of the eunuchs, at the peril of his own life, took him out of the water, and concealed him for a short time, until the fury of the sultan was somewhat abated.

"The vessel in which we embarked was driven, by contrary winds, towards the coast of Candia, and here we fell in with a Maltese galley; a dreadful engagement ensued between the two vessels: after the most desperate struggle the Turks were overcome. The eunuch was killed in the contest, and my unfortunate mother received a mortal wound in her bosom whilst pressing me to her heart, and sheltering me from the deadly bullets that were raining around us. The conquerors boarded our vessel, and, elate with success, were on the point of putting every individual to the sword, when the principal officer of the sultana snatching me from the last embrace of my parent, whose blood was trickling down my face, raised me in his robust arms, and exhibiting me to the Maltese captain, he exclaimed: "Spare, oh, spare us! Your fortunes are made! Behold the son of the Sultan Ibrahim—he was going to Mecca for the ceremony of circumcision!" These words produced a magical effect. The captain instantly gave orders to spare the surviving officers and crew. As individuals belonging to the sultana, and forming the suite of the heir to the Ottoman empire, they were treated with all possible respect by the enemy, and upon me, the utmost care and attention were lavished. The remains of my hapless mother, said to be only a nurse to whose care I had been entrusted, were thrown unceremoniously into the deep. On our arrival at Valetta great rejoicings took place among the knights of Saint John of Jerusalem. I was removed, with a part of the suite, to a country residence, some distance from the city, where I led a secluded life for four years; but I was treated by the attendants who surrounded me as a prince of the Ottoman empire; and, even at this distant period of time, I well recollect, that the grand master often visited and treated me with the kindness of a parent. This excellent man, as well as the other knights, being fully persuaded that I was heir to the throne of Turkey, shortly after my arrival, set the commander of the Turkish vessel at liberty, and entrusted him with despatches to Ibrahim: they offered to give up his son if he would, in exchange for the precious booty, consent to deliver up to them the island of Rhodes, which the Turks had taken from them in 1522, and of which they had held possession since 1308, after the return of the knights from Palestine. The commander, on his arrival at Stamboul, boldly repaired to the seraglio, gained admittance to the presence of the sultan, and gave the following statement:—"He had been made a prisoner by the Maltese,—that having been instrumental in preserving the life of the grand master from the stiletto of an assassin, the grateful christian had ordered him to be set at liberty. During his residence, and almost at the time of his arrival in Malta, a vessel, containing a beautiful Russian lady and her son, together with several Turkish officers, had been captured by a Maltese galley, and conveyed to Valetta. After his liberation he had an opportunity of seeing this lady, who earnestly requested him, when arriving at Stamboul, to see the sultan, and inform him that she was Eudocia, who had been violently dragged from his shores. A Turkish

officer, who had the temerity to declare his love, and make an offer of his hand, which she indignantly rejected, had seized her, with the eunuch and her son, put them on board a vessel which instantly sailed for the island of Rhodes, but that they were captured during the voyage, and she now remained a prisoner in Malta; still, however, cherishing the hopes of a speedy liberation.—The artful villain then added, that, being detained by contrary winds a few weeks in the island, he heard with horror that the unfortunate lady was taken suddenly ill, her son was also attacked in a similar manner, and before his departure he attended their remains to the grave, not without entertaining strong suspicions, that they had met with a violent death, and that poison had been administered to them. The sultan, who was of a weak disposition, gave credit to this improbable tale, shed tears at our untimely fate, and, believing the sultana innocent of the crime imputed to her, instantly opened the gates of her prison, and restored her to her former rank and station. This perfidious woman, who had thus attained her utmost wishes through the devotedness of the commander, promised to raise him, on the earliest opportunity, to the highest rank in the empire under that of the sultan.

“The grand master and his council were surprised at not receiving an answer to their despatch to the sultan. Various other communications were made to Ibrahim, but the artful sultana, who had now obtained full sway over the feeble mind of the sovereign, easily contrived to intercept these despatches, and, in 1648, assisted by her favourite, she caused the sultan to be assassinated by the Janissaries. Her son, Mohammed IV., was raised to the throne, and the commander elevated to the rank of grand vizier. This man was the celebrated Cuperli, who took Candia from the Venetians—a siege at which more blood was spilt, and more brave actions performed, than at that of Troy: it lasted thirty years, and upwards of 260,000 Turks, Venetians and their allies, perished in the dreadful contest.*

“I was scarcely five years of age when my father was strangled. The intelligence soon reached the Knights of Jerusalem; and, as the sultana and her favourite had no further motive to conceal the truth, they threw off the mask, and Cuperli wrote with his own hand to the grand master, acquainting him with the deceptive conduct that had been practised towards him. A resolution was entered into by the council of Valetta to withdraw my attendants, and I was confided to the care of a Dominican friar, who took me shortly afterwards to the convent of his order in Rome: here I received classical and theological instructions. At the age of one-and-twenty, feeling no disposition to take the vow, and spend my life among the Dominican fathers, I left one day without bidding them farewell, and set off, on foot, for what place I knew not. The vicissitudes I encountered during several years it would be tedious to relate; suffice it to mention, that on my departure from the convent, accidentally entering the cathedral of Saint Peter, when the ambassador of Alexis Michaelowitz was presented, for the first time, to the sovereign pontiff, and affording some useful information to a boyard, named Meloslauski, I was taken into the service of the latter as a tutor to one of his younger children. At the death of this nobleman I travelled through almost every country in Europe, in various capacities, and was employed

* History records, that he was the person who laid siege to Vienna, but Sobieski compelled him to raise it with immense loss. Mohammed also became a victim to the Janissaries: the unfortunate monarch was confined in a dungeon, fed only on bread and water, and treated with unheard-of cruelty. He was succeeded by Soliman the Second.

in high official situations by different sovereigns, to whom, without vanity, I may say, I rendered some assistance, and contributed by my efforts to the signing of the peace of Aix la Chapelle in 1668, and also that of Nimeguen ten years afterwards. At this latter period I became acquainted with a respectable man about seventy years of age,—he had been of the Mahommedan religion, but for many years had renounced the errors of the prophet, and embraced the christian faith. From him I learnt most of the particulars of my early life—he had been one of the persons selected by the sultana to carry off Eudocia—he lamented in bitter terms having been accessory to the misfortunes of my mother; and, in order to compensate me as much as lay in his power, he offered me the hand of his only daughter, then in her twentieth year, and in all the bloom of beauty. I already loved her. She freely gave her consent to make me happy; and if happiness be the lot of any mortal upon earth, to the fullest extent of the word, I enjoyed it—but, alas! for only one brief twelvemonth: she expired in my arms a week after giving birth to a lovely infant, which entered the celestial abode at the same time as the parent. There, holy father, let me pause.—Pardon, I beg, the tear that blots this paper. I cannot forget—my heart is still along with her. Often, when stern duty orders me to raise my thoughts to the Creator, my mind is absorbed in the recollection of my former happiness, and in lamenting the untimely fate of my angelic and beautiful Helen.”*

THEATRICAL MATTERS.

DRURY-LANE has shared in the pressures of a period in which every man, profession and pursuit, has shared during the last six months. The performers have been in consequence called on, and have, with many handsome and deserved expressions of respect to the manager, agreed to a deduction of a part of their salaries until the arrival of what is considered the full season, or after Christmas. We have no feeling more for one manager than another, but the present lessee of Drury Lane has fulfilled all his engagements hitherto with such punctuality, has exerted himself with such diligence, and has so far succeeded in raising the character of his establishment, that we are anxious to see him receive that public support which is so much his due.

A great variety of performances once stamped with popularity, have been exhibited since the commencement of the season. Miss Philips is still the tragic heroine, and she is certainly improving. Some nights since she played *Belvidera*, and with very striking skill. But this character is by no means of an order to admit the finest efforts of the stage. The whole play is a melodrama. Time, the utter scarcity of great tragedies, and the memory of the celebrated actresses who have played in “*Venice Preserved*,” have given the play a dramatic rank beyond its merits. The characters are universally forced, extravagant, and incapable of inspiring true tragic interest. *Jaffier’s* weakness disgusts the

* The whole of the latter part of the manuscript, consisting of nearly fifty pages, I have been compelled to reduce to a few lines: it is, however, the most interesting and instructive of the narrative, and comprises the events in the life of Padre Ottomano, from about the year 1661, till his entrance into the convent of the White Friars, some time in the year 1681 or 2. I have by no means done justice to the original; but should this abridged account meet with approbation, I may be induced to give the whole history of a man, whose name is not unknown to those acquainted with the annals of the Ottoman empire, and the gallant exploits of the Knights of Malta.

spectator as much as *Pierre's* bloodthirstiness repels him. *Beleidera's* sorrows are chiefly rant, and the diction is as unnatural as the passion. Siddons did wonders with it, because Siddons could do wonders with any thing; but it was never among her favourite parts, and taste always considered it among her worst. To say that Miss Philips excited the attention of the audience always, and their applause often, is to say more of her than can be said of most living actresses.

In the ornaments of the ballet, however, we cannot include the tall and masculine-looking personage whom the play-bills call Miss Angelica. She does not dance badly, but her figure is the most case-hardened that we can conceive capable of motion. She seems absolutely shut up in a coat of mail; the lady is as rigid as iron, and she looks more like a *figurante* flourishing in a strait waistcoat, than a representative of the Zephyrs and Graces.

One of her most formidable disqualifications with us, too, is her labour to charm; her face is an eternal smile; and we never saw a more ghastly species of fascination. Yet if this rigid personage would but unlace her stays, which must certainly be made of solid steel, and shut her mouth for ever, she might pass well enough; for she dances with considerable activity.

There are few comedies in the English language which gratify us more in the representation than Goldsmith's "*She Stoops to Conquer*." There is more genuine humour in almost any one scene, than in half the modern monstrosities (miscalled comedies). The character of *Miss Hardcastle* is in great demand amongst young actresses, and it is one in which Miss Mordaunt is highly successful. The scenes with *Young Marlow*, in her proper character, and that of the supposed barmaid, were full of point and *naïveté*; and when she banters him in the closing scene, as the Rattle of the Ladies' Club, she drew down loud and justly-merited applause. *Young Marlow* is one of Jones's best parts, and we do not wish to enjoy a richer treat than his first and second scenes with *Miss Hardcastle*. In fact, Jones is the only actor whom we have seen possessed of tact enough to make *Young Marlow* endurable. Goldsmith's idea of a bashful man was probably taken from some instance of his own embarrassment at finding himself in better company than he had been used to; for his manners, to the end of his life, were rude and awkward; and on his arrival in London, were those of a clown, a sagacious clown, no doubt; but his very consciousness of genius seems to have rendered him perplexed in society, even in his best days.

His *Young Marlow* is less a diffident man than a perplexed booby, in all the bashful scenes. Yet Jones, by his happy dexterity, contrives to refine the author's conception into probability, and the bashfulness, instead of being brutal, makes some approach to comedy.

The Theatres are quarrelling and corresponding about Kean; to what purpose it is scarcely possible to tell, unless it be to have it to announce after a night or two that this flighty Roscius has taken wing for the Isle of Bute or the Antipodes.

There is a remarkable dearth of good singers at present, and the few that are, seem to be without engagements in London. Braham is singing in the country. Sinclair's engagement at Drury-lane is either at an end, or brings him forward only at long intervals. Sapio has not appeared this season. The females are almost as much scattered. We are glad to hear, that Miss Paton, though of all singers the most uncertain, is engaged at Covent Garden. There is some flourishing in the papers about

her accepting a diminished salary. This is idle, of course, she took all she could get.

The best melodrama of the season has been produced at Drury-lane, entitled "*The Brigand*," got up by Mr. Planché.

Till the new comedy, by Lord Glengall, appears, we must do what we can with our old ones. O'Keefe's "*Wild Oats*" has been played with the whole comic force of the house. O'Keefe's talent was oddity, and his sole object was, to gather, into one piece, as many improbable characters as he could compel into one plot. Thus he has a dramatic and sentimental quaker heiress, a courting quaker in love with the chambermaids, and so forth. The *Old Admiral* and *John Dory*, or *Uncle Toby* and *Corporal Trim*, in blue clothes, were the clap-trap characters of the time. But the play is, on the whole, lively. Jones was the *Rover*, and nothing could be better played. He was at once the gentleman and the stroller, and gay, graceful, and popular throughout. Some of the papers objected to his dress; but nothing could be more suitable. His first costume is that of a man walking on the road, and it was remarkably neat and appropriate. His second was an uniform, which *Rover* says he "took out of his stage-trunk, and which he had worn in the part of *Captain Plume*." Lewis, the original *Rover*, always wore an uniform, as being more showy than the other dresses of the time. In fact, in those matters, as in others, we may always rely on the good sense and perfect theatrical knowledge of this actor. Miss Mordaunt played *Lady Amaranth* very cleverly, and may be looked to as a valuable accession to the powerful comic corps of this house. Liston was very pleasant without any extravagance; and Mrs. Orger, who *fats* rapidly, was the most jovial of chambermaids.

The Theatre, Tottenham Street, which has for a long period been totally lost sight of by the fashionable world, is about to be rescued from obscurity, and to present a claim to patronage and popularity, which, from its advantageous situation, as the westernmost theatre in the metropolis, it is peculiarly calculated to obtain, and which its company, as announced, bids fair to secure. The persons immediately concerned in the speculation are, Messrs. Alexander Lee, Chapman, and Melrose; and the performers already engaged (in addition to the above) are Messrs. P. Farren (stage manager), Vining, Williams, Hammerton Ross, Andrews, Simon (of the King's Theatre, ballet master,) &c.; Mrs. Waylett, Mrs. T. Hill, Miss A. Tree, Miss L. Jarman, Mrs. Tayleure, Miss Absolon, Miss Butline, &c. It has already opened with a piece by Mr. Lunn, which we are glad to say, for the sake of a very ingenious writer and estimable man, has been received with great applause.

Boiladeau's "*Les Deux Nuits*" has been sent over to Covent Garden by Bishop, who is, unluckily, throwing away his talents and time in Paris. He ought to return to this country, forget that Weber and Rossini ever existed, forswear boring himself and the world with the fripperies of French music, and make a real English opera. No man could do it better; for the composer of the "*Miller and his Men*," and "*Guy Mannering*," is the composer of two of the prettiest operas in the language. We give this advice to Bishop with sincerity, and shall be glad to see him in his proper place at the head of our Opera Stage again.

Mrs. Granby Calcraft is attacked in the Ecclesiastical Courts by her husband. The story goes, that she solicits a divorce; and the wits say, that let the wind blow in what quarter it will, she can find "*a harbour, O!*"

NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

SOME of our pleasant contemporaries have been lately amusing themselves with libelling the Lord Mayor's feast: of course because they were not happy enough to be there. If we are to believe those hungry declaimers, the turtle was mock; the beef, an importation from Calais, smuggled over in the Ambassador's bag; the mutton, a mystification; the claret, a weak invention of the enemy; and the Champagne, fuming out of the newest vintage of Charles Wright. But we throw down our glove to those lank abusers of the good things of Leadenhall-market, and declare, that the Lord Mayor's Day is an honour to the city deglutition; that we look on fat aldermen as an essential to the civic glory; and that we shall never begin seriously to despair of the rights and liberties of the city of cities, until we hear a rumour of the abolition of callipash and callipee.

As we are noted encouragers of the rising genius of the country, so we are gratified by giving the living evidence that it thinks in the right style on the right side. The writers of the following tributes shall have a card for the upper end of the hall on the next 9th of November.

Know ye the Hall where the venison and turtle
 So often have furnished the Aldermen treats?
 Where the flowers of the season, the rose and the myrtle,
 Are stuck to the jellies, and mixed with the sweets?
 Know ye the Hall, where the hock and champagne,
 And the Claret, and Chablis, and Burgundy rain?
 Where the pine and the melon are fairest of fruit,
 And the voice of the toast-giver never is mute?
 Where the Epicure's nose is oppressed with perfume,
 Which the grouse and the ptarmigan waft through the room?
 Where the ladies are soft as the victuals they eat,
 And all, save the bustle and noise, is a treat?
 Where the pastry of JARRIN, the pâtés of UDE,
 In flavour, though varied, are equally good?
 'Tis the Hall where great worthies their laurels have won,
 Could they equal the deeds which on Monday were done?
 Oh! vast as each old Epicurus's feat,
 Is the claret they drink, and the turtle they eat!—[J. Bull.

We are not quite so sure of sending a similar card to the author of the following lines; but Haynes Bayly is the poet whom we are determined to have enlisted in the glorious cause of *gourmandise*, the only thing worth living for after 25; and we cultivate him even in the shape of his five-hundredth parody.

I'D BE AN ALDERMAN!

I'd be an Alderman, born in the City,
 Where haunches of venison and green turtles meet;
 Seeking in Leadenhall, reckless of pity,
 Birds, beasts, and fish, that the knowing ones eat.
 I'd never languish for want of a luncheon,
 I'd never grieve for the want of a treat;
 I'd be an Alderman, constantly munching,
 Where haunches of venison and green turtles meet.
 Oh! could I wheedle the votes at the vestry,
 I'd have a share of those good sav'ry things;
 Enchained by turkey, in love with the pastry,
 And floating in Champagne, while Bow bells ring.

Those who are cautious are skinny and fretful,
Hunger, alas ! nought but ill-humour brings—
I'd be an alderman, rich with a net full,
Rolling in Guildhall, whilst old Bow bells ring.

What though you tell me that prompt apoplexy
Grins o'er the glories of Lord Mayor's Day,
'Tis better, my boy, than blue devils to vex ye,
Or ling'ring consumption to gnaw you away.
Some in their folly take black-draught and blue-pill,
And ask ABERNETHY their fate to delay ;
I'd be an Alderman, WAITHMAN's apt pupil,
Failing when dinner things are clearing away.

Old Sheridan, who knew the world even better than the world knew him—a bold word—declares in the "Critic," that the Puff prospective is one of the most ingenious of all the classes of puffing. Sir Edward Codrington and old red-nosed Brinsley are very different personages, in point of brain ; yet it is curious, how circumstances have driven the contrivance into the one, that ingenuity taught the other.

The following paragraph appears in the *Plymouth Journal* :—" Report from a high quarter in this neighbourhood says, that the Emperor of Russia has been graciously pleased to offer the command-in-chief of all the Russian Navy to our gallant countryman, Vice admiral Sir Edward Codrington."

We think, that Admiral Codrington could make out a better case than any man living to the gratitude of Nicholas, if Kings or Czars had any gratitude. His battle of Navarino certainly saved the autocrat an infinity of trouble. We cordially wish to see Sir Edward exerting his diplomatic and naval propensities in any other service than our own.

We never doubted that if the papists once got leave to walk into parliament, they would walk in abundantly. The duke and his men denied this stoutly. The whole rabble of retainers, including those who wished to be retained, as well as those who were retained—the Grants, Huskissons, Palmerstons, Broughams, *et hoc genus omne*, "swore in unison with the potential voice" of the dictator. But Protestant England declared with one voice, that popery was no more dead in its ambition than in its idolatry ; and predicted, that the earliest opportunity of crowding Parliament with papists, would be seized on by that evil and unconstitutional faction ; and what is the fact ? The whole of England, in every corner where a papist worth a dozen acres can raise his head, will be thrown into a tumult of popular opposition, excited and embittered by the united virulence of partizanship and superstition.

"The Hon. Edward Petre, a Roman Catholic of the highest rank, who lately qualified as a magistrate for the West Riding of Yorkshire, and has just married one of the daughters of Lord Stafford of Jerningham, intends to offer himself for the representation of Pontefract, in the event of a dissolution of Parliament, or a vacancy arising from any other cause.

"It is expected that Townley Townley, of Townley, Esq., the head of one of the most ancient Roman Catholic families in England, will fill the office of High Sheriff of Lancashire for the ensuing year ; and it is fully understood that Mr. Townley will offer himself for the representa-

tion of that county on the first occasion that may arise. Mr. Townley has already qualified as a magistrate.

"The Right Hon. Lord Clifford, one of the oldest and most violent of the English Catholic Peers, *qualified as a magistrate for Devonshire at the Castle of Exeter, a few days since.*"

In addition to those names, which are only the first fruits of that fine crop which the premier has sowed for the benefit of the Constitution, no less than *nine* Roman Catholics are among the High Sheriffs for the ensuing year. We are to recollect that there is no immediate prospect of a dissolution of Parliament, and that those names are not one in ten of the number that will start; that the "atrocious bill" is not yet a year old, and that the nine Sheriffs are but the first victories of the infant faction: and, more than this, we are to recollect how much more devotion those men will be ready to shew to the minister who gave them this power, than to the Constitution which repelled them, and which, so far as it still exists, repels them still.

Wolfe, the converted Jew, if he ever was a Jew, or is now a convert, has always redeemed his character with us, by the palpable appearance of the greatest possible deficiency of brains. That Wolfe was actually mad, we would not say, but if any one else had thought proper to say it, we should have by no means considered that any thing admitting of dispute was asserted. But the poor fellow had better have remained at home to feed on the fat of the land, of reality and abjure the barren delights of the tents of Beni Israel. Those Pachas are monstrously awkward personages to deal with; and if the Rabbi be still in the land of the living, he had better bring himself and Lady Georgina back again by the first balloon or steam boat from Beyroot to the Thames.

"A letter recently received in Bristol, states that the Rev. Mr. Wolfe, the converted Jew, who married Lady Georgiana Walpole; on his arrival in Palestine, having commenced preaching the Gospel, some of the Jews represented to the Pacha that they had received letters from their brethren at Amsterdam, that the pious missionary was come amongst them for the purpose of converting the Jews and Musselmans to Christianity. Upon which, it is added, his Highness caused him to be arrested, and the bastinado to be inflicted after the eastern fashion."

The wits are prodigiously alive on the occasion of this application to the unlucky rabbi's feelings. Some have said that it was merely a Turkisk way of making him pay his *footing*,—others that it was a peculiar attention to his *sole*,—others reprobate it, as an *underhand* mode of argument,—others think it the very best, as it left the rabbi not a *leg to stand on*,—others that it was advantageous, as allowing him to put his *best foot foremost*.

Still it is clear that the Pachas are clumsy fellows to manage, and that Wolfe, if he be wise, will forswear the "*argumentum baculinum*," or bamboo logic, and hasten back to the pleasant confabulations of Harry Drummond, who is notorious through all Guildford for giving the best dinners and disputations, the largest quantity of Sack and Solomon, of any saint that thrives by money-changing in Merry England.

Lord Lowther is a man, who, we verily believe, would not hurt a mouse, in his own proper person. No man who sees his lordship's

tenderness of look, as he rides along the streets, particularly in the full season of Bond-street beauty, or has had the indulgence of meeting him as he brushes away the dew, through the Green Park, where the nursery maids have brushed away the dew just before; or who has been honoured by permeating the green-room boards of the King's Theatre, when the *premieres danseuses* are stretching their sandals preparatory to doing execution in the front of the curtain; can doubt that his lordship's heart actually overflows with the love of human kind. Yet in his lordship's administration of that mysterious and mighty office, which regulates the draining of the dry ditches round London, and the knocking down of the old houses that are spontaneously tumbling as fast as they can,—that high superintendence of mud and mortar, which, in the sacred technology of state, assumes the name of Woods and Forest—he seems to have the spirit of a Hyder Ali, or a Thomas Kouli Khan.

To say nothing of mounts of stone erected on every ten yards of every road for ten miles round the metropolis, which demolish stage coachmen daily, slay a regular allowance of retired citizens per week, are already sensibly thinning the Board of Aldermen, have produced the much heavier evil of turning Mr. Alderman Waithman into a speech-maker again; and make it a matter of life and death for a common councilman of any weight of metal to drive out to his villa, after a “dinner with the Ward;” his lordship has commenced his administration with digging two of the most devouring man-and-woman-traps since the days of the Minotaur.

“On Wednesday afternoon the body of a man was discovered by some passengers floating in the basin in the Green Park, which has newly been enclosed by a wooden paling. The alarm was instantly given, and drags being procured, the body was brought on shore. From the appearance of the deceased, he must have been some days in the water; he is about fifty years of age. He was rather genteely dressed in a black coat and trowsers, striped black silk waistcoat, and Wellington boots.”

How this unlucky wanderer of the dark came by his fate, of course nobody thinks of asking, for it appeared that he had nothing in his pockets, a disqualification for public interest, dead or alive. But we shall gratify that part of the public who wish to evade the creditor and the sexton together, by the information that the Basin in the Green Park is still as accessible as ever, and possesses the very finest capabilities for speedy extinction in cases of accident or otherwise.

The water is seven feet deep in the shallowest part. But let not the experimentalist think that the affair is ended by his simply being popt twelve inches below the height of man. Every step he makes in his new element carries him a foot deeper down a slope which conducts him to a central cavity half a dozen feet deeper still, where nothing could fish him up short of a grappling iron and cable.

As to any hope of scrambling his way out when he has once tumbled in, there is no more than of Lord Goderich's being prime minister again; or of Mr. Banks's washing his much bedaubed reputation. The walls are of stone, smooth as Lady Blessington's skin, and perpendicular as the profile of the Duchess Dowager of Rutland, or little fly-a-way Lady Cowper's *one* ostrich feather. The best climber in Astley's would slip from it as if he were clinging to ice; and the stoutest swimmer from

this to the North Pole, would go to the bottom with fatigue before a police man would come to his call.

So much for the Green Park and its preserves of despairing milliners, and men unknown, in Wellington boots: all of which go to mingle with his Majesty's tea in Buckingham House; the basin being the grand provision of fluid for the sovereign and his household.

But, for those who prefer a still larger style of making their retreat, we propose the Serpentine; a public resource for escaping the troubles of this world, established in old reputation; but of late so much improved for the purpose, that it may be said to have been made anew. A few years ago if a drunkard fell in, or a passer by in the night made a false step, or an unhappy being attempted to take the final plunge, there was still a slight interval between him and destruction. But now every thing has been made commodious in the extreme. The wall has been smoothed to so perfect a level with the road, that the first fog would be as likely to lead the first lord of the Admiralty overhead and ears ten feet deep, as the dullest lubber that ever "had his grog aboard." A rail or battlement, or any thing in the shape of prevention, would be treason to the march of mind, and the whole passage to the other world is as plain as the palm of one's hand.

That the children and nurses who congregate about the Serpentine do not roll into it by the hundred weight, we cannot conceive; for the day of miracles is gone by. We suppose that they do, but as there are more than enough of both in the world, nobody inquires about them.

Yet we should think that Lord Lowther, who is *not* a married man, might have some compassion on the brood, and that he, not being plagued with the *res vocalis domi*, the "squalling brats and the scolding wife," as the old song has it, might put up a few palisadoes, if it were only for form's sake, and to spite the county coroner.

They may talk as they will of justice in Ireland, but it is a kind of justice which we hope will never come across the Channel. It is of that impartial nature which has been defined, reciprocal all on one side. The grand commission which went down with such pomp, a few weeks ago, to clear the country of all offenders, White-boys, Liberators, and so forth, has returned to Dublin with its finger in its mouth, the Solicitor-General leading the van, and Mr. Serjeant Gould making puns all the way.

The wisdom of resting the conviction of a combination of assassins on a single approver, who, of course must be a villain, was shown by the fact, that after giving evidence sufficient to bring the verdict of the jury full against the men first tried, it was found good for nothing in the next instance. And this result, which every one who knows of what clay approvers are made, must have expected soon or late, an approver being always ready to push his testimony as far as any one will ask for it, put the Solicitor General and the Crown lawyers into such a state of consternation, that they fled the country at once, letting seventeen individuals loose upon mankind, who, we hope, will not come to be neighbours of ours, purified as they are. Not a single point of the evidence was disproved. All the details of the open conspiracy, the signatures for murder, the purchase of powder and ball, the routes marked out for the assassins, the gentlemen designed for the victims, the reasons for not firing at them this day and for firing at them the next, the actual firing

and wounding ; all this was proved by testimony and circumstance. But it turned out that, on a subsequent trial, the approver was found to swear to things beyond his knowledge ; and this, for which every body must have been prepared but the Crown lawyers, was actually suffered to extinguish the whole previous *proof*, break up the verdict, and let the condemned walk about their business. The "seventeen" whom the Crown had declared to be conspirators, and forming part of an extensive combination, as dextrously arranged and as mischievously inclined, as if the "Secret Committee of the Order of Liberators" had been at the bottom of the whole affair ; were thus qualified to walk in the ways of honesty again, which, of course, was "all that they were ambitious of doing." But Messrs. Creagh and Low, who had been fired at are of another opinion, and we are not much surprised at their declared intention of avoiding the society of such personages as Leary, Shine, &c., by selling their property and leaving the country, while they can leave it alive.

Nothing can be more amusing than the perpetual pretence of foolish people in humble life to an intercourse with the higher ranks. They indulge their petty pride by talking of them with scorn, by burlesquing their supposed habits, and reprobating the vices which those higher ranks either think no vices at all, or contemptuously give up to the tongues of the multitude. But still, to know something of this scorned and satirized race, to have the presumed *entré* of a noble mansion, or to have dined with a peer, swells up the exultation of the coffee-house philosopher to a pitch that makes him instantly explode in speech, pamphlet, or novel. Let us hear the lucubrations of the well known Sir Richard Philips on his experience of the higher orders.

In the third portion of his "Personal Tour," he says—"As far as I had travelled, and had observed the mutual relations of the population, I had discovered but very partial sympathies among the various classes of the common human family. There were the high-bred *Aristocrats*, who associated with none but their class, and who mingled by forced and very casual condescensions with certain other classes. There were the *professions*, poor and proud, or rich and lordly ; yet without being recognized by lords, however much they aped them in style and manners. Then there was the *Aristocracy of mere craft and position*, but one generation deep, and vulgar though affected ; looking back with horror and contempt at the democratic base whence they had just sprung, yet shunned by the descendants of the Norman robbers and of the plunderers of the church and its charities. These classes constituted respectively 1 in 100, 15 in 100, and 10 in 100—or 26 families in every 100 in the country. All, however, concurred in shunning, keeping under, and enslaving the other 74, who seemed to submit with docility to the bridle or the whip. Never did there before exist greater incongruities."

Now, we will pledge the Order of the Garter against Sir Richard's own knighthood, that he knows no more of the Peerage than he knows of the Copernican system. The amount of his knowledge being that he has heard of both—that he has never been three consecutive minutes in the company of a man of rank but on Lord Mayor's Day ; and that Joe Grimaldi, stripped of his clown's jacket and dressed in a black coat, might be made to pass upon him for the heir apparent, or the Archbishop of Canterbury.

"All the roads of the world," says the Frenchman, "come to Paris." But, we say, all the world itself comes to London. We have had for our own term of years, Monsieur Alexandre, who with twenty voices, could not get enough in Paris to keep one in tune.—M. Mazurier, who was dying to come to London, and when he left it died, and left the world without his equal as the rival of the baboon creation.—The Anatomie Vivante, who, after starving himself in Paris, grew so fat in London, that he lost his reputation—M. Chabert who lives in a glass-house, breakfasts on boiling lead—takes a *chasse caffè* of prussic acid.—The Duke of Orleans and M. de Chartres—and the Swiss giantess, and little Maria de Gloria. And now we have the Siamese youths! "An union in partition," as Shakspeare describes Hermia and her friend—as Dan O'Connell describes England and Ireland—and as Sam Rogers describes his assistance to the wit of the John Bull.

All the philosophers, who are of course the greatest gossips suffered to live, are swarming about the phenomenon. Sir Astley Cooper has already offered to apply his skill to them, for 500*l.* and a pardon under the Privy Seal "in case of accident." Sir Anthony Carlisle has, of course, already compiled a dissertation, in forty pages folio, of the densest kind, to set the next meeting of the College of Surgeons asleep, from the president down to the porter; and the whole body of the lecturers at the hospitals are looking keenly to their own arrangements in case of a catastrophe. Heaven help the poor savages in the midst of this world of science and scalpels! We only wish them safe home again, fishing quietly side by side in their own muddy river.

They are certainly a curious spectacle. Infants have been frequently born with a similar ligature between them. But we know of none that have attained such an age, strength, or stature.

Sheridan and the Critic again.

"It is reported in the higher circles, that HORACE TWISS, Esq., Under Secretary of State for the Colonies, will shortly lead to the Hymeneal altar the beautiful and accomplished daughter of Mr. ORBY HUNTER. This young lady will eventually be entitled to an immense fortune."

It would be pleasant to know who, of man and woman born, first, second, or third, reported this; or who in the bounds of creation believed it. This paragraph was however only a step. Then comes the next period; a most furious paragraph disclaiming the whole matter, swearing that Mr. T. never dropped his eyes upon Miss O. H., that he never knew she had a shilling beyond her pocket money, and, moreover, that it is perfectly well known that Mr. T. is *not* a marrying man at present. The third step will be *en règle*. The gentleman will beg to be admitted to apologize to the lady, and explain his utter innocence of the presumptuous paragraph in question; be enraptured by her condescension in believing him without any formality of law; and beg of her to accept tickets for her admission to the room above the Commons, on the first night of his oratory in the Session.

The Critic knew the ways of the "fascinating," as well as most men alive, and we recommend the lady to think of her jointure.

Lord Mountcashel has been for some time carrying on an active con-

trovery on Irish Church affairs, with the Bishop of Ferns ; which has exhibited the chief points of the question in a strong light. His lay lordship writes well, and is fully impressed with his own view of the subject ; but he has had the misfortune to entangle himself in those knotty details from which nothing can extricate a controversialist but death. The bishop accordingly darts with great delight into all the complicated tale of " Unions," separations of parishes, glebes, and other technical stuff, in which the lay lord is naturally left at fault. But the true questions are—What has the establishment done for Protestantism in Ireland, during the last hundred years ? This question is to be answered by Bishop Magee's declaration three years ago : " That the Protestant reformation was but then beginning ;" the Protestant establishment having been in action for nearly three centuries before. This extraordinary uselessness has not arisen from the nature of the establishment, which is, perhaps, one of the noblest monuments of human wisdom, and which has preserved Christianity in England in the midst of the follies of contending sects, the violences of revolutions, and the commercial and political corruptions of the multitude. The fault is not in the bishops as such : but in the government which most sacrilegiously made the church patronage a tool, and crowded its ranks with men who had no other qualification than a vote, or some base parliamentary connexion.

Dr. Yates, from an examination of the returns of the value of all livings not exceeding 150*l.*, made by the Archbishops to the King in Council, about ten years ago, states that there are 3,589 parochial benefices not exceeding 98*l.* a year : 4,809 without habitations fit for the residence of incumbents ; more than 1,000 livings under 60*l.* a year ; and 422 under 30*l.*

Mr. Thackeray, in 1822, estimated, from documents, the whole ecclesiastical revenue at 2,290,000*l.* He calculates two millions as the aggregate income of ten thousand benefices, which would give each incumbent but 200*l.* a year.

It is to be observed, with respect to Dr. Yates's statement, that though correct at the time, it is greatly above the value now ; almost the whole of the benefices having fallen in income : some even so much as half within these few years. Livings which were worth thirteen hundred pounds a year, ten years ago, not being now worth six.

The Church, in England, is poor, too poor for the due exercise of its functions, or the fair remuneration for the common expences of education. No man can enter the Church under an expense of at least one thousand pounds, including his school and college expences ; yet he may be a curate on 70*l.* a year for his life, and his living at last, can be little more, on the average of the multitude. Some large livings there are, and some large bishoprics, but the multitude must look only to the average, and that is 200*l.* a year. There is no trade in England in which a capital of 1,000*l.*, will not produce, in the hands of a man of common diligence, five times the amount after the first ten years. The livings in Ireland are also but 200*l.* a year, on the average, with the most extreme difficulty in the collection, and the chance of being shot at one's own door. But the subject is too extensive for us now. Reform is wanted,—but it is in the distribution of the patronage. Let the government choose disinterested bishops, and they will make good clergy.

The march of intellect is a fine affair, as all the world knows by the help of the London University ; and the intellectuals are marching along with it. "Learn mathematics, physics, metaphysics, philology, and" fudge ! says the incomparable system of the new illuminati, "and you will tread on the heels of the first lord in the land." This mode of treading down heels would be incomparable news to the poor Duke of Bedford, "widower bewitched" as he is ; to the Duke of Devonshire, bachelor, as he is like to be ; to the fat Duke of Buckingham, *Wyse*, as he is henceforward to be ; or to the Duke of Gloucester, whose wisdom is sufficiently appreciated already.

But without plunging deeper into so absorbing a theme, we must advert to the growing elegance of the newspaper descriptions of persons. As, since Mrs. Fitzherbert ruled the roast, and the ruler of the roast, it was decreed, that "old women were no more ;" and as, since Lady Jersey turned the critical side of thirty-five, it is voted, that the words, middle-aged woman, are as offensive as the imputation of grey hairs ; an additional rule has since been made law, that every human being wearing a petticoat, the Highland regiments excepted, is to be denominated a lady. We see thus, in the beggarly detail of that very beggarly gentleman, Prince Leopold's conduct, about the pension to the coachman's daughter ; this young person, whom we presume to be a very good daughter to a very good coachman, takes the style and title of Miss. The correspondence acquaints us, that Miss Smith has completed her education, has gone forth and returned, and lost her allowance in consequence of the lamented poverty of the destitute prince, who receives from the people of England no more than (we are actually ashamed to mention so paltry a sum,) about 60,000*l.* a year. To his Highness, the genuine copper captain, we shall return in good time. But our present purpose is to make it known to the world, that the coachman's daughter is Miss Smith.

The lady does not stand alone in her honours. A tavern at Poplar, that very high-bred and classic portion of the metropolis, took fire a few nights ago, and, of course, all the inmates were glad to jump out in any deshabelle they could. A fire is a frightful occurrence at best, but how much more frightful would it have been, if the elegance of the inmates had been conjectured ; for all the bar-maids seem to have been persons of condition. We are told that the first bar-maid, "*Miss ! Patrick*, being roused by the pot-boy," (we believe Charles Augustus Boots, Esq.) committed herself, without loss of time, to the sill of the window, and was thence taken off by a sailor bold. Her leap was fortunate, but she long attempted in vain to infuse a portion of her saliency into "the second bar-maid, *Miss ! Whitlock*," who continued dubious of the leap, until the near approach of the fire, &c. But she, too, leaped, and was luckily saved.

Lord Alvanley, who says, that high life is so vapid, that he is forced to read the Bow-street reports to refresh, said, with his usual happiness, in allusion to the escape of those two fair ladies in their chemises, that, "though they had 'missed stays,' they were saved by seamanship after all."

We have more marches of intellect still. Greek is growing upon us to an extent that must rejoice the soul of a perfectibility man. Mr. M. M. *New Series*.—VOL. VIII. No. 48. 4 R

Mill, of the Westminster Review, must grow several inches taller upon the intelligence. There is serious hope, that, if we proceed as we have begun, in half a dozen years more, our shopkeepers will forget their English, and speak a delightful compound of every language from Calais to Constantinople. We have divans among our shops already; and the Sanscrit is making way in the neighbourhood of Hanover-square, and for several doors round the corner of Harewood-place.

But leaving the glorious influx of French, German, and Italian, to make up a jargon, which, like Corinthian brass, will be ten times more precious than the materials, we must exult, as a classic nation, in the brilliant supremacy of Greek in our shop windows.

When Louthembourg, some years ago, called his pretty show-box an Eidophusikon, the world stared; and, as that was the very thing the cunning Swiss wanted of the world, we can only give him credit for his ingenuity. The citizens felt themselves the nobler members of society for having given their shillings to a show-box with so majestic a name. The squires were all driven to the aid of the parson of the parish to let them into the secret of this formidable appellation; and, having satisfied themselves that it meant neither magic nor treason, made their wills, booked themselves in the next stage, and boldly came up to town. The phusikon family had many branches; and a Birmingham razor-maker, gathering all the curiosities of that Vulcanian town, built a house for them, and invited the inhabitants of the universe to enter, and lay out their sixpences in honour of the Phusitechikon. But what is immortal in this world of mortality? The "Rama" dynasty were destined to eclipse this ancient stock. The Panoramas, Stereoramas, and Georamas, triumphed over all resistance. They have since been reinforced by the Cosmoramas and Dioramas. A Pelagorama is about to add to this interesting family; and an Astrorama is already on its descent, like an Avatar of Vishnu from the circle of the fixed stars. But the Ramas themselves must decay; for what under the sun is safe from the stroke of change? A new rival has sprung up in the shop windows, the mighty family of the Pans. We have a Panhermetikon which seals all the letters of a counting-house, were they as large as from Charing-cross to Cornhill, at a single impression. A Panthermanticon, or warming-pan, on a Colossal scale, and intended for giving an equality of caloric to the beds of a whole ship's company on a polar voyage; and a Pankelustikon, or cabinet council trumpet, by which a minister, at the distance of Windsor or Walmer, may dictate his will to any number of his dependents sitting in Downing-street, and receive their submission, quicker than the telegraph could send it.

General science has not been forgotten in the favours conferred on mankind by the Pan dynasty. We have a Panphologistikon for giving house-warmings—a Panagorastikon for writing down speeches, intended for public meetings, parliament, and the common council. But other arts are taking their share. A barber of genius has already established an Eukeirogeneion, or a contrivance for unparalleled ease and elegance of shaving; though, whether this is to be effected by a new soap or a new razor, the happy obscurity of the title leaves the learned in doubt. That those fine accessions to literary taste will continue with a rapid increase, we have no doubt; and shall suggest a new Cakometer for the purpose of ascertaining their weekly increase; and a new Puffometer to make it known, with requisite honours, to the public of the most philosophical, gullible, and puzzleable nation under the sun.

The Omnibus system is *progressing*, as Jonathan says; and when we consider that the Omnibus carries its freight of twenty solid citizens at the rate of ten miles an hour, we may fairly apply the word. We hope that some active legislator in the coming session will redeem the character of Parliament by showing that it is doing something, and that the mode of redemption will be by allowing us to have an Omnibus in every street. We should be glad of this, if it were only for the sake of the shivering poor devils of Hackney coachmen whom we see frozen on their boxes in this merciless weather. If they were all turned into the snugly great-coated and well fed fellows that pilot the Omnibus, they and we would be equally comforted.

But discontent among the whips is, at present, the popular sentiment. Witness the following Sapphics by a driving son of Apollo, Phaeton being the original neck-and-neck charioteer.

COACHMAN.

Tell me, Jem, now what'll be thy calling?

Smashed is my coach—my occupation gone, too!

No more shalt thou vociferate in loud tones—

“Plenty o’ room, Sir!”

No more shall I, in toggerly of Witney,

Knowingly cock my castor all o’ one side:

No more the girls shall titter, “What a handsome

Paddington coachman!”

CAD.

Master, I’m blow’d if ever body see’d such

Vehicle as them Omnibuses, vot have

Come on the road, and obligated us to

Go to the vorkhouse.

Shillibeer, damn him! ’nopolizes all the

Road, for he claps the rum ’uns in alongside

Of the real gemmen, twenty on ’em, just like

Hens in a hencoop.

COACHMAN.

No bobs nor tanners can I give thee now, Jem;

Quarter-day’s come! I see a bailiff crossing—

Slip in with me, although I’m done, I’ll stand some

Max at the Stingo.—[*Age*.]

Fawcett has been desperately worried to make him turn bountiful in his old age; but the “old veteran,” as that bustling and pleasant personage, Robins, the Auctioneer, calls every one above thirty, is iron and brass to the hint, and buttons up his pocket with ten times the ferocity at every new call upon his feelings. The attack, however, goes on, and we recognize the energy of the Auctioneer’s pen in the following paragraph, which has appeared in the papers, and which ought to shake the “old veteran” out of his prudence.

“We very reluctantly give credit to the report that a comic actor, at Covent-Garden Theatre, an old favourite of the public, who, by means of a large salary, coupled with a life of prudence, has become an independent gentleman, is the only individual connected with that establishment who has positively refused to unite with his fellow-labourers in their endeavours to keep afloat the theatrical vessel, by depositing with the treasurer a certain portion of their weekly incomes, to be converted

to the use of the theatre in case of need; and on the contrary, to be paid to them at the end of the season. This veteran comedian, it is said, insists upon the '*pound of flesh, the whole penalty of his bond.*'"

The truth is, Fawcett intends to retire, and sees no reason why he should not keep what he has got, no matter how, where, or when. He is a clever actor, and we shall regret to lose the finest living representative of a testy old fellow, with a very tight pocket.

Are men to dream for ever of fairy land?

"We hear that in two or three of the Irish counties soon to be contested, the electors intend to call on some person to represent them, whom they believe will and can have no *personal* or *private* interests to advance with the Government. All electors would do well to attempt a similar course."

Fudge! Where are they to find them?

Nothing can be more true than the natural conjunction of fanaticism with profligacy. The grossness of foreign countries is proverbial, yet there the priest is the *magister morum*; and master of every thing else, except in the capitals, where they have taken leave of the fanaticism only to fill up the space with a double measure of the profligacy. The examples of the fanaticism are sometimes ludicrous enough.

"In a village, six leagues from Strasburg, a priest interdicted his parishioners from dancing, and said that whoever would have the assurance after his warning to indulge in this amusement, *would be struck dead with thunder.* In spite, however, says the Figaro, of the thunder, or rather the priest, the dancing went on as usual."

In England we have a vast quantity of foolery, and sometimes not a little extortion, perpetrated under the name of this transcendental piety. The breaking down of the pious firm in the Poultry, did something for the exposure of this system of charity-and-joint-stock-dealing. The little societies scattered through the country, and superintended by bitter old devotees, for extracting their farthings from the peasantry, who have none to spare, deserve a similar exposure, not for their religion, but for the direct contrary. Those things are no part of religion, they bring disrepute on it; and the man who values it as it deserves, will be the first to discountenance the perpetual fussing, bustling, officious, meddling, and impudent money-raising, that distinguishes the rambling piety of our petticoat collectors of Peter's pence, and the worldly artifice of individuals whose duty it should be to restrain the giddiness of female fanaticism. The peasant's reply, which we give, ought to be framed and glazed, for a general answer to those holy tax-gatherers.

The wife of a sanctified person, in one of our country parishes, in the course of her tour called on a labourer in the parish of C., for his hebdomadal penny; but the man's eyes had been opened, and he declined giving any thing for the future. "R. B.," said this hitherto winning dame, "do you know your neighbour O.?"—"Oh, yes," quoth Robert.—"Do you know he lost a cow last week?"—"Verily," responded Bob, "I do, worse his luck!"—"Fellow," added the disappointed lady, "he withheld his subscription penny the week previous, and God's visitation for such has fallen justly upon him! Take great care lest a similar calamity fall not on you!"—"It can't, Madam, for I keeps never a cow!"

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Miss Landon's new Poems:—The Venetian Bracelet, &c.; 1829.—Here is some of the staff of poetry—feeling, absorption, force. We confess our surprise. The admirers of Miss Landon's early efforts will smile at our late discovery; but none of them, in their zeal to insist upon original excellence, will surely be so impolitic as to deny she *mends*. Conscious she *could* mend, she has set to with all her soul and spirit, and is reaping the fruits of well-directed labour. She has rigorously taxed her powers, and, in the same proportion, strengthened them. There is less, in her present performances, of the flourish of versification, and more concentrating of feeling. She is more correct—more specific—more true. These are the results of labour, but of successful labour. They bear the visible impressions of care; but they prove also the virtue of care. Miss Landon must henceforth class with the first of the poets of the day, and need fear no rival. No longer a mere annualist, she must be as distinct and alone as Campbell or Moore. No longer one of the lady-poets, but matching with masculine minds. Her preface is well considered and conciliating. She avows her faith in the great and excellent influence of poetry. It is, in her conceptions, calculated to counteract the corruptions of luxury. Selfishness too surely follows indulgence, and heartlessness attends on refinement. To elevate, she feels she must soften; and before she can purify, she must touch: and, accordingly, disappointment—the fallen leaf—the faded flower—the broken heart—the early grave, constitute the *materia medica* of her remedial poetry. “Surely,” she observes, “we must be less worldly, less interested, from this sympathy with the sorrow in which our unselfish feelings alone can take part.” No doubt with the more susceptible; but this same selfishness will wind through the labyrinths even of imaginary woes, and escape pursuit.

Another tale of thine! fair Italie—

What makes my lute, my heart, ay turn to thee?

I do not know thy language,—that is still

Like the mysterious music of the rill:—

And neither have I seen thy cloudless sky,

Where the sun hath his immortality;

Thy cities crowned with palaces, thy halls

Where art's great wonders light the storied walls;

Thy fountains' silver sweep, thy groves, where dwell

The rose and orange, summer's citadel;

Thy songs that rise at twilight on the air,

Wedding the breath thy thousand flowers sigh there;

Thy tales of other times, thy marble shrines,

Lovely though fallen,—for the ivy twines

Its graceful wreath around each ruined fane,

As still in some shape beauty would remain.

I know them not, yet, Italie, thou art

The promised land that haunts my dreaming heart.

But now, whenever I am mixed too much

With worldly natures till I feel as such;

When wearied by the vain, chilled by the cold,

Impatient of society's set mould—

The many meannesses, the petty cares,

The long avoidance of a thousand snares,

The lip that must be chained, the eye so taught

To image all but its own actual thought;

When worn, by nature struggling with my fate,

Checking my love, but, oh, still more my hate;

Wearied of this, upon what eager wings

My spirit turns to thee, and bird-like flings

Its best, its breath, its spring, and song o'er thee,

My lute's enchanted world, fair Italie.

To me thou art a vision half divine,

Of myriad flowers lit up with summer shine:

Of Vineyards like Aladdin's gem-set hall,

Fountains like fairy ones with music's fall;

Of sorrows, too; for e'en on this bright soil

Grief has its shadow, and care has its coil—

But e'en amid its darkness and its crime,

Touched with the native beauty of such clime,

Till wonder rises with each gushing tear:—

And hath the serpent brought its curse even here?

Such is the tale that haunts me—&c.

This tale tells of a young and lovely Italian, brought up as a peasant-girl, but finally discovered to be the heiress of a princely house and a princely fortune. In her lowliness she had, by her native charms, won the affections of a noble; and, in her magnificence and splendour, she waits with impatience for his return to throw all at his feet. He returns, but with a bride in his hand—the certainty of which stirs up the sleeping demon within her, and, with a Venetian facility, poisons her. The husband is suspected, tried, and condemned; when the wretched woman, to save the life of the man she still loves, confesses her guilt, and, exhausted by the convulsions of emotion, dies at his feet. The main points are touched with a learned spirit of human dealing, and the effect decisive.

The “History of the Lyre” has powerful passages. The improvising lady argues keenly and feelingly:—

Again I'll borrow Summer's eloquence.

Yon Eastern tulip—that is emblem mine;

Ay! it has radiant colours—every leaf

Is as a gem from its own country's mines.

'Tis redolent with sunshine; but with noon

It has begun to wither:—look within,

It has a wasted bloom, a burning heart;

It has dwelt too much in the open day,

And so have I; and both must droop and die!

I did not choose my gift:—too soon my heart,

Watch-like, had pointed to a later hour

Than time had reached: and as my years passed on,

Shadows and floating visions grew to thoughts,

And thought found words, the passionate words
of song,
And all to me was poetry.
We dress our words and looks in borrowed
robes :

The mind is as his face—for who goes forth
In public walks without a veil at least?
'Tis this constraint makes half life's misery.
'Tis a false rule : we do too much regard
Others' opinions, but neglect their feelings ;
Thrice happy if such order were reversed.
Oh, why do we make sorrow for ourselves,
And, not content with the great wretchedness
Which is our native heritage—these ills
We have no mastery over—sickness, toil,
Death, and the natural grief which comrades
death—

Are not all these enough, that we must add
Mutual and moral torment, and inflict
Ingenious tortures we must first contrive ?
I am distrustful—I have been deceived
And disappointed—I have hoped in vain.
I am vain—praise is opium, and the lip
Cannot resist the fascinating draught,
Though knowing its excitement is a fraud—
Delirious—a mockery of fame.
I may not image the deep solitude
In which my spirit dwells. My days are past
Among the cold, the careless, and the false—
&c. &c.

Travels in Chaldea, &c., by Captain Mignan ; 1829.—Captain Mignan is an officer in the East India Company's service, and from Bussorah projected a visit to Bagdad and the ruins of Babylon, which he successfully accomplished, chiefly on foot, attended by half a dozen Arabs, and up the Tigris as far as Bagdad, accompanied by a boat with eight stout rowers. After leaving Koorna, the ancient Apamea, built at the confluence of the Euphrates and the Tigris ; and proceeding up the Tigris, the *untrodden* desert was, he observes, on both banks. This spot, he adds, "is conjectured to be the site of the Garden of Eden—consequently there appeared, as the prophet Joel says, the land of Eden before us, and behind us a desolate wilderness." Nevertheless, Captain Mignan could see nothing but desolation before any more than behind. A few miles north of the confluence of the rivers, he detected the ruins of a bridge, which none of his companions had ever seen before—they having always passed the spot when the river was full, and that was now unusually low. The ruins extend sixty feet by seventeen ; and the highest point of the most perfect pier eight feet above the surface of the stream—all of brick, kiln-burnt of course, or it could not so long have stood the action of the water. Col. M. Kinnier mentions a boat of his stranding on one of the piers of an ancient stone bridge, somewhere hereabouts—probably the same, but stone of course it was not. There is none in the country, except here and there a solitary piece of considerable dimensions, for the appearance of which nobody accounts. Brick, sun-burnt or kiln-burnt, is the sole

building materials, which well accounts for the general crumbling of the ruins, and the floods, as well for the clean sweeping of the country, leaving nothing but the larger masses.

A few miles still higher up the river, he meets with the ruins of Mumliah, which are described in Mr. Keppel's *Personal Narrative*, very accurately Captain Mignan allows, except that he has unluckily placed them on the wrong side of the river. This, however, is a little blunder of the Captain's own ;—he has not observed, and very odd it is, he has not, that travellers, speaking of right and left banks of rivers, refer to the course of the stream, while he himself chooses to talk of right and left with reference to his own course. Mr. Keppel places the ruins on the left bank, that is, as every body would understand him, on the east bank, and on the east bank Captain Mignan finds them.

Within a few miles of Bagdad, he passed the site rather than the ruins of Ctesiphon, though one magnificent piece still survives the effects of time, violence and inundation, the *Tauk Kesra*—*Tauk* meaning arch, and *Kesra* being the family name of the Parthian kings. The eastern face of the ruin extends 300 feet. The arch itself is semi-circular, 86 feet in the span, and rising to 103. The whole front is surmounted by four rows of small arched recesses, resembling in form the larger one. Ctesiphon was the Parthian city ; and digging into one of the neighbouring mounds Captain Mignan had the felicity of discovering a silver coin of one of the Parthian kings, and a brass one of Seleucas Nicator. On the opposite bank of the river stood Seleucia, the Greek city, but there the devastation is even more complete—not one building remains.

For particulars descriptive of Bagdad, the author refers to Col. M. Kinnier's faithful account, only glancing himself at a few of the principal buildings, and hastens to Hillah and the site of Babylon—the ultimate and chief object of his tour. These he carefully travelled over on foot, and has as carefully described—the description is the most complete that has been given, and probably the most to be relied upon. He gives also a ground plan on a scale of nearly an inch to a mile. Hillah on the west bank, the modern representative of Babylon, is a miserable, dirty, neglected spot, very like Bussorah, and contains the same number of inhabitants, about 6,000. The most remarkable ruins on the surrounding plain—consisting of masses of broken brick-work—are Mujellibah about three and a half miles to the north of Hillah, and on the east side of the river, and one mile from the river ; a second mass called the *Kasr*, nearly midway between Mujellibah and Hillah, close to the river, and also on its eastern bank ; and a third called *Birs Nemroud*, five miles to the south of Hillah, and as many from any

point of the west bank of the river. This *Birs Nemroud* has been usually taken for the great Temple of Belus—the Tower of Babel—especially by Niebuhr, and more recently by Rich and Buckingham; but Captain Mignan, apparently on better grounds, concludes for the identity of *Mujellibah*. Herodotus does not state on which side of the river the temple stood, nor does Diodorus expressly, though he furnishes ground for a fair inference in favour of the east. And certainly if the *Kasr* be the palace, and either *Mujellibah* or *Birs Nemroud* must be the temple, the former has the fairest claim—*Birs Nemroud* is far too much out of the way. The *Mujellibah* exceeds the *Birs Nemroud* in bulk, though not in height—it rises 139 feet at the S.W., and slopes unevenly to 116 N.E. The north side is 274 yards, the south 256, the east 226, and the west 240—the base consisting of kiln-burnt bricks, and the upper part of sun-dried.

The *Kasr* is close to the river; and a palace, it is known, was built on each bank, communicating with each other by a tunnel under the river (the Euphrates at this point is from five to six hundred feet). These ruins, though now on the east bank, are supposed to be those of the palace of the west—the river having, some how or other, got again into the bed originally dug for it, while the tunnel was constructing. Such a supposition accounts for present appearances—great ruins on the east bank, and scarcely any on the west; though there, it is known, stood the larger palace.

Though of immense bulk the *Birs Nemroud* is inferior to *Mujellibah*. It is of solid kiln-burnt masonry, and has something of a tower-like appearance—it is pyramidal, 722 yards round the base, with the remains of a tower at the top—which appearance probably misled—if misled they were—those who have assigned to these ruins the honour of the Tower of Babel.

The author expresses his obligation to Major Rennel for his approbation of his labours. The major himself patronizes *Mujellibah*, and Captain Mignan is apparently somewhat biassed by his friend's opinion. The question is far from being decided. The solution depends upon the identity of the *Kasr* and the palace, and that, it should seem, is far from clear. Nevertheless, Captain Mignan has furnished the best account of the relics of Babylon that has ever been published.

Tales of my Time, 3 vols., 12mo.; 1829.

These tales—there are but two, and neither of them very descriptive of “my time”—are the handy works of the author of *Blue-Stocking Hall*, a very clever, off-handed sort of person, with strong and even fierce antipathies—troubled with no doubts or misgivings—dealing out damnation against all reformers and radicals in church and state—apt and ready at an invidious imputation, and refusing poor Mr. Godwin,

the very martyr of opinion, sincerity for sentiments, which, whatever might be thought of their value, bespoke to every person of common candour at least the deep-rooted conviction of the author. The writing, however, is often vigorous and effective, exhibiting, as the tales develop, no common powers of pathos—great delicacy and propriety in domestic scenes, and a warmth of feeling very attractive; but the construction of the tales, both of them, is miserable, and the sentiments too furiously instructive. One describes a hero over-indulged in childhood, and as he grows up, of course, taking the bit into his mouth, and rushing headlong to his own destruction. The other, though more carefully drilled, yet, on extraordinary excitement, starting from the course, and running wild into politics and philosophy, but happily, plucked, like a brand, from the burning, while his wicked associates, one and all, receive their deserts, some on the rebel field, and some on the inglorious gibbet—taking to the high-way, when treason no longer thrives.

The first tale, though professing to rest partly on facts, is a very thread-bare piece of romance—a foundling girl, turning out the daughter of an English earl, by a Spanish lady, legally married, but scandalously abandoned. The child, by the treachery of a nurse, falls into the hands of gypsies, who sell the beautiful girl to a fond foolish mother to be the plaything of her darling boy. The boy and girl are brought up together at home, under the care of an excellent tutor, and what young master refuses to learn, the little docile and lovely girl eagerly seizes. As they grow up, warmly attached to each other, embarrassments of course arise, but the mother confides in her own management, and has no fears that her son will degrade himself by a mesalliance. The poor girl is still, nobody knows who, and meets with mortifications which sink deep into her sensitive bosom, and her protectress has none of the delicacy that soothes and conciliates—the tutor is her sole consoler. The youth for the first time leaves home on going to Oxford, where he mixes with the titled and extravagant, spends, games, and anticipates his resources—visits the continent, gathers up every folly on his way, and finally returns a finished profligate, but still passionately attached to his early and beautiful companion. Though shocked at the visible change, *Zorilda*, too, still fondly clings to him. The mother, appalled at the prospect, demands of her protégée a written renunciation of all desire or intention to marry her son (now become a lord, by his father's accession to a superior title), which she indignantly refuses, and the necessity for quitting the house immediately follows. Just at this period she gets a glimpse of her birth, and on her way to claim the protection of a lady who had anticipated the probable necessity of it, and promised it, she encounters her father—a peer of the realm,

but not yet free to acknowledge his daughter. A few months, however, remove the impediments, and he hastens to hail her as Lady Zorilda Fitzhugh, but too late. She is deep in the descent of a decline, hurried toward the grave by a succession of harassing circumstances—especially by the thorn that pressed for ever upon her gentle heart—her anonymous existence—and by the intemperance of her lover, who, in a fit of desperate jealousy, had shot an innocent person, and only escaped hanging by dying of a fever, the effect of undisciplined passions.

The other tale, entitled the *Young Reformers*, is the story of a clergyman's family in the west of Ireland, whose three sons, to the misery of their excellent parents, are seduced into association with the Irish rebels in the miserable year of 1798. One perishes on the rebel field of battle, another is saved from the scaffold by sinking into incurable idiocy, while the third is happily rescued by judicious management. Though filled with the extravagant doctrines of the Jacobin leaders and French philosophers, and ready to go all lengths, the youngest—all indeed were young—finds himself not treated with all the confidence he is disposed to claim, and cooling in consequence, he seizes upon an offer procured by his parents from an uncle, a merchant in Canada, to take him into his counting-house. This uncle was a jewel of sound sense and safe conduct. He received his wayward nephew kindly and frankly, but abruptly cut short his haranging tendencies, and pithily baffled his political wisdom—kept him close to the desk—excused his neglects and blunders—employed him on distant expeditions to vary the scene and change his associations, and a promising progress was quickly made in reducing the young gentleman's conceit. By and by comes to the same office another nephew—a most grave, wise, and intelligent youth, who becomes a powerful ally in conducting the remedial process and completing the cure of his cousin. The two nephews are sent for three years to a distant fort, in connection with the Hudson Bay Company, to superintend the fur business, and in that lone and lorn station, the conversion is forcibly and firmly accomplished by dint of argument and solitude—he becomes thoroughly orthodox with respect to both church and state. On their return the two nephews become partners in the uncle's concern, and just as our hero is longing to revisit England, where one of his sisters has recently married an English earl, and is a lady star of fashion, the necessity is discovered by his ever-considerate uncle of sending him to Paris. Here, by the time the countess arrives, the young reformed, by an odd sort of manoeuvre—becoming the protégée of an old maid—is so completely brushed up, and brilliantly polished, that he figures away among the lords and ladies of the fashionable world, like one of themselves. From this period all runs

smooth; he discovers his lost idiot brother, witnesses his death, and buries him, and gets a glimpse of his future bride—the uncle dies and leaves him at least 100,000*l.*, with which he purchases a charming estate in the emerald isle, marries the charming girl he had once before seen, with the dowry of a princess; and they are, of course, as happy as the day is long, as well as all his surviving connections, sisters and cousins, every one of them wise and beautiful, at least such of them as never were rebels.

Picture of Australia; 1829.—A very general but competent sketch of this new world—not taken by an eye-witness, for who is ever likely to see the whole?—but carefully made up by a collation of numerous accounts from the first settlers and voyagers to the last, and executed with more ability and zeal than such things usually are. No subject of any interest relative to these extensive regions is wholly neglected. In the term *Australia* the writer comprises the continent of New Holland and Van Diemen's island. The whole of the coast of New Holland, the line of which measures nearly 8,000 miles, the writer shews, has now, with the exception of about 500 miles in the north, been visited by British seamen, and even the unvisited 500 miles is on the point of being surveyed by Captain King, who has already made two or three voyages, and contributed much to the general knowledge of the shores. Of the interior nothing at all is known, except in the rear of the settlements in the south-east; but all that is known, especially of the coast, with scarcely any exceptions, is at present unfavourable for the convenience of man. Generally, appearances indicate barrenness, and symptoms every where press upon the observer of its being strictly a new world—not yet ripened, speaking without a figure, into fertility. It is thinly wooded—its rivers flow in uncertain channels—the staple of its soil is shallow—its vegetables fit only for animals—its roots insignificant—its fruits without size or sweetness—its animals ungregarious, and man in his very lowest state of degradation.

The quadruped class of animals is specifically distinct—marked by an incompleteness—a peculiarity, which has nothing like it in the more known and apparently older creations. The latest information confirms the conclusion that they are all of the *Marsupialia* class, that is, the females are all furnished with a sack or pouch (*marsupium*) attached to the abdomen, which partially or wholly covers the teats, and opens in the front. "Into this pouch the young are received, in a small, formless, and embryo state, and they remain fixed to the teats till they are perfectly formed, and have acquired a size proportional to the size of the parent animal; at which time they are detached, and the teat, which had previously been extended, slender, and probably reaching the stomach of the young animal, be-

comes shortened, so that the young can then suck milky nutriment, like the other mammalia." The only exceptions are dogs and rats, and there is very good reason for supposing that both these have been imported. The birds are more like those of the old world, modified only perhaps by circumstances of soil and climate; and so are the fish—both of them are capable of extensive and spontaneous migrations.

Man is in the most brutalized state of any part of the world. In the more favourable spots, as to soil and natural productions, he is found somewhat gentler, and somewhat better accommodated; but in his lowest state, he is here seen without houses, canoes, or clothing of any kind—floating a log, and striding it, to spear fish, or picking shells on the beach. Peculiarly ferocious, however, he is not, except when prompted by revenge, or to enforce family authority. The author finds no instance recorded of spontaneous attacks upon the crews that have landed there, or if they have at any time proved assailants, it seems to have originated in mistake. This is perhaps true of savages, all the world over. The accounts of navigators in the seventeenth century are not to be credited—they were in pursuit of plunder, and cared little for the feelings or the rights of the savage. They plundered him, or carried him off, and left behind them a hatred of strangers, and thirst of revenge. Where savages have proved cruel, they have been goaded into cruelty. Our own settlers, in New Holland—the very scum of the world—have not been favourable to any advance in civilization; and the fact is, that the few who have come into the towns and mingled with the whites, have universally become drunkards and beggars. The very children brought up in the schools, and discovering no inaptitude for learning, have all taken again to the woods.

Van Diemen is altogether a more favourable and finished country—more diversified with hill and dale, rock and forest—richer in soil, and more intersected by streams—from its size more accessible and better known—more equable and temperate in climate, and less exposed to the devastations of floods and droughts. The savage is low enough in the scale, but less so than the New Hollander; he is more ferocious, for if not worse treated generally, he has come into closer contact with the colonist—he feels more the encroachments of the whites—he finds himself driven more and more into the interior, and cooped up within narrower limits. Van Diemen is obviously destined to outstrip the older settlements of Sydney and its dependencies. The whole colonial population of New Holland amounts to nearly 50,000, and that of Van Diemen already to full half of that number.

The "Picture of Australia" is a very useful little book, and leaves nothing untouched. The reader will find all that is known of the Swan River, and the settlements now projecting there.

M. M. New Series.—VOL. VIII. No. 48.

Tales of Waterloo, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.

—The production, beyond all question, of a soldier better acquainted with facts than books, except a few romances—but capable of vivid and vigorous description—full of spirit, frank and free, and smacking strongly of the mess-room, where nothing but the gallant and the gay will meet with ready listeners. The scenes of the writer's service, we may be sure, were chiefly Ireland and Belgium—he tells what he has witnessed, or has heard from competent authority, and has no fears of conveying erroneous impressions. The tales are wholly unconnected, but a slender narrative is spun, the threads of which here and there appear, just sufficient to remind the reader the same characters recur, and may be expected again. A little preluding sketch announces that the subsequent tales chiefly concern his old comrades.

A few dragoons and the flank companies of an infantry regiment are stationed far in the interior of Galway, in the inglorious and unsoldierly employment of still-hunting. Frank Kennedy, a young captain of dragoons, a bold and vigorous fellow, plays something like the hero of the book—the personage upon whom the author throws the interest of the piece, and whose adventures constitute the staple—the rest coming in episodically. Fishing one day in the lakes among the hills, he gets benighted, loses his way, drops suddenly upon a still party, and what was worse, among a den of outlaws, and escapes by a miracle and the manœuvres of a pretty woman, whose husband, one of the outlaws, though the least committed by atrocities, Kennedy, in gratitude, takes under his protection, and enlists in his own company. This adventure furnishes an animated sketch, and the outlaw's own story, another. News now arrives of Napoleon's return, to break the monotony of country quarters, and quickly follows the route for Belgium. The incidents of the march supply new materials, and the officers, one after another, trace their former adventures, among others, Frank Kennedy and the colonel. Frank, in particular, was the son of a soldier of fortune who married a Connemara heiress, with the property already a "trifle in debt," which the captain's skill, in matters of domestic economy, was not calculated to lessen. The son was likely to get but little, and he was prudently placed with an uncle, an attorney in Dublin, who, at the first glance, augured ill of the "wild eye in his head." An act of heedlessness, by which papers of value were lost, speedily confirmed the uncle's augury, and the unlucky youth was returned as incorrigible. Reaching home, he found the county in the full fervour of a contested election, and the father being confined by the gout, he was forthwith commanded to tend the tenants to the poll, with strict injunctions not to overdo the matter, nor poll each man more than twice. This was a scene and a commission just fitted for the lad's spirit, and

the activity and effect with which he wielded a cudgel, and deterred the opponent's voters, attracted the notice of the successful candidate. A commission in the militia was obtained for him, and in a few months, by a turn-out, he got himself a lieutenancy in the line, and was ordered to join the army in Portugal. A few days spent on his way, at his uncle's in Dublin, were sufficient for himself and a charming cousin to fall in love with each other, and swear eternal attachment. She was indeed a very charming girl, thoroughly Irish, with little romance, and plenty of plain speaking and plain acting—full of life and vivacity, but withal possessing some prudence and soberness—and, as it proved, true as the needle to the pole. Returning, after a few years service, Frank found his uncle dead, and his charming cousin gone, nobody knew whither.

The regiment reaches Brussels, in due course, a few weeks before the battle of Waterloo, and in the meanwhile the author sketches the return of Napoleon from Elba, and the imposing scene of the Champ de Mai. In the park of Brussels, the day of the Duchess of Richmond's ball, among the groups, which were the last to retire, was one consisting of Kennedy and two of his brother officers, when, suddenly, a lady, closely wrapped up, presented herself, singled out Kennedy, and took him aside. To Kennedy's great perplexity, the lady put several searching questions touching the state of his heart, and his disposition to marry, and finally left him, half convinced she must be his own charming cousin. At the ball he detects this very cousin in propria persona, splendidly dressed, but, such was the thickening crowd, before he could force his way to the spot, she had vanished, and he pursued her in vain. The same night he discovers from a comrade, that a gentleman, or rather according to his account, judging from the ancles and the embarrassment, a lady had been at his apartments inquiring about him; and this same comrade, for the humour of the thing, thinking the visit was prompted by feelings of jealousy, had exaggerated to her poor Kennedy's peccadilloes and terrible profligacies. Two notes from his cousin, for it was she herself, fell into Kennedy hands together—one freely offering herself and her fortune, some 5,000*l.* a year—the other renouncing him and returning his keepsake. Distracted by these communications, as he was, he had not one moment to pursue the adventure or seek an eclairessissement—the hour for the march was arrived. Descriptions follow of a very animated kind, of the scenes at Quatre-bras and Ligny, and the bivouac on the field of Waterloo on the eve of the battle. Kennedy and a Major Macarthy, an old comrade, command the cavalry picket, and the night is whiled away by the major's story, which has more of the romantic and the tragic than any other of the set, and is exceedingly well told. In the battle Kennedy is wounded and left on

the field, where, the next day, his cousin, fearlessly and eagerly seeking him among the dead and dying, finds him, takes him in her carriage to Brussels, and nurses him, and finally places herself and her 5,000*l.* a year under the command of the gallant captain—now major, of course.

Sir Andrew Halliday's Letter to Lord Robert Seymour, and Report on the Number of Lunatics in England and Wales; 1829.—For the last twenty years Sir Andrew Halliday has distinguished himself by his zeal for discovering the actual state of lunacy in this country, and has now published a valuable pamphlet on "Lunacy-statistics." The parliamentary committee of 1806 could find only 2,248, while Sir Andrew, by a personal perambulation through the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk alone, discovered 230 not returned. The committee of 1815 doubled the number, and Sir Andrew has now, by his own efforts, procured returns which bring up the number actually to 13,000 and upwards, and with almost a certainty to 15,000.

From his tables, the author makes some general remarks, which may deserve attention. The agricultural counties, he finds, have the largest proportion of lunatics, or, at least, of idiots. This is contrary to the common notion, and may originate in something quite distinct from agricultural labour. Very little, we believe, is known at present, of the effects of different soils on the corporal, and, of course, on the intellectual qualities. In England scarcely one-third of the population are employed agriculturally; in Wales something more than one-half; and in Scotland, in Sir Andrew's opinion, two-thirds, though the returns of 1821, by some mistake, gave only one-third. Supposing his opinion correct with respect to Scotland, the returns of lunatics support his general conclusion, for England furnishes one lunatic for every thousand of the population—Wales one for every 800, and Scotland one for every 574. But leaving Scotland out of the question—though nobody doubts the greater prevalence of lunacy there—twelve English counties, where the majority are agricultural, give one in 820, and idiots to lunatics as seven to five;—twelve counties where the majority are *not* agricultural, one in 1,200, and more lunatics than idiots. Moreover, in the maritime counties, the lunatics exceed those of the interior:—six maritime give one in 1,000, with idiots to lunatics as two to one; and six inland one in 1,165, and idiots as five to three. But anomalies occur in counties adjoining, and similarly circumstanced, for which he can at present furnish no solution. Northampton has most lunatics, and Nottingham the fewest, of all the counties. Looking to the Hereford returns, he concludes cider is not very favourable to intellectual soundness.

The author also finds fewer lunatics among the cotton works than the woollen,—

and asks, is it because the cotton spinners are employed from an earlier age, and so are necessarily a more ignorant class? This query implies an opinion a little at variance with his account of the agricultural districts, where he supposes the prevalence of lunacy to originate in the "greater ease and indolence of the people, with a half-cultivated state of mind." Is he not looking for opposite results from the same or similar causes? Out of the whole 13 or 15,000, he finds 11,000 paupers, that is, apparently, the uncultivated go mad more frequently than the cultivated, which is again contrary to common conclusions; but, of course, general facts must stand before partial guesses. More ingredients, however, than mere want of cultivation, will be required to make out the rationale of all this—hard work and hard living, and the division of labour which confines numbers too closely to the same objects, and many more. But our Statistics are all, at present, far too incomplete to allow of correct generalization. We question much if there are yet data sufficient to confirm the author's conclusion, that lunacy, for the last twenty years, has increased faster than the population. But Sir Andrew is a diligent man—is committed to the subject, and must pursue it.

Family Library, No. VII. History of Insects, Vol. I.; 1829.—So close and persevering an attention does the study of insects demand, to get at any minute acquaintance with their habits, that it would be difficult to name the subject in which the general inquirer is more indebted for information to particular individuals. So absorbing is the devotion it requires, that few are ever likely to pursue the subject with the necessary zeal; and without zeal or even enthusiasm, nothing can be done. The generality of people must be, and are content on these matters with the accounts of others; and the more popular, that is, the less mixed up with the paradiings and fopperies of science, "falsely so called," the more welcome such accounts are. Such is the work before us: People, moreover, are content with wondering at the marvels of the insect creation, without even attempting to satisfy themselves by ocular proof, except by occasional glances, where specific facts are pointed out. A few broad facts and general results are all that are cared for. The want of practical utility, besides, deters; and the sensation is not a pleasant one, to read, for instance, of acari, till the flesh creeps, and one feels being devoured.

No wonder—such is the indefatigable vigilance the subject requires—no wonder the older naturalists, the first observers, blundered egregiously, mistaking animals for fruits, or imagining plants were turned into gall-flies; or supposing insects, which they saw emerging from excrescences, without visible inlet, were sucked up by the roots with the juices, or generated by putre-

faction. Closer inspection has dispersed all such delusions; and generation, among them, is no longer to be believed "equivocal," though it be still often obscure enough.

Steady and unprogressive as animals generally, and insects in particular, seem, the instances are endless, where all of them are found to vary their conduct according to circumstances. These, in the case of insects, the writer diligently brings forward to make them bear against the doctrine of Materialism—"Their very mistakes and irregularities cause us," he observes, "to doubt the doctrine that all their actions are the result of organization." To us all this appears a superfluous anxiety; for the marvels of organization are not made a whit the less marvellous, nor is our knowledge in the least degree augmented. What life is we still know not; and without organization there is, plainly, no discernible life. Opportunities, too, we observe, are carefully sought to point out instances of particular benevolence—some instances kill their young to protect them from starvation. Proofs of special providences, in like manner, are studiously produced—as, where one species inordinately increases, there its natural enemies increase too—and this is said in the teeth of prodigious devastations. These are hazardous remarks; for they seem, often, to tell against the very principle they are brought forward to support. Particular severity does not readily establish general protection—where all is in the same hands. Confession of ignorance is better, at all times, than dogmatism.

There is less twaddle, however, than in any book of Natural History we ever read. Speaking of the battles of ants, he says, "the causes which give rise to these wars are, no doubt, as important to them, as those which urge human monarchs to devastate, and human heroes to struggle for victory. The ants will dispute furiously about a few square feet of dust; and such an object is of equal importance to them, as a river or a mountain to an emperor, &c." Similar nonsense, however, is rare in this well-written volume.

Bees, and especially hive-bees, and ants, acting in communities, as they do, and so being more open to observation, occupy a large space—Huber, of course, supplying the chief materials. The humble bee, and the solitary bees, such as the mason, the carpenter, the upholsterer, all of them but little known, have every thing told of them, we believe, that is known. The old naturalists talk of bees flying with little stones to prevent their being carried away by the wind; and every body, of course, remembers Virgil's lines to the same purpose. These, it seems, must have been the mason-bees carrying materials for building their nests.

Whatever flowers, bees, when they are in search of honey, first alight upon, they are

said, by Dobbs, to keep to. If one begins with a daisy, it will continue loading from daisies, to the neglect of clover, honey-suckles, and violets, though these abound and the other be scarce. In this observation, he adds, he is confirmed by seeing each load on the legs of a bee of one colour. The writer does not confirm this, and we ourselves seem to have observed the contrary fact—still it may be so.

When describing the enemies of the aphides, he speaks of the lady-bird. The French call it *Bête de la Vierge*, or *Vache à Dieu*—the word *lady*, of course, refers to the Virgin. It is difficult to trace the origin of popular favour towards this insect; but it at least deserves that of the hop-grower. In 1827, the writer observes, the shore at Brighton, and all the watering-places on the south coast, were *literally* covered with them, to the terror of the inhabitants—they being ignorant that these insects were emigrating after having cleared the neighbouring hop-grounds of the destructive aphids.

Among our personal tormentors is the *bug*, which the author describes as not having been long known in this island. "Had it been common," he is quoting Kirby, "the two noble ladies, mentioned by Mauffet, would have scarcely mistaken their bites for plague-spots." This, by the way, is very poor evidence—many a lady probably never saw or felt one—the bug associates only with *filth*. "They were first known," he adds, "by the name of wall-louse. It was not till the middle of last century that they began to be styled bugs, or goblins, the word being of *Celtic* origin, and used in old versions of the Bible, in the sense of spirit; thus, in Mathew's Bible, Ps. xci. 5, the passage translated in our modern version, 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night,' is rendered, 'Thou shalt not need to be afraid of any bugs by night.' The very name bespeaks a much older residence among us.

Spiders, disgusting as they pretty generally seem to be, are, however, sometimes eaten, and not only by remote savages. The author has an amusing passage on this matter.

Reaumur relates, on the authority of M. de la Hire, that a young French lady could never resist the temptation of eating a spider, whenever she met with one in her walks. They are said to taste like nuts; at least this was the opinion of the celebrated Maria Schurman, who not only ate them, but justified her taste by saying, that she was born under Scorpio. Latreille informs us that the astronomer Lalande was equally fond of this offensive morsel. Man is truly an omnivorous animal; for there is nothing which is disgusting to one nation, that is not the choice food of another. Flesh, fish, fowl, insects, even the gigantic centipedes of Brazil, many of them a foot and a half long, and half an inch broad, were seen by Humboldt to be dragged out of their holes, and crunched alive by the children. Serpents of all sorts have been consumed as food; and the host of the celebrated inn at Terracina frequently ac-

costs his guests by politely requesting to know whether they prefer the "eel of the hedge or the eel of the ditch." To evince their attachment to their favourite pursuit, most naturalists seem to consider it indispensable to taste and recommend some insect or other. Darwin assures us that the caterpillar of the hawk-moth is delicious; Kirby and Spence (both of them?) think the ant good eating, and push their entomological zeal so far, as to distinguish between the flavour of the abdomen and the thorax; and Reaumur recommends the caterpillar of the *plasia gamma* as a delicate dish.

The book is very well got up, and the cuts, upon the whole, represent the subjects adequately, though here and there there is a want of distinctness.

Tales of a Bride, by the Author of the *Mummy*, 3 vols. 12mo.; 1829.—Notwithstanding the same flash and dash of manner, visible in the *Mummy*—the same adventurousness in pitching upon topics too mighty for the writer's grasp—the same pretension to familiarity with the world and its ways, and all that it contains, the "Stories of a Bride" is an amendment. There is *some* sobriety. Any thing and every thing out of the high-road of established conceptions is, with the writer, food for severity or caricature. In the *Mummy*; the anticipations of science, and *plebeian* education, were the butts into which, porcupine-like, she shot her fretful quills; and now, with the like good will, but as little force, she darts them at German philosophy and Italian politics. By and by, not unlikely, she will find out German philosophers—even Kant and Fichte—are not the fools she now thinks them, and, moreover, discover, that the Carbonari did not, and do not, consist, like David's associates, exclusively of those that are in debt, or distress, or discontented—of none but the rogues and ruffs of the country.

The bride of the title is an English lady—a peeress in her own right, with every thing the world can give at command, and as wayward as self-indulgence can make her. Admirers, of course, abound, but power makes her fastidious, till she encounters a gentleman as fastidious as herself, and him, of course, she resolves to subdue, and subdue him she does. In the pride of bridal authority she insists on going to Hungary, of all places in the world, because travelling difficulties there are represented as insurmountable for a fine lady; and, in their journey, they meet with an old man, a great scholar and a great roamer, whose distress she relieves, and who, in return, presents her ladyship with a bundle of stories, the gatherings up of his long wanderings. These serve to relieve the tediousness of a Hungarian hut, to which she is confined, in attendance on the bridegroom, with a broken leg—fractured by a carriage-overturn on the precious roads of the country.

The first story is that of the "Mystic," and is a tale of Carbonari. The "Mystic"

himself is a student at Graatz—of course one of the sublimer burschen, and equally, of course, coupled with the Tugend-bund, and a pupil of transcendentalism, which is but another word for rebellion and atheism. The father of the youth is a rich burgher of Trieste, whose house is the chief scene of the story. Into this family is introduced a very fascinating girl, French educated, the daughter, apparently, of one who is going professedly to join the Greek patriots, but, in reality, is connected with the Carbonari, at whose head is a ruined and profligate Neapolitan prince. The purpose of this introduction is, through her, to obtain the earliest intelligence of the measures of the Austrian government—the father of the Mystic being one of the chief magistrates of the town—and, moreover, to secure the affections of the youth for herself, and his co-operation with the conspirators. The young lady, however, has too much honour and spirit to play so common a tool, but not alacrity or tact enough to save the young Mystic from falling into other traps laid for him by the terrible Neapolitan prince. He is precipitately entangled, and with his superfine notions, irrevocably. The honest father himself, by the cunning of the chief, gets implicated—is arrested on suspicion, and loses his reason from a feeling of indignity, and sorrow for the lapses of his son. The repenting, but still unflinching son, in a desperate attempt to save his father, commits a murder, and finally falls in a *melée* with the Austrian troops.

The hero of the second tale is, on the other hand, a "Rational"—a gentleman who eschews mystery and defies delusion. A young lady contrives, however, to mystify him by a series of clumsy, and even impracticable expedients, but well enough for the girl who employs them, and the noodle she deludes.

The third is a longer tale, called the "Treasure Seeker," and the reader expects the story to concern those who are still, it is represented, engaged in searching for treasures, supposed to have been buried in the Hungarian mountains, by the Goths, in their flight after Alaric's death, and which they left there for safety during their subsequent excursions into Lombardy and Spain, where they all perished, and, of course, none were left to go and dig them up again. But no such thing—a Treasure Seeker is indeed introduced towards the *fag end* of the story, but for a very subordinate purpose. The pith of the story is this—a Hungarian prince of a boundless extent of desert, is at Vienna, without a penny, where he, nevertheless, wins the heart of a German countess with mines of wealth; but he is too delicate to incur the suspicion of marrying for gold, and she sufficiently fine to sympathize with his delicacy, and both are consequently miserable to their heart's content. The difficulty, however, is finally surmounted by persuading a good-natured uncle to give

him a competent fortune. This manœuvre a cousin, who had looked to this uncle's succession, views with a jealous eye, and, to prosecute his desire of revenge, murders the said uncle, and denounces his too happy cousin as the murderer. The princess plays Lavalette's wife, and he escapes, by flying to his own desolate estates, where the cousin, now a chief of banditti, is seized by him, and thrown into his own prison. The princess is quickly released, for her husband's innocence is speedily proved—pines for his absence some time, and at last is seduced by false representations to go to Hungary, where her husband is stated to be confined by a broken leg. This, however, is but a trick of the cousin to get her into his own hands; but, just as his plan of vengeance is on the point of completion, he is intercepted by some Austrian dragoons—the prince is released, and all ends felicitously.

More stories are yet to come, but they will appear under the appropriate title of "Stories of Wedded Life in the Upper Ranks!"

Cuvier's Animal Kingdom, by Griffiths and others. Part XXI.—The editors of this superior performance—certainly the best of the kind, now in course of publication, beyond all comparison—prosecute their labours with unhalting diligence. The present fasciculus completes the Order of the Gallinæ, and embraces, besides, nearly the whole of the Grallæ, or Wading Birds. Of the Gallinæ the most extended account is naturally that of the domestic cock and hen—so much better known as they are—in the course of which the very curious process of Egyptian mechanical hatching is minutely described, as is also, another matter equally curious, the mode of converting the capon into a nurse, according to Reaumur's suggestions, to accomplish the same purpose without the cruelty previously practised. The change in the self-bearing of the bird, on his becoming again of importance, though not according to his original instinct, is worth attention.

Instead of being melancholy, abashed, and humiliated, he assumes a bold, lofty, and triumphant air; and such is the influence of audacity over all animals, that this borrowed courage completely imposes on the cocks and hens, and prevents them from disturbing him in the fulfilment of his charge. At first he is a little awkward in the exercise of his office. His ambition of imitating, in his gait, the majesty and dignity of the cock, makes him carry his head too stiff, and prevents him from seeing the chickens, which he sometimes thus inadvertently tramples under foot. But experience soon teaches him to avoid such mishaps, and accidents of the same kind do not occur again. As his voice is not so expressive as that of the hen, to engage the chickens to follow and assemble near him,

this deficiency has been supplied by attaching a little bell to his neck. When he is once instructed to conduct chickens in this way, he always remains capable of doing it; or, at all events, it is very easy to bring him back to the habit of it when required, &c. The capon has also been taught to hatch eggs—every thing, indeed, except to lay them.

The plates are excellent, and on a good scale.

A Letter from Sydney; 1829.—The object of this letter, the production of an intelligent and independent man, *apparently* on the spot, is to describe the condition of the colony, its prosperity, its prospects, its wants, and remedies. The writer speaks of himself as a man of competent property, who migrated to New Holland, because he had a fancy to be lord of 20,000 acres. Twenty thousand acres he accordingly obtained for a trifle, some seventy miles from the coast, and, for the country, of the most favourable kind. His scheme had been to build a splendid mansion, impark a considerable space for pleasure-grounds and game preserves, and let the remainder, after erecting farm-houses, on the good old plan of an English lord. This, of course, proved all moonshine—the very materials, wood excepted, were wanting, and the whole settlement would not have supplied workmen for his magnificent projects. Tenants, again, were not to be had; for who would be tenants when all might be owners? The alternative seemed to be farming himself; and, not liking convicts, he imported a cargo of labourers from his own neighbourhood, in England, by whom he was speedily deserted—the mechanics never joining him because they did better at Sydney, and a couple of years enabling his labourers to take land for themselves. Convicts were now of necessity resorted to. These, he soon found, were beyond his management; and he finally made over the whole of his 20,000 acres to a tough Scotchman, on condition of receiving a third of the profits, which returned about three per cent. on his own actual outlay. He now established himself at Sydney, and not choosing to be quite inactive, and earnestly desirous of contributing to the prosperity of the colony, he laboured hard to bring about the cultivation of silk, tobacco, sugar, wine, &c.; but all in vain—his proposals were coolly received, for the want of labour was incurable; and he finally settled down into an idler—an observer of events, and a speculator on their consequences.

The progress of the colony in one short forty years has been prodigious; and this he assigns wholly to that which some think the only check to much greater prosperity—the convicts. Its being a penal settlement is, in his opinion, notwithstanding his *personal* experience of their inefficiency, the source of all its wealth. Without forced labour no-

thing could be done, where land was to be had almost for asking. Nobody would work for another an hour, when he could get land of his own. As cultivation spreads, the specific source of its amazing progress is more distinctly understood, and the failure of adequate supplies of this labour is proportionally felt. There are more settlers, and *not* more convicts. By an increased importation of convicts alone can the further cultivation of the colony be prosecuted with advantage. If these do not multiply, the colony will gradually go back; for every cultivator must cultivate less—free labour cannot be retained. The writer calls for the interposition of the government—there must be more convicts, or further grants of land must be withheld; or the introduction of negro slaves must be allowed—otherwise, the whole colony will speedily sink into a Tartar state, and tillage be abandoned. The population of the colony is taken at 45,000, of which more than two-thirds are or have been convict-labourers, and 20,000 are actually labouring in fetters. The peril, therefore, notwithstanding the supposed indispensableness of any considerable augmentation, is obvious. The writer inclines, without much hesitation, to the employment of slaves, and doubts not, if the settlers get the power into their hands, slaves will be instantly imported. The *opposition* to the government receives an accession in every emancipated convict; and nothing, of course, but an early and a *premature* independence can be anticipated.

This very spirited and well-written book comes professedly from a resident at Sydney, with the name of Robert Gouger, as *editor*, by way of warrant for its authenticity. This is, no doubt, a literary *ruse*—the book is the manufacture of London, though the raw material is manifestly the growth of the colony.

The Bijou; 1830.—The publisher protests his ambition is not to outstrip his competitors, but to excel himself—to outdo his former doings; and he feels the proud consciousness of indisputable success. The “extraordinary labour and expense” of which he speaks, is referable, it must be supposed, to the same self-competition; for in what other respect either is likely to have been greater than those of others is very far from obvious. Truly, the less these prefaces say the better—profession and explanation are equally useless; for at last the appeal must be made to the performance itself. With the ornamental part, the publisher’s satisfaction has no alloy, especially with a portrait of the King, which exhibits his majesty, now a venerable old gentleman, not far short of seventy, with the vigour of forty. Mrs. Arbuthnot we have had in *LA BELLE ASSEMBLEE*, within these few months, and, of course, scarcely expected to meet with it here. Lady Jane Grey, as an engraving, is a very superior thing; but

the attitude is painfully constrained—nor is there any making out what she is about; and the verses, almost as a matter of course, only perplex the matter more. "Milton and his Daughters," is all but a joke. "The Blue Bell," ti tum ti. Bonnington's "Negro Girl," only spoils the beautiful landscape; and the exquisitely engraved gem, called "Ada," wants explaining.

Of the literary part, which is more within our province, the poetry is for the most part, as usual with the *Annals*, very well, as mere *vers de société*. A "Scrap, written in an alcove," by Sir Thomas Croft, an "Address from Leonora d'Esté to Tasso," and some "Stanzas on Bed," by Shee, are, perhaps, distinguishable. Foscolo's "Sonnet," descriptive of his own person and character, is *correctly* offensive—while the lines on the King, though among the best of the volume, are too *personally* loyal for our taste, or for any body's, we should hope, but those who are honoured with his personal acquaintance. We quote a few stanzas of "Bed."

Peace to his bones, the first who spread
The swelling, soft, luxurious bed,
For man's indulgence given!
Still as I stretch each weary limb,
I cast a grateful thought on him
And wish him rest in heaven.

Refuge of sickness, toil, and woe!
Sweet home of half our lives below!
Where still our welcome's warm:
Soft, downy duck, where sense repairs
The damage done by daily cares,
To brave again the storm!

Whether with costly curtains closed,
Of feathers, or of flocks composed,
In camp, field, tent, or truckle,
The lucky bard that's shelter'd snug,
In his own nest, beneath his rug,
May bless his stars and chuckle.

To rest, in vain Suspicion tries;
The lover cannot close his eyes,
Whom some proud Beauty scorns:
Guilt finds Remorse upon his couch;
The slave will e'en in slumber crouch;
And Tyrants sleep on thorns.

The poet, too, who goes to bed,
With half a stanza in his head,
Finds rhyming not *composing*;
The muse still labours as he lies,
And if he sleeps, reviewers rise
To damn him as he's dozing.

Yet still th' unhappy in their beds
Find aching hearts and aching heads,
In some degree relieved there;
E'en culprits cast for death by law,
Will slumber on their beds of straw,
And dream they are reprieved there.

Several of the tales are good, especially the "Negro Girl," if the negro father's sentiments had been *described* instead of being expressed. "Long Engagements," is, per-

haps, the best; and the "Student of Padua," and "Il Traditore" very well after their kind.

The Musical Bijou; 1830.—Of the music we are, of course, no competent judges; but the volume presents several original contributions by composers of eminence, both native and foreign. The quarto forms affording larger dimensions, the plates have all been lithographed; but, though good of their kind—and the start which lithography has recently made is prodigious—there is no contemplating them with any pleasure—filled as we are with recollections of the most delicate executions on steel and copper in the cotemporary *Annals*. But the bijouterie of the volume is, of course, the music—the merely ornamental is quite a secondary consideration; and so, perhaps, is the literary department, though the pieces come fairly up to the "Annual" average, both in prose and verse. Lord Nugent has told his tale of the "Suspicious Man" well, but for the abrupt conclusion. A few lines written in the blank leaf of Mr. Bayley's *Loves of the Butterflies*, by Lord Ashton, to whom the said *Loves* were dedicated, are more than comparatively good.

The fluttering Butterfly of old
Was emblem of the Soul! we're told:—
To you the type may well belong,
Your Butterfly's the soul of song!
But why to me inscribe a tale
Of Loves that flutter in the gale
Of Spring—or Summer's genial ray?—
To me, who hasten to decay!
Why not address the sportive song
To Helen, beautiful and young?
She well may claim a Minstrel's skill,
Although a Wife—a Mistress still:
Yet such the magic of your strain,
E'en Age might live and love again,
While Fancy renovates the theme
Of Hope, and Joy, and Love's young dream.

The Literary Souvenir; 1830.—The *Literary Souvenir* has very superior engravings of some charming conceptions—Howard's Oberon and Titania, Collins's Pet-Lamb, and Allston's Jacob's Ladder. But some impediments, according to the editor, are unexpectedly thrown in the way of these picture-engravings, on the part of some greedy artists. One, in particular, that we know, who ought from his station to set a different example, claims a sort of copyright in his paintings, wherever such right has not been expressly resigned, which, of course, is not once in a thousand times; for who has dreamed of stipulating for such a resignation? The pretension itself is absurd. Engraving and painting are two different things, and essentially of different value—copying by the graver will never equal the original, like printing one book from another. The common sense of the thing is this—the painter, when he has finished his job, and been paid for it, has done with it. Every thing belonging to it, except what cannot be separated, the act and merit of creation,

merges into the rights of the purchaser; upon which rights, thus distinctly and personally invested, nobody, of course, thinks of encroaching. Therefore, when you have gained the proprietor's consent to engrave, gratuitously given, to be intercepted by the pretended rights of a new claimant, and that for money, is really too much to be tolerated. It is not at all in accordance with old English notions, where freedom of action, and freedom of trade, *at home*, at least, is still warmly cherished. The claim rests solely on an idle analogy—the copyright of a book, and the security of a patent—in a case where neither specifically exists. Such analogy might be an argument to urge in soliciting the protection of the legislature, but can be none, surely, for enforcing what is utterly without the sanction of legal authority. Analogy is a very delusive matter—small distinctions make great differences; and, at all events, analogy is not yet *law*, at the will of all who choose to exact it; and, till then, we trust the pretension will be stoutly resisted. Sir Thomas had better look to this.

Not quite to forget the Souvenir—it appears to us to be fully equal to its predecessors; and we do not readily see how it could surpass them—ornamentally we mean. Many of the tales and sketches are excellent; and Miss Mitford is, we think, more than usually felicitous in her "Village Romance." We can only quote a sonnet of Mr. Hoyle—there are several of his; but this, to our taste, is considerably the best.

ON LEAVING SCOTLAND.

Haunt of the bard and painter, hardy child
Of nature, cradled in the giant arms
Of winter, and the lonely mountains wild!
I leave thee, Caledonia, but thy charms
Are pictured on my heart! May never tread
Of foeman; nor the trumpet of alarms
Approach thee more: but peace and plenty spread
Their mantle o'er thee, and the laurelled crown
Of science grace thy castellated head.
For me, till health and reason's self be down,
The thought shall kindle, and the tongue shall tell
Thy lakes and rocks, thy patriots and renown.
Land of the Frith, the cataract, and the dell,
Land of the Wallace and the Bruce—Farewell.

Epping Hunt, by Thomas Hood, Esq. ; 1829.—Mr. Hood is nothing if not setting phrases by the ears, and hunting down puns and "varmint" with the ardour and instinct of a ferret or a terrier. Severity against so incorrigible and, after all, so harmless a sinner, is breaking butterflies, &c. But never was the difference between the simple and the artificial better contrasted than in the tales of Cowper's John Gilpin, and Hood's John Huggins. In vain does Mr. Hood take the tone and cadence of Cowper's metre, and some of his quaintnesses: such is the perpetual strain and struggle visible

in every line, that, while Gilpin will last for ever, Huggins, even with Cruikshank's aid, will be forgotten, perhaps before our notice gets printed. Huggins is a cheesemonger of Cheapside, who attends the Epping Easter Hunt; and after being twice spilt, and losing his mare, finally, at the cost of a supper and a sovereign, recovers both her and his home again. The book may not fall into the hands of all our readers, and so we give them a specimen of Mr. Hood's labours.

Six days a-week beheld him stand,
His business next his heart,
At counter with his apron tied
About his counter-part.

The seventh in a sluice-house box,
He took his pipe and pot;
On Sundays for *eccl* piety
A very noted spot.

This was a pretty hard pull—the next, concerned with the shop, is harder:

No thought had he of twisted spine,
Or broken arms or legs;
Not *chicken-hearted* he, altho'
'Twas whisper'd of his eggs.

Harder still—

And so he paced to Woodford Wells,
Where many a horseman met,
And letting go the reins, of course,
Prepared for heavy wet.

At Woodford Wells he is equally elaborate, but something happier.

In merriest key I trow was he—(the host)
So many guests to boast;
So certain congregations meet,
And *elevate the host*.

Of the assemblage—

Some had horses of their own,
And some were forced to *job* it;
And some, while they inclined to *Hunt*,
Betook themselves to *Cob-it*.

The deer-cart—

In shape like half a hearse,—tho' not
For corpses in the least;
For this contained the *deer alive*,
And not the *deer deceased*.

The deer started—

Away, away, he scudded like
A ship before the gale;
Now flew to "hills we know net of,"
Now, *nun-like*, took the vale.

In the hunt—

Some lost their stirrups, some their whips,
Some had no caps to show;
But few, like Charles, at Charing Cross,
Rode on in *Statue quo*.

"O dear, O dear," now might you hear,
"I've surely broke a bone;
My head is sore"—with many more
Such speeches from the *thrown*, &c.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Causes of Disease.—Daily observation demonstrates that the human structure, even in its most perfect formation, is liable to lesions of organization and derangement of function, producing that state of the system in which its usual actions or perceptions are either interrupted, or attended with pain. This state is called disease. Every animal carries within itself the germ of its own destruction, or in other words, it is formed for a limited existence. Many diseases therefore arise spontaneously, or without any assignable external cause, but many more are produced by causes over which we have some control, and, perhaps, the chief source of the physical ills to which we are liable, is the deviation we make from the simplicity of nature. The injurious effect that domestic influence has upon the health of the lower animals is very strikingly apparent, and in proportion as their subjugation is more complete, and their manner of life differs more widely from that which is natural to them, so are their diseases more numerous and severe. The diseases of our more valuable domestic animals are sufficiently numerous and important to employ a particular class of men, and the horse alone, has professional assistance appropriated to him. Men of education and talent have devoted themselves to the investigation of the diseases of this noble and useful creature. The poor little canary birds, confined in their wry prisons, are very liable to disease, more especially inflammation of the bowels, asthma, epilepsy, and soreness of the bill. No animal deviates so far from the simplicity of nature in its habits as man; none is placed under the influence of so many circumstances calculated to act injuriously upon the frame. His morbid affections are hence abundant and diversified, as may be seen by referring to the different nosological arrangements; these long catalogues of diseases afford strong evidence that man has not carefully followed that way of life which has been marked out for him by nature. The crowded state of the inhabitants of large cities, the injurious effects of an atmosphere loaded with impurities, sedentary occupations, various unwholesome avocations, intemperance in food, stimulating drinks, high-seasoned, and indigestible viands, and these taken hastily, in the short intervals allowed by the hurry and turmoil of business; the constant inordinate activity of the great cerebral circulation, kept up by the double impulse of luxurious habits, and high mental exertions; the violent passions by which we are agitated and enervated; the various disappointments and vexations to which all are liable, re-acting upon, and disturbing the whole frame; the delicacy and sensibility to external influences, caused

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by heated rooms, too warm clothing, and other indulgences, are all contrary to the voice of nature, and they produce those morbid conditions of the system which a more simple and uniform way of living would prevent. Our associates of the animal kingdom do not escape the influence of such causes. The mountain shepherd and his dog are equally hardy, and form an instructive contrast with a delicate lady and her lapdog, the extreme point of degeneracy and imbecility of which each race is susceptible. In the early ages of society man enjoyed long life; his manner of living was simple; his food, habitation, and pursuits were all calculated to fortify his body, and no anxious cares disturbed his mind. Humboldt observes, that individuals whose bodies are strengthened by healthy habits, in respect to food, clothing, exercise, air &c. are enabled to resist the causes of disease in other men. He describes the Indians of New Spain as a set of peaceful cultivators, accustomed to uniform nourishment, almost entirely of a vegetable nature, that of their maize, and cereal gramina. They are hardly liable to any deformity; he never saw a hunched-backed Indian, and it is extremely rare to see any who squint, or who are lame in the arm or leg. In countries where the inhabitants suffer from the goitre, this affection of the thyroid gland is never observed among the Indians, and seldom in the Mestizoes. He repeats the same testimony very strongly, concerning various tribes in South America, as the Chaymas, Caribs, Musycas, and Peruvian Indians.—*From Mr. Curtis's Essay on the Deaf and Dumb.*

Mozart.—Every anecdote connected with Mozart may be said to belong to the musical era in which he lived, and we feel much pleasure in laying before our readers some few characteristic anecdotes from an able article dedicated to this eminent and precocious musician, in the very best periodical of the day, the Foreign Quarterly Review. When Mozart was at Vienna, in the year 1783, he composed his violin quartettes, dedicated to Haydn. These quartettes were not understood in Italy. Artaria, of Vienna, sent a set of them to Italy, which were returned to him on account of the engraver's mistakes. The new harmonies and bold appoggiature of Mozart were taken for wrong notes. Mozart often visited Doles, the cantor of Saint Thomas's school, in Leipsic, with whom he felt much at his ease. One evening, before setting out for Dresden, he supped with Doles, and was in great spirits. The cantor begged him to leave something in his own hand-writing as a remembrance. Mozart was sleepy, and would have gone to bed; however, he asked for a piece of paper. This he tore in two,

and wrote for five or six minutes; he then rose up, with two canons in three parts, one gay and the other doleful; these were tried over separately; but the surprise of the company was at its height when it was discovered that they would go together, and that they produced the most comic effect. In the city of Bologna, Mozart was unanimously elected member of the Philharmonic Academy; but not before he had passed through the usual examination. On October 9, at 4, p. m., he was obliged to attend in the hall of the academy, where he received from the *Principe Academie*, and the two censors, in the presence of the whole society, an antiphone to set in four parts. The beadle led him into an anti-chamber, and locked the door. In little more than half an hour he was ready, and was there visited by the censors and others, who voted by black or white balls. As the balls were all white, when Mozart was called in, he was welcomed by a general clapping of hands and the congratulations of the assembled musicians. He had finished the task in about one-sixth of the time which it commonly occupied. Had not the abstraction of the *miserere*, from the Pope's Chapel exhausted admiration, it must have been excited in the highest degree by this performance.

Pectic Acid and the Juice of Carrots.—M. Vauquelin has analyzed the juice of carrots. The following is the result of his examination. The juice of carrots contains albumen mixed with a resinous, fatty matter, and mannite. A saccharine principle, which crystallizes with difficulty; an organic matter held in solution by the agency of the saccharine principle; malic acid. The saline residuum yielded by the decomposition of the juice is formed of lime and potash combined with phosphoric, muriatic, and carbonic acids; the latter results from the decomposition of the organic substances. The residuum, insoluble in cold water, contains vegetable fibre, pectic acid, or the principles which yield it, supposing it to exist ready formed. The saline residuum yielded by combustion consists of phosphate and carbonate of lime. The saccharine matter deprived of the insoluble principle dissolved by its agency, is susceptible of the vinous fermentation, but loses this property by the influence of this principle, and is converted into mannite. Pectic acid, when heated in a crucible with excess of potash, furnishes oxalic acid. Common water may be employed for washing the marc of the carrots. If the carbonated are substituted for the caustic alkalis the acid is obtained in greater plenty and purity.

Extreme Tenuity.—The thinnest substance ever observed is the aqueous film of

the soap bubble previous to its bursting; yet it is capable of reflecting a faint image of a candle or of the sun. Hence its thickness must correspond with what Sir Isaac Newton calls the *beginning of black*, which appears in water at a thickness of the 1-750,000th part of an inch.

Improved Paddle-Wheels.—Among the great variety of improved plans for propelling vessels which have recently become the subjects of patents, a contrivance proposed by Mr. Perkins, the engineer, and recorded in Mr. Newton's *Journal of Arts*, is remarkable for its simplicity. The disadvantages attendant upon the ordinary propelling wheels, from the circumstance of the broad face of their paddles pressing on the surface of the water, in entering and lifting the water, in rising out of it, are obviated by passing the paddles into the water sideways, giving the propelling stroke direct, and passing out of the water sideways also. The invention consists, first, in the peculiar position in which the paddle surfaces of the propelling wheels are placed, viz., in radial directions round the periphery of the wheel, and parallel to each other, but crossing the radial planes of the axis in angles of about 45 degrees. Secondly, in placing the shaft or axle of the paddle-wheel at an angle of about 45 degrees from the direction of the keel or the side of the vessel. The object of so arranging the angles of the paddles, and the paddle-wheel shaft, as respects their rotative positions to each other, and to the keel of the vessel to which they are to be applied, is for the purpose of introducing the paddle into the water edgewise, and after giving a direct propelling stroke with the surface of the paddle at right angles to the keel, to pass it out of the water in a similar way. By placing the paddles in the oblique positions described, it will be perceived that the two paddles which stand at opposite points of the periphery of the wheel will have their faces situated at right angles to each other, the upper paddle always being in a line with the keel, that is, edgewise; and the lower operating paddle being at right angles to the keel, and a direct stroke of the paddle in the water in the line of the keel, will be the result of this arrangement. It certainly cannot be said that the paddles of this wheel will give as long a stroke through the water as some other constructions of wheels in which the paddles turn upon their axles; but the circumstance of the paddles being firmly fixed, and the parts of the wheel being subject to no other movement than that upon its common axle, are advantages which, at sea, would perhaps recommend the present plan of Mr. Perkins before all others.

WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Satan: a Poem, in 3 Books. By the Author of "The Treasury of Knowledge." In Two Parts. By S. Maunder.

The Civil and Ecclesiastical History of England, from the Invasion of the Romans to the Passing of the Catholic Bill, in 1829. By C. St. George. In two thick Volumes, demy 12mo.

1829: a Poem. By Edward W. Cox, Author of "The Opening of the Sixth Seal." In 1 vol. small 8vo.

Poems: by the Author of "Posthumous Papers." In 1 vol. small 8vo.

Evening Amusements; or, the Beauties of the Heavens Displayed, for 1830.

The Executor's Account Book; or a Plain and Easy Method of Keeping Executorship Accounts. By the Author of "Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators."

A Work by Sir Humphrey Davy, entitled a Vision, written during his last illness, in the playful style of "Salmonia," is left to his executors for publication. His Life, written by Dr. Paris, is also expected.

Mr. Warburton, M. P., is engaged in writing a Life of Dr. Wollaston.

Moore's Life of Byron will be published in January next, in 2 vols. 4to.

An Essay on Second Dentition. By John Nicholls, Dentist.

A New Literary Journal, to be entitled "The Chronicle of Literature and the Fine Arts," is, we are told, about to be commenced under the superintendence of Mr. Alaric Watts. It is to be of weekly recurrence, and will be devoted to English and Foreign Literature and the Fine Arts.

We understand that a Posthumous Volume, by the late Mr. Alexander Balfour, Author of "Campbell," "Contemplation," and other Poems, "Characters omitted in Crabbe's Parish Register," &c. &c., is in the Press, and will be published early in December. It is to be entitled "Weeds and Wildflowers," and prefaced by a Biographical Sketch of the Author, with Selections from his Correspondence, and Original Letters from Sir Walter Scott, Dr. Robert Anderson, Delta, Mr. Pringle, Mr. Mudie, Dr. Brewster, &c. &c. The whole free profits of the Publication are intended for the Author's Family. It will form a handsome post 8vo.

A Family Classical Library; or English Translations of the most valuable Greek and Latin Classics. In monthly volumes; with a Biographical Sketch of each Author, and Notes when necessary for the purpose of Illustration. Vol. 1 will appear on the 1st of January next. Price 4s. 6d., and will be continued monthly, and completed in 40 volumes.

Dr. Biber is about to publish the Lectures he delivered in Spring, under the title of "Christian Education in Spirit and in Truth the Forerunner of a New Day."

The Lives of the Italian Poets: by the Rev. Henry Stebbing, M.A., are preparing for publication, and will appear early in the ensuing season.

A History of Tewkesbury. By James Bennet. In 1 vol. 8vo. with plates.

The Fourteenth Volume of "The Annual Bio-

graphy and Obituary" (for 1830) will be ready in January.

The Lady's Almanack, and Annual Miscellany for the Year 1830. Embellished with Views of British and Foreign Scenery. In handsome embossed case.

Ringstead Abbey, or the Stranger's Grave; with other Tales. By an Englishwoman, Author of "Letters," "The Ring," &c.

The Book-Rarities in the University of Cambridge; illustrated by Original Letters, and Notes, Biographical, Literary, and Antiquarian. By the Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, M.A.

The Author of "The Revolt of the Bees," has nearly ready for publication a Poem entitled "The Reproof of Brutus."

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

SIR DAVID BAIRD, BART.

General Sir David Baird, Bart., of Yardley-Bury, in the county of Herts, of Fernton, in the county of Perth, G.C.B. and K.C., was the descendant of a family of remote antiquity in North Britain, of which the following tradition is related:—“As King William, the Lion, was hunting in one of the south-west counties, he happened to wander from his attendants; he was alarmed by the approach of a wild boar; and, calling out for assistance, a gentleman of the name of Baird, who had followed the king, came up, and had the good fortune to kill the object of his royal master's alarm. For this signal service, the king considerably augmented his lands, and assigned him, for his coat of arms, a boar passant, and, for his motto, *Dominus fecit*, which arms are to be seen upon an ancient monument of the Bairds of Auchmedden, in the churchyard of Banff.

The ancestor of Sir David Baird, was George Baird, of Auchmedden, in the county of Aberdeen, chief of the clan. He was living in 1568. From him, lineally descended, Sir John Baird, Bart., of Newbyth, in the county of Haddington; on whose death, without issue, in 1746, the estates descended to his cousin, William Baird, Esq., the father of the subject of this notice. This gentleman was the eldest son of William Baird, Esq., one of the baillies of Edinburgh, second son of Sir Robert Baird, Knt. of Saughton Hall. He married Alicia, fourth daughter of — Johnstone, Esq., of Hiltown, in the county of Berwick. The issue of this marriage was six sons and eight daughters; of which sons, Sir David was the fifth, and Robert, his successor in the title, the second.

This veteran and gallant officer commenced his military career so far back as

the year 1772, in the 2d regiment of Foot; in 1779, he went to India, as captain of the 73d; and, in 1781, after a heroic and desperate resistance against an overwhelming force, under Tippoo Saib, in the course of which he received four wounds, he was made prisoner. Captain Baird remained in the power of Hyder Ally three years and a half, during which he was subjected to great cruelties and privations. After his release he continued to serve. In 1787, he was made major of the 71st; and, in 1790, after his return to England, he obtained the Lieutenant-Colonelcy of the same regiment. He returned to India in 1791; served there, with great distinction, under the Marquess Cornwallis; and, amongst other exploits, he successfully headed a storming party at the taking of Seringapatam.

In 1797, he arrived at the Cape of Good Hope, where he was appointed Brigadier-General, and placed on that staff in command of a brigade. He returned to India, as Major-General, in 1798; and, after still further distinguishing himself, he came to England, and was placed on the staff.

In 1804, he was appointed Lieutenant-General, and entrusted with the command of an expedition against the Cape of Good Hope, where he landed, and compelled the Dutch to surrender the colony. He also served with the troops embarked for Egypt, by way of the Red Sea; he, with great difficulty, succeeded in crossing the Desert; and he assisted Lord Hutchinson in the conquest which ensued. For this service he was rewarded by his Majesty with the Order of the Bath, and by the Grand Seignior with the Order of the Crescent.

In 1807, Sir David Baird returned to England, and removed from the Colonelcy of the 54th, which he then had, to the Colo-

neley of the 24th, and was placed in the foreign staff under Lord Cathcart, with whom he served at the bombardment of Copenhagen, and was wounded in the arm.

The last service in which Sir David Baird engaged was, in 1808, to command a body of troops, sent to reinforce the army of Sir John Moore, in Spain. He joined that officer, and greatly distinguished himself in the battle of Corunna. When Sir John Moore fell, he took the command; but, soon afterwards, losing an arm, he was obliged to relinquish it to General Hope. For this service he was, on the 13th of April, 1809, rewarded with a patent of baronetcy, with remainder, in default of male issue, to his brother, Robert Baird, of Newbyth, in the county of Haddington, Esq.

Sir David Baird attained the rank of General in 1814; and, in 1819, he was made Governor of Kinsal, and subsequently Governor of Fort George, which he held till the time of his decease, which occurred at his seat at Fern-ton, in Perthshire, in the month of September.

Sir David Baird married, on the 4th of August, 1810, Miss Preston Campbell, of Fern-ton and Lochlane, in the county of Perth; but the marriage was not productive of issue.

JOSIAH SPODE, ESQ.

It is only two years since we contributed a brief memoir of the life and successful career of Josiah Spode the elder, the great manufacturer of Staffordshire ware and English porcelain, in their present state of unrivalled excellence; and we are now called upon to perform the same duty to the memory of his son, Josiah Spode, of the house of Spode and Copeland, Portugal-street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, the third eminent potter of the name.

The younger Josiah Spode, who, as a tradesman and as a friend, inherited all the virtues of his predecessors, was born in Fore-street, Cripplegate, in the year 1776. At an early period of his existence, he was removed to the residence of his paternal grandfather, at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire; and he was educated at the Free Grammar School, Newcastle-under-Lyme, in the same county. As soon as his youth permitted, he was initiated in the business of a potter, under his grandfather, and he continued engaged in it till about the year 1810, when he retired to the more quiet pursuit of agriculture, on his estate at Fenton, near Stoke.

A lamentable accident occurred to him in 1803. His father had just completed the erection of a steam-engine and mill-work, for the grinding of materials required in the manufacture of pottery and porcelain. Mr. Spode was inspecting the operations, when a crown wheel struck his hat; and, in lifting his left arm to protect himself, the hand passed between the cogs of the wheels,

and immediate amputation became indispensable.

During his retirement, Mr. Spode thrice filled the office of churchwarden for Stoke parish; and in the performance of that duty he was called to advance funds for the parochial disbursements, to the amount of several thousand pounds, some of which is yet to be repaid to his trustees.

In consequence of the sickness which ultimately proved fatal to his father, Mr. Spode returned to the business, and remained in it till his demise, which occurred with awful suddenness on the 6th of October. He had reached home, from a journey into Suffolk, on the evening of Sunday, the 4th; and his health was in that general good state which he had some time enjoyed. On the Tuesday morning, however, while engaged in conversation with his family and his medical friend, he was seized with nausea; a blood vessel was in consequence ruptured; and, within two hours, his sufferings were terminated, without his having been once able to open his eyes, or to give any intimation of the nature of his attack.

Mr. Spode died at the Mount, the splendid mansion which his father erected in the year 1803. In the several relations of civil and domestic society, his character ranked very high. As a friend and benefactor he was invaluable. Though possessed of immense property, his modesty and affability remained unaffected by his elevated condition. Towards the poor, his sympathy and benevolence were almost boundless. In the relief of private individuals, labouring under sickness and distress, his expenditure, since he last engaged in business, is known to have been not less than 500*l.* per annum.

MONSIEUR STEPHEN DUMONT.

M. Stephen Dumont, a jesuit, and a writer of eminence, was a native of Geneva, where he was born about the year 1750. For some time he was a coadjutor of M. Duroveray's, in the editorship of a journal in continuation of that of Mirabeau.

In 1792, he enjoyed the office of librarian to the Marquess of Lansdowne; and it was, we believe, in England, that he contracted an intimate and lasting friendship with the celebrated Mr. Jeremy Bentham. That gentleman entrusted him with the manuscript of his great work, written in French, under the title of "*Traité de Législation Civile*," in three volumes, 8vo. which he published in the year 1802. A second work of Mr. Bentham's was translated by Mons. Dumont, in 1812, from his manuscript entitled "*Théorie des Peines et des Récompenses*," in two volumes, 8vo. We believe he also published Mr. Bentham's "*Tactics of Legislative Assemblies*, to which is added a *Treatise on Political Sophisms*," in two volumes, 8vo, 1816. It is stated that, of the first of these works, three thousand copies were sold; and that

second editions were published of each of the others.

M. Dumont died at Milan, in the month of September or October last, on his return to his native city. His remains were to be conveyed to Geneva, and interred beside those of M. C. Pictet.

MR. TERRY.

Of Mr. Terry, a very respectable actor, and, not long since, one of the proprietors of the Adelphi Theatre in the Strand, our biographical materials are, at present, extremely slight; yet, possibly, the remainder of this page may not be unsatisfactorily devoted to his memory.

Daniel Terry is said to have been born at Bath, about the year 1780. From a boy he was fond of the stage, and was accustomed to spend his sixpences and shillings in procuring the gratification which it afforded. When Elliston first appeared on the Bath boards, he became desirous not only to see, but to act; and, in after years, the desire was never quenched. However, he was articled to Mr. Wyatt, the architect, with whom he remained for a term of five years. The profession of an architect, without money and without patronage, presented a barren prospect, and, in his eye, the stage had lost none of its attraction; his first efforts were in private theatricals, after which, under the auspices of the veteran Macready, he made some experiments at Sheffield. There he remained a few months; but his ambition was not gratified, his salary was low, and in 1803, he returned to his architectural pursuits. Then, he thought it was better to starve in a profession that he did like, than in one that he did not, and again he went upon the stage. From the close of 1804, or the commencement of 1805, till the autumn of 1806, he was attached to Stephen Kemble's company at Newcastle, &c. Thence he proceeded to Liverpool, where he made great progress in his adopted profession, and in public favour. In the winter of 1809 he succeeded Meggott as a leading actor at Edin-

burgh. While in that city, he became acquainted with Mr. Ballantyne, the printer of the Waverley novels, and the proprietor of a Scotch newspaper. In that paper he had the credit—or discredit—of writing the dramatic criticisms. Mr. Ballantyne introduced him to Sir Walter Scott, and, through the interest of Sir Walter, he obtained an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, where he made his *début* as Lord Ogilvie, on the 20th of April, 1812. Having remained there two seasons, he came out at Covent Garden in September, 1813. In consequence of a disagreement on salary, he left Covent Garden, and went to Drury Lane, where he remained, generally passing his summers at the Haymarket, till the autumn of 1825. In conjunction with Mr. Yates, he then purchased and opened the Adelphi Theatre. The concern proved eminently lucrative; but Sir Walter Scott was understood to be security for his share of the purchase money; and, on the failure of Constable, the bookseller, with whom Sir Walter was intimately connected, some difficulties arose which Mr. Terry was not prepared to meet. If we mistake not, he disposed of his share of the property to exonerate Sir Walter, and went over to the Continent. There grief and despair preyed upon his mind. After a time he returned to England; but illness had committed dreadful ravages on his constitution, and he expired under a stroke of paralysis, on the 23d of June last.

While in Scotland, Mr. Terry married Miss Nasmyth, daughter of the celebrated landscape painter, and herself an artist of considerable merit.

As an actor, Mr. Terry possessed considerable originality, force, and correctness. As *Dentatus*, in the play of *Brutus*, he almost divided the applause of the house with Kean. Amongst his favourite and best played parts were *Sir Fretful Plagiar*, *Sir Oliver Surface*, *Sir Peter Teazle*, *Sir Adam Contest*, *Simpson*, the *Green Man*, *Mephistophiles*, &c.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

A FRESH impediment to field labour has occurred, in a sudden change of the weather to severe frost, with a deep covering of snow. Wheat sowing on all heavy and wet soils has been retarded beyond the latest usual period; and the labour of stirring such lands has been most distressing to the horses. The difficulty of covering the seed, both from the state of the surface, and the excessive embarrassment of weeds and couch has been great. On more heavy soils, the young wheats have yet scarcely appeared, and the prospect of a good crop is by means encouraging. On the dry and more favoured, the young plant appears luxuriant and strong. It is generally remarked, that an universal breadth of the "golden crop" will be sown this season for very obvious and distressing reasons, granting the seed can be got into the earth, a process which, however, cannot be completed within the present month. Such have been the difficulties and obstructions of this protracted harvest, that on the far greater part of the heavy lands, not a plough had entered, until giving the last, or seed furrow, a disadvantage of no slight consequence. In our last we had supposed that the harvest must have been generally gathered and completed by the first week of the present month; but we now hear from various counties, that not only was there much of the spring crops abroad on the 20th inst., but even barley and oats then standing uncut, an occurrence seldom witnessed in any part of England. The intervals of fair weather during

the last and present month, have been propitious, and the corn of the latter has been saved in considerably better condition than that of the early harvest. In the mean time, the weather has been most variable; in some parts, fair and dry, in others, nearly deluged with rain. A similar discrepancy attends the accounts given of the crops, both with respect to quantity and quality; but on the whole, latter reports are somewhat more favourable than the former. Wheat appears to be decidedly the most deficient crop in Scotland. Potatoes on good and well-cleaned soils have succeeded, but in general are probably one third below that undefined ratio which is customarily deemed an average or profitable crop. Getting up these roots has afforded present employment for that unfortunate surplus of labourers for whose support the prospect is most appalling, after this last branch of harvest labour shall have been finished. The corn markets have probably approached their lowest stage of depression, at least as far as regards the finer qualities. Threshing machines in constant activity for an indispensable supply of money, have mainly contributed to the glutted and depressed state of the market, and with the additional disadvantage of the wheat being yet neither in proper state for threshing or sale. Seed wheat has indeed been sold unprecedentedly low, but too many farmers have found great difficulty in providing money wherewith to purchase it.

We regret to have nothing favourable to add to our last Report on the cattle crops. Turnips are greatly deficient in the size of the bulb, and it is to be apprehended, equally so in quantity; and *mangel* (so we have Englished it) from which we have been accustomed to receive such a bountiful supply, will prove nearly a total failure. It is recommended by an extensive cultivator of this root, to draw only the largest and best, and to feed off the remainder with sheep, the leaves generally being the most valuable part of the crop. This scarcity will occasion an unusual consumption of potatoes as food for live stock. The markets for cattle, sheep, and pigs, have been in a continual falling state, both with respect to fat and store stock. An additional reason to that of the scarcity of money subsists in the flooded and dangerous state of the meadows, on which sheep cannot be safely trusted. Such a universal slackness of business, and depression at the country fairs, as the late and present, has perhaps never been witnessed. Vast droves of stock have been offered to sale without finding a single bidder, or with the sale of only a few individuals; and the feeders or jobbers have been necessitated to drive them back, without either the prospect of a market or the means of supporting them until the spring, when, no doubt, a demand for them must arise, since at all events, the population must be fed. The lattermath grass, upon poor lands especially, has faded and died away, through the excessive moisture and chilliness of the season. Good fat widders have been sold in the north at from 3½d. to 4½d. per lb.; beef after the same rate, sinking the offal: cow beef at 3d. to 4d., with scarcely any demand for that kind of fat stock.

This depression in the country markets, has given birth to various paragraphs in the public papers, accusing the London butchers who serve families, with still keeping up their prices. Now, this is not quite correct, since so far as our experience reaches, those butchers have reduced their charges, upon the average, nearly or altogether, two-pence in the pound; and if they have not done so, it is obviously the fault of their customers. No doubt, however, but the butchers, as all other persons similarly situated would do, have made a good thing of it. Of Wool, Hops, Fruit, nothing new, far less favourable, can be reported. There seems to be no demand but for imported wool, very little business doing in the hop markets, and the quantity of fruit is so extraordinary, that the growers can scarcely find vent for it: a circumstance in which the London dealers find their account. The slug has made its appearance in the young wheats, but thus far, the damage is not stated to be considerable. The ancient and only remedy of *pressure*, must be the farmer's chief dependence.

The extreme distress of the country, and the universal bewailings and complaints, form a topic at once disheartening and ungracious. It is highly probable that much error subsists in the attribution of these calamities to temporary and inefficient causes. The grand source of all lies much deeper, and must be sought in the *favourite* War, and its legitimate offspring, the all-surpassing National Debt! Thence the periodical alarms and distress, which have occurred in regular succession, since the peace, each exceeding the former in degree of severity, until the present, which appears to call for some extraordinary measures, far beyond those of mere palliation. It is not possible that the return to a metallic currency, (the formerly professed favourite object of all ranks), of which also there has been a vast national stock, can have so suddenly originated this vast mass of national distress; or that one single year of defective crop, and unlimited import, can have beggared so large a proportion of our farmers. There seems no more soundness of argument, or reason in this, than in the apologies of many farmers for the foul state of their lands, which they attribute to the wetness of the season, instead of the constant, inveterate habit of a weed-tillage. As we have before stated, associations are formed, and applications to the Legislature preparing, for a reduction of taxes, which too probably cannot be complied with, independently of danger to the present system: a reform which does not appear to be within the contemplation of the applicants. The tenantry complain that rents are forty to fifty per cent. too high; but landed proprietors must reduce their style of living

greatly indeed, to afford so heavy a reduction under the existing pressure of taxes and its consequences. The case of the labourers yet presents the greatest difficulties, such, in fact, as from their nature, must be perpetually recurring, unless by constant employment, a surplus of hands can be avoided. Government can do nothing in this concern, which appertains exclusively to the landed interest and their tenantry. It ought not in these days, to be a novel doctrine, that every human being born in a country, and willing to contribute to the general weal, by his or her labour, is intitled to a fair and sufficient support from that country, to which their right is fully equal to that of the most opulent man to his great possessions. The denial or withholding this right from the poor, inevitably drives them to the most criminal and dangerous resources, for which their dereliction and necessary preservation of life, furnish them, from the ideas then naturally uppermost in their minds, with an ample apology. Alas! however, their gross and abominably vindictive practices, and deplorable ignorance, admit of no apology, as the following paragraph, among such multitudes of similar horrible examples, but too fully testifies. "A mare, the property of a farmer in Lincolnshire, was lately found thrown into a dyke, with her eyeballs torn from the sockets, and half her tongue cut off!" With what face can such wretches look for justice or compassion?

Smithfield.—Beef, 2s. 6d. to 4s. 2d.—Mutton, 2s. 10d. to 4s. 6d.—Veal, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d. Pork, 3s. 8d. to 5s.—Rough Fat, 2s. 2d.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 43s. to 80s.—Barley, 24s. to 38s.—Oats, 12s. to 34s.—Fine Bread, the London 4lb. loaf, 10d.—Hay, 42s. to 90s.—Clover, ditto, 60s. to 112s.—Straw, 28s. to 44s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. to 36s. 9d. per chaldron.

Middlesex, November 23rd.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

SUGARS.—The demand for West-India Muscovadoes has revived this week; the purchases have been more extensive, but no improvement in prices, and there have been few sales to-day, on account of the darkness. In the Refined Market, there is little variation. The request for low lumps is very limited; there has been more business in low lumps for packing for the Hamburgh market, but at 6d. to 1s. lower in prices than last week; 71s. 7½d. being the price at which several parcels have been sold. Small lumps low single loaves continue to be taken off freely. The buyers for the Mediterranean continue their purchases, but no improvement in prices. Molasses Lower, Foreign Sugars, some inquiries for the Mediterranean, but no purchases to any extent; about 30 chests soft brown Rio are taken for shipping, at 13s. 6d.; small parcels of low white German, for refining, at 26s. East India Sugar, by public sale, 5,162 bags Mauritius, went off heavily at a reduction of 1s. per cwt. Low to good yellow, 46s. a 56s. The premium of 1s. 6d. continues paid for the East-India House Sugar sale.

COFFEE.—The public sales of Coffee this week have been inconsiderable, consisting of small parcels of British Plantation; they have sold with more spirit, a small improvement in prices.

RUM, BRANDY, AND HOLLANDS.—The Rum Market has been very dull; small parcels of Leewards a little above proof, at 1s. 9d.; Brandy and Geneva are without alteration.

HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.—The Tallow Market has been more firm this week, and the prices have been gradually improving; Hemp and Flax are also held with greater confidence.

Bullion per Oz.—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars £3. 17s. 9d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars, (standard), 0s. 0d.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburgh, 14. 1.—Paris, 25. 90.—Bordeaux, 26. 15.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 154. 0.—Petersburg, 10.—Vienna, 10. 12.—Trieste, 0. 0.—Madrid, 36.—Cadiz, 36. 0.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0.—Gibraltar 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 47. 0½.—Genoa, 26. 0.—Venice, 47. 0½.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Lisbon, 43. 0.—Oporto, 43. 0.—Rio Janeiro, 24. 0½.—Bahia, 28. 0½.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Birmingham CANAL, 306½.—Coven-try, 1,080½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105½.—Grand Junction, 304½.—Kennet and Avon, 27½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 475½.—Oxford 675½.—Regent's, 22½.—Trent and Mersey, (½ sh.), 790½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 270½.—London DOCKS (Stock), 90½.—West India (Stock), 190½.—East London WATER WORKS, 112½.—Grand Junction, 49½.—West Middlesex, 72½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 93½.—Globe, 163½.—Guardian, 26½.—Hope Life, 53½.—Imperial Fire, 112½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 55½.—City, 187½.—British, 11 7½.—Leeds, 195½.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.
Announced from October 22d to November 22d, 1920, in the London Gazette.

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Linell, J. Finchamfield, Essex, grocer.
Long, J. Manchester, saddler.
Woodward, E. Chelmsford, linen-draper.
Mercedith, J. Burlington Arcade, hosiery.
Stammers, T. Francis-street, grocer.
Hill, J. Red Lion-street, coal-merchant.
Wadsworth, C. Salford, spirit-dealer.
Madden, C. A. High-street, Borough, eating-house-keeper.

BANKRUPTCIES.

[This Month, 1920.]

Solicitors' Names are in Parenthesis.

Alfred, B. and W. Idle, cloth-manufacturers. (Lambert, John-street).
Alger, T. S. Eton, miller. (Jones, Size-lane).
Abbot, S. Learning Priors, builder. (Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street).
Aston, J. Wellington, mercer. (Biggs, Southampton-buildings; Nock, Wellington).
Alday, T. Birmingham, salesman. (Tooke and Co., Bedford-row; Capner, Birmingham).
Alprent, E. Watling-street, stationer. (Pugh, Langbourn-chambers).
Arden, J. Weaverham, farmer. (Kent, Clifford's-inn).
Abbott, W. Aldergate-street, coal-merchant. (Holmes, Liverpool-street).
Andrews, J. and G. Bread-street, Blackwell-hall, factors. (Richardson, Ironmonger-lane).
Abrahams, I. York-street, jeweller. (Reilly, Clement's-inn).
Armstrong, T. Raskelf, and J. Armstrong, Cornbrough, cattle-dealers. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn).
Bass, R. and R. T. Elliott, Birmingham, drapers. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Atkinson and Co., Manchester).
Burrows, J. Southwark, builder. (Taylor, Kirby-street).
Brown, J. Wootton Bassett, linen-draper. (Francis and Co., Monument Yard).
Beal, J. Winchester, draper. (Ashurst, Newgate-street).
Bourne, W. and G. Colman-street, woollen-draper. (Bourdillon, Bread-street).
Barham, C. Mark-lane, victualler. (Lytle and Co., King's-road).
Buckland, R. Jnn. Shaftesbury, draper. (Osalderton and Co., London-street).
Bushell, J. Sandwich and Ramsgate, lodging-house-keeper. (Willett and Co., Essex-street; Dering and Co., Margate).
Bower, W. Clayborough, seed-merchant. (Allen and Co., Carlisle-street; Hunnam and Son, East Retford).
Blass, R. Birmingham, draper. (Capes, Gray's-inn; Burman, Birmingham).
Brown, J. Great Yarmouth, and S. Brown, Little Yarmouth, malsters. (White and Co., Great St. Helens; Worship, Great Yarmouth).
Blunden, G. East Malling, paper-maker. (Bruce and Son, Surrey-street).
Barnett, P. Appleton, and J. S. Barnett, Kingston, apothecaries. (Williams and Co., Bond-court).
Bourne, T. Norwich, Exeter, Plymouth, Tavistock, and Barnstaple, woollen-draper. (Tilford and Co., Old Jewry).
Bentley, J. Milk-street, and Behnal-green, warehouseman. (Burt, Mitre-court).
Byers, J. Newport, linen-draper. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol).
Bull, J. Taunton, woollen-draper. (Jones, Croby-square; Wasbrough and Co., and Saunders, Bristol).
Broughton, E. B. Southampton-street, tailor. (Makinson and Co., Temple).
Bell, R. Eldwick, worsted-spinner. (Fisher and Co., Queen-street, Cheapside).
Brown, C. Norwich, coal-merchant. (Taylor, Featherstone-buildings; Simpson and Co., Norwich).
Bull, J. and W. Bull, Taunton, woollen-draper. (Jones, Crosby-square; Wasbrough and Co., and Saunders, Bristol).
Byan, J. Pontypool, grocer. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Edwards, Pontypool).
Barlow, T. Pendleton and Manchester, calico-printer. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Hampson, Manchester).
Bickerton, W. Oswestry, brewer. (Rosser and Son, Gray's-inn-place; Griffiths and Co., Oswestry).
Breeze, J. and M. Lewis, W. Reade, and W. Handley, Tunstall, manufacturers of earthenware. (Smith and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Dent, Shelton).
Benson, E. W. and W. Darke, Aston, chemists. (Swain and Co., Old Jewry; Webb and Co., Birmingham).
Bradley, W., R. Darch, E. Parry, and J. Baddiley, Great Gifford-street, Southwark, iron-founders. (Watson, Gerrard-street).
Barlow, W. Islington, stone-mason. (Bousfield, Chatham place).
Barton, J. Union-street, grocer. (Rochford, Borough-road).
Bartlett, J. Barnstaple, woollen-draper. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane).
Chappell, G. Holborn-bridge, hat-maker. (Rochford, Borough-road).
Crisp, J. Idol-lane, wine-merchant. (Bousfield, Chatham place).
Cheetham, T. Heaton-Norris, and Stockport, cotton-spinner. (Hurd and Co., Temple).
Cox, W. Bath, silk-mercant. (Jeyes, Chancery-lane; Bayley, Frome).
Crowther, J. Huddersfield, cornfactor. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Laycock, Huddersfield).
Clayton, C. Islington, victualler. (Lytle and Co., King's-road).
Cowie, G. and W. Strange, Paternoster-row, booksellers. (Fox and Co., Frederick's-place).
Curtis, L. Church-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer. (James, Bucklebury).
Crees, W. East Stonehouse, merchant. (Makinson and Co., Temple; Leach and Co., Devonport).
Churchill, D. Buteleigh, draper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Gillard, Bristol).
Corkhill, J. A. Wadebridge, money-scrivener. (Coope, Guilford-street; Frosts, Launceston).
Calafat, M. M. St. Martin's-street, merchant. (Young, Temple-chambers).
Cramp, H. and J. Crowdy, Foster-lane, warehousemen. (Galsden, Fumival's-inn).
Christmas, J. Rye, shopkeeper. (Egan and Co., Essex-street).
Chowies, G. North Audley-street, upholsterer. (Harris, Bruton-street).
Daggers, H. G. Preston, grocer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Winstanley and Co., Preston).
Dow, J. Great Russell-street, auctioneer. (Parton and Co., St. Michael's-court).
Duncalfe, A. Great Suffolk-street, hat-manufacturer. (Smith, Great Eastcheap).
Dudley, J. Hackney-road, chemist. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields).
Eyre, G. Coventry and Bedworth, ribbon-manufacturer. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn).
Everett, E. J. and J. C. Francis, Heybury, clothiers. (Hall and Co., Salter's-hall).
Elkington, W. H. and J. Geddes, Birmingham, dealers. (Tooke and Co., Bedford-row; Capner, Birmingham).
Ewer, F. and W. F. Scholfield, Lad-lane, warehousemen. (Fisher, Walbrook buildings).
Zvill, T. L. Tokenhouse-yard, and Old Ford, dyer. (Petersen and Co., Old Broad-street).
Edwards, J. New Bond-street, shoe-maker. (Hubert, Clement's-inn-chambers).
Freer, T. Birmingham, druggist. (Austen and Co., Gray's-inn; Rurish and Sons, Birmingham).
Frost, R. J. Abergavenny, grocer. (Henderson, Surrey-street; Goulden, Bristol).
Fawcett, T. Basinghall-street, Manchester warehouseman. (Thomas, New Basinghall street).
Forster, A. R. G. Norwich, tea-dealer. (Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane).
Field, E. and H. Queen-street, and Whitechapel, colourmen. (Willett and Co., Essex-street).
Green, T. Coleman-street, Blackwell-hall factor. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street).
Griffith, W. Brecon, linen-draper. (Jenkins and Co., New-inn; Clarke and Son, Bristol).
Giles, W. Harp-lane, victualler. (Bennett, Adam-court, Old Broad-street).
Gerard, W. Liverpool, boot-maker. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Mawdsley, Liverpool).
Gutteridge, W. St. Albans, brandy-merchant. (Lofty, King-street; O badelston and Co., St. Albans).
Goodwin, W. Scawby, and J. Thorp, Broughton, merchants. (Byne and Co., Gray's-inn; Nicholson and Co., Glamford-Briggs).
Halfpenny, P. Exeter, auctioneer. (Jones, Crosby-square; Mellings, Bath).
Hudson, T. P. West Bromwich, bonnet-merchant. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham).
Hill, J. Red Lion-street, coal-merchant. (Davison, Bread-street).
Hayward, T. Deal, grocer. (Stafford, Buckingham-street).
Hall, H. Idleworth, bookseller. (Kelly, New-inn).
Hart, J. Great Chart, hop-dealer. (Dickinson and Co., Gratechurch-street).
Hillman, J. P. Lower Thames-street, dealer in glass. (Stedman, Throgmorton-street).
Hay, J. Adulle-street, warehouseman. (Cois, Red Lion-square).
Hamilton, W. Peckham, master-mariner. (Cruckshank, King's-arms-yard).
Holloway, W. Westminster-road, hackneyman. (Brough, Fleet-street).
Hardwick, J. White Hart-yard, Tottenham-court-road, horse-dealer. (Tyte and Co., King's-road).
Hutchinson, J. Liverpool, merchant. (Battie and Co., Chancery-lane).
Harnwell, W. Blakeney, tailor. (Tomkins, Temple; Drake, East Dereham).
Hickol, G. Worthing, grocer. (Shaf-field and Co., Great Prescott-street).
Havside, A. and C. Harrick, Bucklebury, merchants. (Kearey and Co., Lambury).

- Harrison, T. Durham, smith. (Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Willis and Co., G. Teshead)
- Hughes, R. Manchester, tailor. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Booth, Manchester)
- Harding, T. Tottenham, stone-mason. (Carter and Co., Royal Exchange)
- Hobday, W. A. Pall-mall, picture-dealer. (Bostock, George-street)
- Hayton, J. Wigton, grocer. (Nicoll, Queen-street; Wallis, Wigton)
- Hodgson, J. Jun. Bradford-Moor, wool-stapler. (Emmett, New-inn; Alexander, Halifax)
- Hoylyn, H. and J. Connop, Colman-street and Old Ford, dyers. (Paton and Co., Old Broad-street)
- Hobbs, S. E. Hitchin, grocer. (Milne and Co., Temple; Hawkins and Co., Hitchin)
- Hopkins, T. Neath Abbey, timber-merchant. (Home and Co., New-inn; Cuthbertson, Neath)
- Jones, H. Brecon, builder. (Gregory, Clement's-inn; Jones, Brecon)
- Jorie, J. Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Batye and Co., Chancery-lane; Crump, Liverpool)
- Izzard, R. Bermondsey, leather-dresser. (Hallstone, Lyon's-inn)
- Juce, F. and E. Ellis, Dudley, coach-builders. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Johnston, W. Old Kent-road, grocer. (Fisher and Co., Queen-street)
- Jackson, E. J. and C. F. Jackson, Jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants. (Shaw, Ely-place; Walters, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Jackson, J. Liverpool, corn-dealer. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row)
- Jones, J. Carnarvon and Barmouth, dealer. (Byrnes, Exchequer-office; Williams, Penrhos)
- Jones, J. Asken, hotel-keeper. (Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Beckitt, Thorne)
- Killey, J. Liverpool, flour-dealer. (Chester, Staple-inn; Mailby, Liverpool)
- Kellway, W. Norwich, woollen-draper. (Tilleyard and Co., Old Jewry)
- Knight, G. Blackman-street, carpet-warehouseman. (Parrey, Newgate-street)
- Knight, J. Cheltenham, builder. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Lackenbacher, B. H. Lime-street, merchant. (Bull, Ely-place)
- Leech, G. Lane-end, Stafford, grocer. (Walker, Exchequer-office; Pickford, Congleton)
- Lewsey, T. Great Burstead, farmer. (Bigg, Southampton-buildings)
- Lowe, J. Ashted, dealer in iron. (Walker, Exchequer-office; Mauley, Birmingham)
- Lacoeche, J. Norwich, manufacturer. (Austin, Gray's-inn; St. E., Norwich)
- Lambert, T. New Bond-street, upholsterer. (Hensman, Bond-court)
- Levy, J. Great Freet-street, merchant. (Hindmarsh and Son, Jewin-street, and at Manchester)
- Lavender, J. Boxley and Aylesford, paper-maker. (Smith, Great East-cheap)
- Langley, T. Birmingham, leather-dealer. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Haberfield, Bristol)
- Leeson, T. H. Douglas, Isle of Man, draper. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Brackenbury, Manchester)
- Leslie, J. Liverpool, wine-dealer. (Burgess, Staple-inn; Fortune, Liverpool)
- Lawrence, J. Park, Salop, miner. (Batye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Bradford)
- Mellor, R. Derby, innkeeper. (Taylor, John-street; Simpson and Co., Derby)
- Moss, H. Hounsdlitch, linen-draper. (Lewis, Ely-place)
- Meyers, M. Hounsdlitch, hatter. (Spyer, Broad-street-buildings)
- Mawhoo, C. T. I. Wells-street, soap-manufacturer. (Bloch and Co., Great Winchester-street)
- Milner, W. Leeds, innkeeper. (Smithson and Co., New-inn; Kenyon, Leeds)
- Mothersole, W. sen. Park-place, livery-stable-keeper. (Robinson and Son, Half-moon-street)
- Mackintosh, A. Conduit-street, merchant. (Gatty and Co., Angel-court)
- Morgan, W. B. St. James's, Gloucester, dealer in woollen cloths. (Brittan, Basinghall-street)
- Mangham, R. Pirnlico, victualler. (Bennett, Adam's-court)
- Mahew, F. Woodbridge, grocer. (Heming and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Moor, Woodbridge)
- Moon, W. Seavington, draper. (Hudson, Buckler-bury; Falen, Bristol)
- Miles, J. East Dereham, corn-merchant. (Beart, Walbrook-buildings; Jay and Co., Norwich)
- Moore, W. S. Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Chester, Staple-inn; Morecroft, Liverpool)
- Nicholls, J. Grosvenor-street, lodging-housekeeper. (Clare and Co., Frederick's-place)
- Neale, J. P. Bennet-street, bookseller. (Goddard, Thavies-inn)
- Norman, J. Ischewers, miller. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Broadmead, Langport)
- Newcombe, T. York, common-carrier. (Jaques and Co., Coleman-street; Wood and Co., York)
- Nuttall, P. Bolton-le-Moors, cotton-manufacturer. (Hurd and Co., Temple; Pendlebury, Bolton-le-Moors)
- Parlow, W. C. Exmouth-street, cheesemonger. (Coombe, Tokenhouse-yard)
- Packer, J. Newbury, carrier. (Weymouth, Gray's-inn-square)
- Poile, J. Westheathly, dealer. (Bannister, Brunswick-square)
- Pasmore, H. P. Old Kent-road, plumber. (Drewbridge, Arundel-street)
- Pike, E. Staines, blacksmith. (Robinson and Sons, Half-moon-street; Richings, Staines)
- Plunkett, W. Whitechapel-road, carpenter. (Holmes, Liverpool-street)
- Peirse, T. Belleisle, training-groom. (Tilson and Son, Coleman-street; Allison and Co., Richmond)
- Peele, T. Peterborough, corn-merchant. (Bremridge and Co., Furnival's-inn; Atkinson, Peterborough)
- Pentey, J. Huddersfield, grocer. (Batye and Co., Chancery-lane)
- Rexworthy, J. Wells, currier. (White, Lincoln's-inn; Short, Bristol)
- Rudge, H. Leominster, surgeon. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Coates and Co., Leominster)
- Rhoads, T. Hoxton, cut-glass-manufacturer. (Kearsey and Co., Lothbury)
- Robson, H. George-street, Southwark, hat-manufacturer. (Brough, Fleet-street)
- Roberts, H. Hafodlas, dealer. (Byrne, Exchequer-office; Williams, Penrhos)
- Rees, D. Brecon, clothier. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Bohn and Co., Brecon)
- Rylatt, G. South Kime, victualler. (Wild and Co., College-hill, Marshall, Boston)
- Rushleigh, W. Lattiford, dealer in cheese. (Dyne, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Messier, Wincanton)
- Rawlings, S. Walcot, carpenter. (Arnott and Co., Temple)
- Sanderson, J. Gerrard's-cross, victualler. (Bounsell, Percy-street)
- Stokoe, J. Rye-hill, Northumberland, builder. (Williamson, Gray's-inn)
- Swan, J. Northleach, draper. (Osbaldeston and Co., London-street)
- Snowden, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, draper. (Bell and Co., Bow-church-yard; Bainbridge and Co., and Bownas, Newcastle)
- Sloan, J. Maidstone, timber-merchant. (Blake, Essex-street)
- Smith, C. Old City Chambers, wine-merchant. (Cruickshank, King's-arms-yard)
- Sargent, W. Moorfields, linen-draper. (Turner, Basing-lane)
- Scott, G. and Z. Surr, Manchester, porter-dealers. (Bower, Chancery-lane; Owen, Manchester)
- Slaney, R. Omberley, brickmaker. (Jennings and Co., Temple; Winhall, Stoopport)
- Slader, R. Cheltenham, cabinet-maker. (King, Bedford place; Packwood, Cheltenham)
- Spyer, S. Great Alie-street, merchant. (Lewis, Ely-place)
- Stammers, T. Francis-street, grocer. (Nias, Cophall-court)
- Simmons, J. Plymouth, grocer. (Smith, Basinghall-street; Husband, Devonport)
- Trimbey, G. H., and J. G. L. Trimbey and G. D. Trimbey, Watling-street, merchants. (Clift and Co., Bedford-row)
- Tudor, M. Bolton, shopkeeper. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton)
- Tallent, A. Dickleburgh, linen-draper. (Hardwick and Co., Lawrence-lane)
- Truss, J. Jun. Upper Holloway, lapidary. (Norton, Jewin-street)
- Thorpe, S. Birmingham, victualler. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Tindall and Co., Birmingham)
- Trout, T. Lime-street and Ostend, salesman. (Tippet, Broad-street)
- Tetley, S. Braford, dyer. (Batye and Co., Chancery-lane; Lee, Bradford)
- Thornton, J. Brook-street, glass-cutter. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn)
- Townend, W. Keighley, corn-miller. (Atkinson and Co., Leeds)
- Thackway, S. Leubury, bookseller. (Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Holbrook, Ledbury)
- Varley, J. Stanningley, cloth-manufacturer. (Strangeways and Co., Barnard's-inn; Robinson, Leeds)
- Wiss, R. Fleet-street, patent portable water-closet manufacturer. (Donatex, St Andrew's-court)
- Wheeler, T. Hereford, corn-dealer. (Bodenham, Furnival's-inn)
- Williams, J. Gloucester, boat-maker. (Beckett, Golden-square; Matthews, Gloucester)
- Webster, R. Cornhill, watchmaker. (Lane and Son, Lawrence Pountney-place)
- Whittaker, C. P. Lambeth, wine-merchant. (Hemman, Bond-court)
- Williamson, J. Keighley, worsted-spinner. (Fisher and Co., Queen-street)
- Whicker, H. Emsworth, butcher. (Osbaldeston and Co., London-street; Whicker, Emsworth)
- Welch, A. Glastonbury, shopkeeper. (Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Reeves, Glastonbury)
- Waterman, J. Rotterhithe, merchant. (Hill, Cophal-court)
- Willis, T. Bath, carpenter. (Horton and Son, Furnival's-inn; Dowling, Bath)
- Watkins, S. Merthyr Tydfil, iron-monger. (Clarke and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Hall, Bristol)
- Wilkinson, G. Birmingham, saw-manufacturer. (Burfoot, Inner Temple)

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Shillibeer, to the Rectory of Wadenhoe, Northampton.—Rev. J. Swode, to the livings of St. Peter, and St. Cuthbert, Thetford.—Rev. T. Mills, to the Rectory of Great Satham, Suffolk.—Rev. W. C. Hill, to the Vicarage of Fremington, Devon.—Rev. H. J. Thomas, to the Perpetual Curacy of Llantwit Wardre, Glamorganshire.—Rev. T. B. Holt, to be minister of the new church of St. John's, Golcar, Huddersfield.—Rev. H. Massingberd, to the Vicarage of Opton, Gainsborough.—Rev. J. Carver, to the chaplaincy of the City of London Lying-in-Hospital.—Rev. W. Llewellyn, to the Perpetual Curacy of Langeinor, Glamorganshire.—Rev. J. B. Maude, to the Vicarage of Monk Sherborne, Hants.—Rev. J. Williams, to the Lectureship of Rhayader, Radnor.—Rev. D. Bowen, to be Commissary General of the Archdeaconry of Cardigan.—Rev. A. Curzon, to the Rectory of Norton-by-Twyecross, Leicester.—Rev. J. H. Sparke, to the Rectory of Bexwell, Norfolk.—Rev. R. Broadley, to the Rectory of Cattistock, Dorset.—Rev. R. Jamieson, to the church and parish of Westruther, Berwick.—Rev. R. N. Boulton, to the Rectory of Barnwell, Northampton.—Rev. J. Dunningham, to be master of Cuckfield grammar school.—Rev. C. J. Hoare,

to the Archdeaconry of Winchester.—Rev. E. H. G. Williams, to the Rectory of Rushall, Wilts.—Rev. R. T. Bradstock, to the Rectory of Thelbridge, Devon.—Rev. J. F. Turner, to the Rectory of St. Mary Major, Exeter.—Rev. W. Harding, to the Vicarage of Sulgrave, Northampton.—Rev. W. H. Havergal, to the Rectory of Astley, Worcester.—Rev. B. J. Sams, to the Rectory of Fakenham, Norfolk.—Rev. G. Johnson, to the Rectory of Ashreigny, Devon.—Rev. F. Pott, to the Vicarage of Churchstowe, with Kingsbridge, Devon.—Rev. S. E. Neville, to the Vicarage of Houghton, next Harpley, Norfolk.—Rev. E. J. Senkler, to the perpetual curacy of Barmer, Norfolk.—Rev. H. Spencer, to the Perpetual Curacy of Crimplesham, Norfolk.—Rev. E. Frere, to the Rectory of Finningham, Suffolk.—Rev. — Yorke, to the Rectory of Shenfield, Essex.—Rev. S. Braham, to be Chaplain to the Duke of Sussex.—Rev. J. Dalton, to the Vicarage of Warlingham cum Chelsham.—Rev. J. H. Simpson, to the Chaplaincy of St. Michael and the Azore Islands.—Hon. and Rev. H. D. Erskine, to the Vicarage of St. Martin, Leicester.—Rev. J. Briggs, to the consolidated Rectories of Creeting St. Olave's, and Creeting All Saints, Suffolk.

CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

CHRONOLOGY.

October 23. Petition referred by the Common Council of London to the Court of Inquiry, relative to the monopoly and high price of coals. Petitioner stated that he possessed property in a Rail-road in Yorkshire, 16 miles from which there was an extensive lead of coals. These coals might be brought to London at little expense, and thereby tend to increase the supply and bring down the price.*

* Alderman Waithman said, when this Corporation proposed the continuance of a tax of 6d. per chaldron upon coals, to effect a great national improvement, the most violent opposition was given to the measure by certain illustrious coal-owners in both Houses, and that the grand pretext of this opposition was "sympathy for the poor!" Singular it was, that in these Houses which virtually represented all parties, none were then to be found to sympathize with the Poor except those Coal-owners, and that this sympathy on their parts should be so acute, that from the north they sent up agents, and opposed the Bill by Counsel, and had witnesses in daily attendance at an enormous expense. He had seen letters from the north, in which it was stated that the differences which formerly divided these charitable personages were now healed; that their mutual interest, by which alone such persons could be kept together, had again united them; and that the first consequence was, that the Poor were to be subjected to a new imposition, not of one sixpence per chaldron for a great public purpose, but of ten sixpences per chaldron, producing no less than £400,000, which went into the private purses of these sympathetic patriotic guardians of the Poor!!!

29. Sessions commenced at the Old Bailey.

31. Official documents respecting the appointment of Commissioners to fix the amount of all sums due to English subjects, for injuries sustained during the blockade of the River Plate by the Brazilian squadron, received at Lloyd's.

November 4. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 13 prisoners received sentence of death; 97 of transportation, and upwards of 80 for various periods of imprisonment.

9. Alderman Crowder sworn into the office of Lord Mayor, upon which occasion the usual festivities (and dinner at Guildhall, at which some of the ministers attended) were celebrated in the city and suburbs.

10. Report of the Chamber of Commerce received from St. John's, Newfoundland, stating the defalcation of the Cod Fishery, in consequence of Free Trade.*

* The Chamber cannot too strongly impress on the minds of the people, that already the Norwegians have nearly driven British fish out of the Spanish market; that they are actually interfering, by competition, with us in Portugal; that the consumption of cod-fish in Italy has suffered a lamentable diminution within the past two years; that in South America our fish shipments meet with rivals in every port, and that all the foreign markets have been very unfavourable for the sale of our fish during the past year, and in many instances the results of our shipments have been almost ruinous. The Chamber, however, have the satisfaction to observe, that the West India colonies continue to take from the island about the

11. Dispatches from Canada, stating that the bill for increasing the representation of that province has received the royal assent; the number of the new members introduced into the assembly will be eight.

16. Two of the Chancery prisoners liberated from the Fleet prison; their crime was "Rebellion and contempt of that Court," as it is called, and one of them (William Gray) had been confined seven years; they were relieved by the instrumentality of Sir E. B. Sugden, the solicitor-general.

16. Governor and Deputy Governor of the Bank of England attended at the Treasury, and had a conference with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in consequence of some financial changes intended by Government.

20. New market opened contiguous to the late Fleet Market; it is called Farringdon Market, and forms a quadrangle of 232 feet by 150, and has cost upwards of £200,000 in purchasing ground and buildings which stood thereon, &c.

MARRIAGES.

At Dawlish, Rev. W. M. Bleneowe, to Maynard Anne, eldest daughter of Colonel Rochefort. M.P. for Westmeath. — Rev. C. Barnwell, to Sophia, daughter of the late G. Wyndham, esq., Cromer-Hall. — At Talceore, C. Stanley, esq., brother to Sir T. M. S. Stanley, bart., to Miss Mostyn, eldest daughter of Sir E. Mostyn, bart. — At St. George's, Hanover-square, David Baillie, esq., to Miss Stewart, daughter of Lady Stewart, and niece to the Countess of Aberdeen. — At Aylesbury, J. de Veuille, jun. esq., surar of the Royal Court, Jersey, to Miss Anne Eliza Tindall. — At Chester, Rev. R. V. Law, third son of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, to Sidney Dorothea, daughter of Col. Davison. — At Cheekley, C. W. Martin, esq., nephew to the Duke of Atholl, to Miss Charlewood. — J. W. Fane, esq., eldest son of J. Fane, M.P. for Oxford, to Ellen Catharine, third daughter to the Hon. T. Parker, brother to the Earl of Macclesfield. — In St. James's-square, Bethel Walrond, esq., M.P. for Sudbury, to Lady Jane St. Clair, daughter of the Earl of Rosslyn. — S. Compton, esq., M.P. for Derby, to Miss I. S. Cathcart, niece to Lord Cathcart. — At Lewes, on the anniversary of the Popish powder plot, Mr. Guy, to Miss Fox. — Major Bruce, to Miss Isabella Bassett, niece to Sir R. Bassett. — C. Hampden, esq., to Henrietta Fourness, youngest daughter of M. Wilson, esq., of Eaton Hall. — At Stoke Gifford, Major General Orde, to Lady Elizabeth O'Brien, widow of Lord E. O'Brien, and daughter to the Duke of Beaufort. — At Marylebone, J. C. Cowell, esq., to Frances Anne Esther, niece to Lord Cavan.

DEATHS.

Miss Mary Anne Poulett, eldest daughter of usual quantity annually, and that an increased demand and consumption of fish has evidently taken place in the United Kingdom, especially in Ireland. Next to the cod fishery, the Chamber would notice that important branch of industry, the seal fishery, which, though not equally productive as in some former seasons, has yielded this year a large quantity of oil and skins; the fishery, employing about 300 sail of vessels of all descriptions, and about 5,000 men, has produced about 120,000 seals, which may be fairly estimated at £100,000.

Lieut. General the Hon. V. Poulett, and sister to Lady Nugent. — At Chichester, Lord F. Lennox, Captain in the Royal Fusiliers, and brother to the Duke of Richmond. — At Muddiford, T. E. Bennett, second son of J. Bennet, M.P. for Wilts. — At Oxford workhouse, 74, Mr. W. Huggins, an excellent classical scholar; he had been a member of New College, a common seaman, and then a commoner of St. Edmund's Hall—but his excesses and intemperance were such that he was compelled to leave; he then became usher to Professor Robertson, at Christ Church, and to the Rev. Mr. Hinton, and assisted young students for examination in the university, was alms'-man at Christ Church, and was at last compelled to seek an asylum in the work-house! — In Hereford-street, Lady Hatton Finch, 83. — In the Strand, Mr. Mawe, 65, author of "Travels in the Interior of Brazil." — Mrs. Mary Watling, late of Leominster, 78; her mother, a native of Hereford, bore the maiden name of Wyatt, and remained an only legitimate issue of the male descent from Sir Thomas Wyatt, who forfeited to Queen Mary, together with his head, his fortune, and his wide domains, leaving to his posterity nothing more than the first universal entail "of eating bread in the sweat of their brow!" — In Portman-square, the Countess Dowager of Clonmell, 67. — At Mount Juliet, the Countess of Carrick. — Colonel J. Midgley, 65, governor of Tilbury Fort. — At Hampstead, Rev. T. Beisham, 80, Unitarian minister, Essex-street. — At Tonbridge Wells, Lady Hawley. — At Hastings, R. Battye, esq., 70. — At Everton, Sir John Reid, bart. — At Bath, J. Walmesley, esq., 90. — E. Roche, esq., editor of the *Courier*. — At Brighton, Lady King, mother of Lord King. — At Brockwell Hall, Surrey, J. Blades, esq., 78. — Lady Barrington, wife of Sir W. Barrington, bart. — At Devonshire Terrace, Maria, wife of the Right Hon. M. Fitzgerald, Knight of Kerry. — The Hon. John Coventry, 64, brother of the Earl of Coventry. — General Garth, 85. — Isle of Wight (Ivy Cottage), J. Biggs, 100, leaving a widow of 92; he had been married 78 years, and left a son 76. — At Coleraine, G. Little, esq., formerly of Annan, and principal proprietor of the most extensive salmon fisheries in Europe.

MARRIAGE ABROAD.

At Madras, R. F. Lewis, esq., to Fanny Cleveland, niece to Admiral Sir C. Tyler.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Lausanne, the Most Hon. Thomas Taylor, Marquis of Headford. — At Koefrenick, the eldest son of General Blucher. — On his passage from Quebec, to join his family at Florence, the Hon. M. H. Perceval, collector of customs, and son-in-law to Sir C. Flower, bart. — At Sierra Leone, the Hon. J. W. Bannister, chief justice and judge of the Admiralty in that colony. — At Aix-la-Chapelle, Lieut. Colonel C. Grant. — Field-Marshal Count Gneisenau, governor of Berlin. — At Boulogne, J. Brougham, esq., brother to H. Brougham, esq., M.P. — In Paris, Anne, Baroness de Robeck, 80. — At Vienna, Constance, wife of John Spencer Smith, esq., late H. M.'s Envoy Extraordinary to the Court of Wirtemberg, and M.P. for Dover. — At Nice, Lady Emily Caulfield, 19, only surviving child of the Earl and Countess of Charlemont. — At Averbach, the Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

NORTHUMBERLAND.—The exhibition of pictures by British artists, at Newcastle, of the Northern Academy of Fine Arts, has recently closed. The attendance throughout has evinced a considerable improvement upon that of last year; the number was nearly 300, but not above 20 have been sold. An exhibition of paintings, by ancient and deceased masters, will shortly be opened at Newcastle, as several gentlemen of the county have promised to send some of the best of their collections.

The permanent directors of the Newcastle and Carlisle rail-road were elected at a meeting held at Newcastle, lately. Amongst them are the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, Lord Durham, J. Powllett, M. Bell, Esq. M. P., T. W. Beaumont, Esq. M. P., &c.

Two skeletons were found in a tan-yard at Newcastle, a week or two back, when the workmen were sinking new pits; probably the remains of persons buried in the times of monkery.

A fine specimen of the great Northern Diver (*Cylindrus Glacialis*, Lin.) was lately shot at Embleton, and presented to the Society of Natural History in Northumberland.

DURHAM.—The Darlington and Croft railway was opened at Darlington on the 27th of October. Great rejoicings took place at Darlington in consequence.

The Charity Commissioners have discovered that £1000 has been vested in the funds for the use of Donnison's charity, in Sunderland—where it has remained for many years—both principal and interest.

YORKSHIRE.—At the audit of the Earl of Egremont for his Aram and Leckonfield, &c. estates, held on the 20th ult., he forgave the rents of all his tenants who had had their crops drowned!! To others who had not suffered so much, he returned in proportion, and to those who had suffered nothing he returned them 10 per cent!!!—*York Chronicle*, Nov. 5.

The Aire and Calder Company intend shortly commencing a rail-road between Goole and Barnsley, with a view to open a communication with the manufacturing districts of Lancashire.

There have been several desperate encounters between gamekeepers and poachers in the West Riding of Yorkshire. In one instance, on the grounds of Sir William Ingilby, at Ripley, a poacher was killed, and the gamekeepers have been committed to York Castle.

The Barnsley turn-out terminated the first week in November, by the men accepting the wages offered by the masters.

In the evening of November 5, the Cathedral ringers, in commemoration of the day, rang 1688 changes of grandfire catres, upon the Minster bells. It is rather curious to observe, that no idea of this nature had been previously entertained by any of the performers; they having started for a peal of 5038 changes, but lost the method, just as the singular coincidence of numbers corresponding with the year of the Revolution had been effected, and could proceed no further.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

The committee of the Leeds and Selby rail-road have determined to apply to apply to parliament for a bill.

A subscription has been entered into for lighting the town of Rotherham with gas.

The Orange Lodges in Leeds and Huddersfield celebrated the 5th of November with great *éclat*.

Trade in Leeds is reduced to a low ebb: out of about 2,240 looms 785 are entirely idle, and many of the others only partially employed. At Halifax, Huddersfield, and the neighbourhood, as great a scarcity of employment prevails.

There has been another discovery of fossil bones in Yorkshire, near Market Welshon. A farmer found them in a pit, when digging for marl, and he took them to Hull to sell. He offered them to a member of the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society, who visited the spot, and made a most interesting report of his visits at one of the meetings of the Society.

At the "Faithful Female Servant's Society," held at York, Nov. 2, it appeared by the chairman's report, that some of the females who had received prizes, had lived 36 years, some 27, 25, and 22 years in the same situations, discharging their duty with fidelity!!! Rewards were distributed to 36 servants—52 were distributed during last year.—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

At the West Riding quarter sessions, Lord Wharfedale, the chairman, said, at the conclusion of his address to the grand jury, on the subject of the Barnsley rioters, "I have thought it right to make these remarks to you, and I hope others will profit by them; as, in these times, nothing can be said, scarcely in any place, but what goes before the public through some medium or other." The few rioters found guilty received slight imprisonment.

It is stated in the *Sheffield Iris* as a remarkable fact, that in the town of Sheffield, containing 60 or 70,000 inhabitants, there is not a single family residing either in a cellar or a garret.

The magnificent Commercial Buildings, or Exchange, at Leeds, the first stone of which was laid in May, 1826, have recently been opened to the public. This event was celebrated by a splendid dinner, at which was seen a cordial union of all parties; the county members attended, and many of the principal gentry of the neighbourhood. Mr. Becket's (chairman) health, one of the toasts, was most appropriately given, and rapturously received, as a peculiar tribute to this commercial establishment.*

The Rev. N. T. Ellison, rector of Huntspill, has allowed 20 per cent to his parishioners on their corn tithes. Mr. Lane Fox, at rent day, returned 10 per cent. to his tenants—the steward saying, that if necessary, from the depression of the times, the rents should be diminished still farther. Mr. Bethell, of Rise, at his last audit returned the whole of the half-year's rents to his tenants, in consequence of the damage done to their crops by the floods; it should not be for-

* His conduct during the panic ought never to be forgotten; it was declared, in proposing the toast, that the assistance of his bank was then almost unlimited, and saved many a good and respectable family from utter ruin! "I consider our customers (said he, at that unfortunate period) along with ourselves, at this melancholy crisis, as placed in one boat: we are at the helm, and rather than suffer one honest man to be thrown overboard, we have resolved that we will all sink together!"—*Yorkshire Gazette*.

gotten that this gentleman, in some instances, last year, returned to the same tenants the whole of their respective rents, and to others a proportion.

The collections made at the recent opening of the Wesleyan chapel, at Halifax, amounted to £521. 4s. 3d., besides a voluntary subscription of £1,600 previously made for its building; and £173 for pulpit and communion-plate given by the ladies.

LANCASHIRE.—It appears, from what took place at the recent engineers' dinner, in Liverpool, that a railway communication is projected from Goole to Barnsley, and that the line has been actually surveyed by Mr. Vignoles, civil engineer, one object of its promoters being to supply the London market with coal, in competition with the Newcastle monopolists. In the event of this measure being carried into effect, there will only require about 36 miles farther, in order to have a railway across the kingdom, uniting Liverpool, Manchester, Barnsley, and Sheffield, with the newly-erected port of Goole.

At our market, on Saturday evening last, animal food was sold at an unprecedented low price. Mutton, the very best cuts, was to be had for threepence halfpenny per pound: pork, by the side, for the same price; and fine fat geese for precisely the same charge. — *Preston Pilot*, Nov. 7.

The symptoms of improvement which lately manifested themselves in the trade of this district, have, we are sorry to say, given way to symptoms of an opposite character. The complaints of the manufacturers at this moment are as loud and as general as we remember them ever to have been; and not without reason. The calico printing business is duller than it has been for many years at this season, and what is doing is chiefly for shipping. The fustian trade is, if possible, still more discouraging. The prices are falling every week, and the wages have been reduced so low, that it is painful to think on what terms the poor weaver has to earn his bread. He must be a good weaver who can clear 8d. or 9d. per day by weaving fustians. In the silk trade also, a very great change has taken place within the last few days, and the activity which existed three weeks ago is no longer to be found. — *Manchester Courier*.

At a meeting held lately at Prescott, of the gentlemen interested in the St. Helen's collieries, and the Northwich salt works, and intermediate places, it was unanimously resolved, that application should be immediately made to parliament to authorize the formation of a railway from St. Helen's to Runcorn, with a variety of branches, and a connexion with the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

NORFOLK.—The payments made by the treasurer, incurred by the expences for this county, from Midsummer, 1828, to Midsummer, 1829, amount to nearly £17,000 l. More than £8,000 was expended for the maintenance of Norwich Castle, Swaffham and Walsingham Bridewells, besides £4,000 for prosecuting expenses at the assizes, quarter sessions, &c.

A meeting has been recently held at Norwich, for the purpose of forming a "Norfolk and Norwich Horticultural Society," when a committee was established and subscriptions entered into to carry it into effect.

NOTTINGHAM.—In addressing the grand jury at Newark quarter sessions, Rev. J. T. Beecher mentioned that there are above 10,000 Friendly Societies in England, "and in this county alone," said he, "there are from 22 to 25,000 members; and the late statute made for their security, provides that at the Friendly Societies no money shall be spent in feasting, and that no money shall be lent on personal security: for it is an indisputable fact, that one gentleman in London had borrowed £120,000 of the Friendly Society, upon his personal security; this was now put an end to. The sums are to be paid into the Bank of England, or into the Savings' Banks."

LINCOLNSHIRE.—At the quarter sessions held at Boston, Oct. 20, the chairman (Mr. Tunard) addressed the grand jury on the State of the Poor, on the present Agricultural Distress, and the support and maintenance of the Cottager and his Family. It has been published at the request of the magistrates, and of the grand jury; its object is to decrease the parish rates, "in encouraging industry amongst the labouring poor, and restoring them to that healthy state of independence which nauseates the bitter bread of idleness!"

OXFORD.—The disbursements by the treasurer of this county, from Michaelmas sessions, 1828, to Trinity sessions, 1829, both inclusive, amount to £6,369. 1s. 5d. nearly the whole of which was spent in the all-devouring law—bridges only £173. 9s. 4d.—militia £34. 13s.

CHESHIRE.—Condition of the suffering class of hand-loom weavers: a very good hand-loom weaver, when in full work, 14 or 16 hours a day, will earn about 6s. a-week—and there are men innumerable that can earn no more, who have three, four, or five children to provide for, all of very tender age. Suppose a man to have four children; those, with his wife and himself, make six in family. The man can earn 8s. provided his wife can wind him bobbins, besides doing her other domestic work. Then suppose that to be his net income; the house-rent will be at least 2s. a-week; 6d. a-week will supply them very poorly with fuel; and 1s. a-week for shoes and clothing—only 2d. each; and 6d. more for little matters too numerous to enumerate—leaving 4s. to provide victuals during seven days for six persons—not a penny farthing a-day each!! — *Stockport Advertiser*.

How the free-trade advocates will be able to explain the increased and increasing importation of foreign manufactures in spite of the present state of the country, we know not; here is a sample for their ingenuity—it is a statement, from

* It is entitled "Employment of the Poor."—There is not an individual here who would not yield a ready bounty to assist the helpless infant or support the crutch of age—none so unthankful to Providence for the free use of their limbs and the enjoyment of their senses, as to refuse commiseration to the cripple or the sightless pauper; and it is for such objects of charity we should erect our parish poor houses, affording an asylum to the destitute, a home to the houseless, and a hospital to the sick. Let us never then seek to turn the refuge for the unfortunate into a Bridewell for the guilty, or blend Vice and Misfortune together!!—Page 14.

the official papers, of the imports of foreign silk manufactures during the month of October, 1829: 10,528 yards tulle lace, £526; 249 pieces India silk goods, £1,743; 3,812 pieces bandannas, £1,574; silk goods, *ad volorem*, £33,563; 2,710 lbs. silk goods, £8,672; 15,468 lbs. thrown silk, £23,202; total, £92,280.—*Macclesfield Courier*, Nov. 14.

In our last mention was made of the consecration of St. George's chapel, at Macclesfield, whereas it has only been *licensed*, we understand; nor can it, according to law, be presented to the bishop for consecration, until the heavy debt of £2,800 is paid off. For this purpose subscriptions are solicited, and the efforts of the trustees will, we trust, be finally accomplished.*

WORCESTERSHIRE.—In consequence of the nail-masters in the neighbourhood of Bromsgrove having intimated to their workmen that they should reduce their wages 10 per cent. they all left work on Saturday last, and at mid-day on Tuesday, several hundreds of them marched into that town, in procession, bearing placards alluding to the illegal practice, the nail-masters sending their workmen to buy, at particular shops, almost every article they eat or wear. On the magistrates promising to afford them that assistance which the laws of the country extended to them, the men quietly separated; but assembled again on Wednesday morning, to the number of nearly one thousand, conducting themselves in a very orderly manner. Three of the masters have since been convicted in two penalties of £10 each, and one in one penalty, "for paying their workmen otherwise than in money."

DORSETSHIRE.—The disbursements for this county for the year ending June 24, 1829, amounted to £8,360. 8s. 11½d., of which £1,470 was paid for bridges; the rest was nearly swallowed up by the voracious law and its *etceteras*, for punishing but not preventing crimes—except the sum of £2. 3s., which was paid for "burying dead bodies cast on shore."

SUSSEX.—Sermons were preached at Brighton, Oct. 25, for the benefit of the national schools, now erecting at that place, when the sum of £251. 16s. 4d. was collected.

* In their address to the public they say, "If it be inquired upon what ground the trustees rest their claim to public support? They reply—not so much upon their own personal sacrifices, nor upon their own responsibility, as upon the general interests of the church of England, and upon the wants of the population in Macclesfield and its adjoining townships. For that population, comprising at least 30,000, four-fifths of whom reside within the distance of a mile from St. George's Chapel, there are but two churches, capable of accommodating about 1,500 each. In the township of Sutton, which alone contains 5,000 inhabitants, there was no place of worship under the establishment, until this chapel was licensed for that purpose, which will contain 1,500 persons: more than 400 free seats are reserved for the poor. These circumstances they deem a sufficient plea. They have done what they could, and they now leave their cause in the hands of their fellow Christians, looking to them for that aid which the nature of their case seems to demand."—We have called the public attention to this subject, as, considering the deep distress under which Macclesfield has for a length of time laboured, and although the list of subscribers is highly respectable, yet other assistance will be absolutely necessary to complete the object.

M.M. *New Series.*—Vol. VIII. No. 48.

RUTLANDSHIRE.—Several prisoners were tried and found guilty at these sessions for having assaulted and conspired to prevent the employment of some Irish labourers in agricultural occupations. The chairman, in his charge to the jury, said this was a most wanton, wicked, and cowardly attack upon the prosecutors; that he had heard them during the trial called "foreigners," which he must deny that they were: the Irish were our brethren; they had borne with us the brunt of many hard contests, had bled for us, and fought with us, both by sea and land, and were entitled to, and should have, our protection. It had been remarked in the course of the day, that the money these poor Irish earned was carried over and spent in another country: "let it be remembered," said the worthy chairman, "that it is one of the greatest calamities to that country that the hard earnings of the industrious poor there, are wrung from them and spent by the rich in this country!"

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—At Bristol three churches and two chapels are now in course of erection; one of the latter is understood to have been built at the entire cost of one individual. In addition to 19 churches of the establishment, Bristol contains nearly 30 dissenting meeting-houses, without including others of a minor description, occupied by the various sects into which some of the non-conformists are divided and subdivided.

The different societies established at Bristol for the purpose of commemorating the birth-day of the eminently pious and benevolent Colston, held their annual meeting, Nov. 23, when the Dolphin collected £422. 3s.; the Anchor £622. 16s.; and the Grateful £370—upwards of £1,400 for charitable purposes—honour be to the city of Bristol!

WARWICKSHIRE.—As twelve convicts under sentence of transportation for life, were removing by the Albion coach from Chester to Chatham, under escort of the turnkey and two assistants, they contrived to make their escape, although heavily ironed. At about nine miles from Coventry, at a sequestered spot, they released themselves, and seizing the coachman, the guard, and turnkey, whom they pinioned and fastened with cords and handcuffs, they loosened the horses from the coach and decamped. Seven of them have been since retaken.

It appears by the Report of the Charity Commissioners, that the property belonging to the Birmingham Free Grammar School produces a rental of £3,007. 6s. 8½d. per annum—that in 1840, by the falling-in of leases, the rental will be increased to £7,856. 16s. 8d.; and in 1850, to £10,470. 10s.

* The citizens of Bristol have as much reason to congratulate themselves on the advantages provided for them by the Public Charities of their ancestors as any whatever of the kingdom; and therefore a few gentlemen have meritoriously established themselves into a committee for the purpose of publishing the Report of all the Charitable Institutions that exist in that city at a price at which they could not have been published without; and they have hitherto superintended the publication, to see that the object of the subscribers is properly carried into effect, well knowing the immense power of the Press in remedying abuses. We wish this excellent example were followed by all the cities and towns in the kingdom.

11d.!!!—The annual salaries of masters are : head master, £400. ; second master, £300. ; assistants, £200 each ; writing and drawing-masters, £100 each. The head master, in addition, derives about £200 a-year from land appropriated to him, and both he and the second master have residences on the school premises, free of expence.—In 1827 there were 115 boys educating in the school. The school buildings are in a very ruinous state !!!

SOMERSETSHIRE.—Mr. Williams, at his audit at Lymington, Yeovilton, &c., with noble and generous feelings towards his tenants, gave them back 50 per cent. on their last half year's rent, in consideration of the depressed state of the times and the heavy losses they had sustained by disease amongst their cattle.

A public meeting has been held at the Market House, in Taunton, for the purpose of forming an Association in connexion with the Newfoundland and British North American School Society, when resolutions and subscriptions were entered into for that effect. The report states, that the poor among the colonists are labouring under the deprivation of Christian instruction, and that 25,000 persons had emigrated from Ireland alone to British North America during the last year.—*Taunton Courier.*

WILTS.—Mr. Gingell, of Naish House, has lowered the rents of his tenants in the parish of Bremhill 40 per cent., in consequence of the present agricultural depression.

In the vicissitudes of the celebrated Fonthill estate, after its magnificent Abbey has become a desolate pile of ruins, and its various splendid attributes have vanished in all directions, that portion of the estate which fell to the lot of Mr. Mortimer was, on Thursday, brought to the hammer at the Auction Mart, and produced £40,500 ; the rest nearly £17,000 ; so that Fonthill now exists only in name,—yet it will for ages serve as one of the numberless monuments which record the frail and unstable character of earthly grandeur.

BUCKS.—At the Magistrates' Chamber, Aylesbury, Nov. 1, a conversation took place on the necessity of their meeting for the purpose of revising the rate of payment to the poor, as the farmers are totally unable to pay the present amount of poor-rates. Mr. Owen stated that he had this year signed four rates for the parish of Cholesbury, amounting to sixteen shillings in the pound ; that there were only three farmers in the parish, and they were all going to give up their lands, as they could not pay the rates ; and that the poor must have the land. An application is intended to be made to Parliament in the ensuing Session for an Act to watch, light, cleanse, regulate, and improve the town of Aylesbury, and for the better collection of the poor rates, by assessing the proprietors, instead of the occupiers of cottages.

BERKS.—The blessed effects of the grinding system of local taxation, which prevails in this borough, is daily becoming more and more apparent ; building is now over. Houses which, according to the sums laid out in their erection, ought to yield a rental of £60 and £70 a year, are now going a-begging for tenants at £40 and £50 ; and building ground, which formerly was worth £3 or £4 a foot frontage, is now dear as a gift.—*Reading Mercury.*

In consequence of the depressed state of the agricultural interest, Wm. Mount, Esq., of Wasing Place, at his last audit, allowed his tenants ten per cent. on their respective rents. What renders this boon the greater is, that mo-t, if not all, his farms are let at a corn rent.

ESSEX.—The following is a copy of a circular to all the occupiers of one of the most extensive parishes in the county of Essex ; the only resident incumbent in the hundred, who farms his own gleba lands, of upwards of 200 acres, with as much economy and ability as the most experienced farmer, and consequently well knows the justice and expediency of the example he is setting :—My dear Sir,—I have fixed on Monday, Nov. 16th, for my Tithe Audit ; and as I feel persuaded that the difficulties the agriculturist has at present to contend against can chiefly be mitigated by forbearance on the part of the landlords and tithe-owners, I shall be disposed to remit fifty per cent. this year on your usual payment, though such a consideration is not made without great personal inconvenience on my part. I am, dear Sir, your's faithfully, THOMAS SCHREIBER. Bradwell Lodge, Oct. 27, 1829."

WALES.—At the recent county meeting of Carmarthenshire, it was resolved, that the judicature of Wales be not abolished, but modified and improved. At a meeting of the inhabitants of the borough of Carmarthen, also, a similar resolution passed, and petitions to Parliament ordered to be prepared for both.

SCOTLAND.—In Edinburgh, by the last week's report, 71 men, 133 women, one boy, and one girl, from four to 80 years of age, (in all 206 persons) were brought, in one day, into the different police watch-houses, in a state of intoxication. Upon 15 of these, namely, nine women, five men, and the girl, the stomach-pump was used with success, and their lives thereby most probably saved.

IRELAND.—Four prisoners received sentence of death, at Cork, for a conspiracy to murder three magistrates. Four others were afterwards put on their trial, out of the remaining 13 for the same offence ; and after the jury had retired, and been confined 16 hours, they could not come to unanimity—medical men having been called in, and stating the danger, without sustenance, of further keeping the jury, from their dreadful state of exhaustion, they were allowed to be discharged : the foreman of the jury said, " Were your lordship to confine us for a month, there is no likelihood of our agreeing." In one case there were nine for acquittal and three for conviction. In the other two cases, 11 for conviction, and one for acquittal. Thus the reign of terror has commenced ; and this trial has elicited a state of society in Ireland unprecedented in the annals of any other country. Its description has been thus given by the solicitor-general in his introductory speech on this occasion.—" There exists in Ireland a secret and extensive confederacy ; bound together by oaths ; organized ; headed by captains, acting in concert ; directed by committees ; exercising an unfortunate control over too many of the unfortunate people ; at whose bidding burglary, robbery, and murder are perpetrated ; who have but to issue their orders to be obeyed."—So much for the boasted emancipation of the Catholics ! Discontent seems as prevalent as ever, and O'Connell has given notice that Ireland must and shall have its own parliament !

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